# Collier's

MARCH 7, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

E CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

I DON'T LIKE TO TRAVEL BY QUI LDS

J H HENDERSON C
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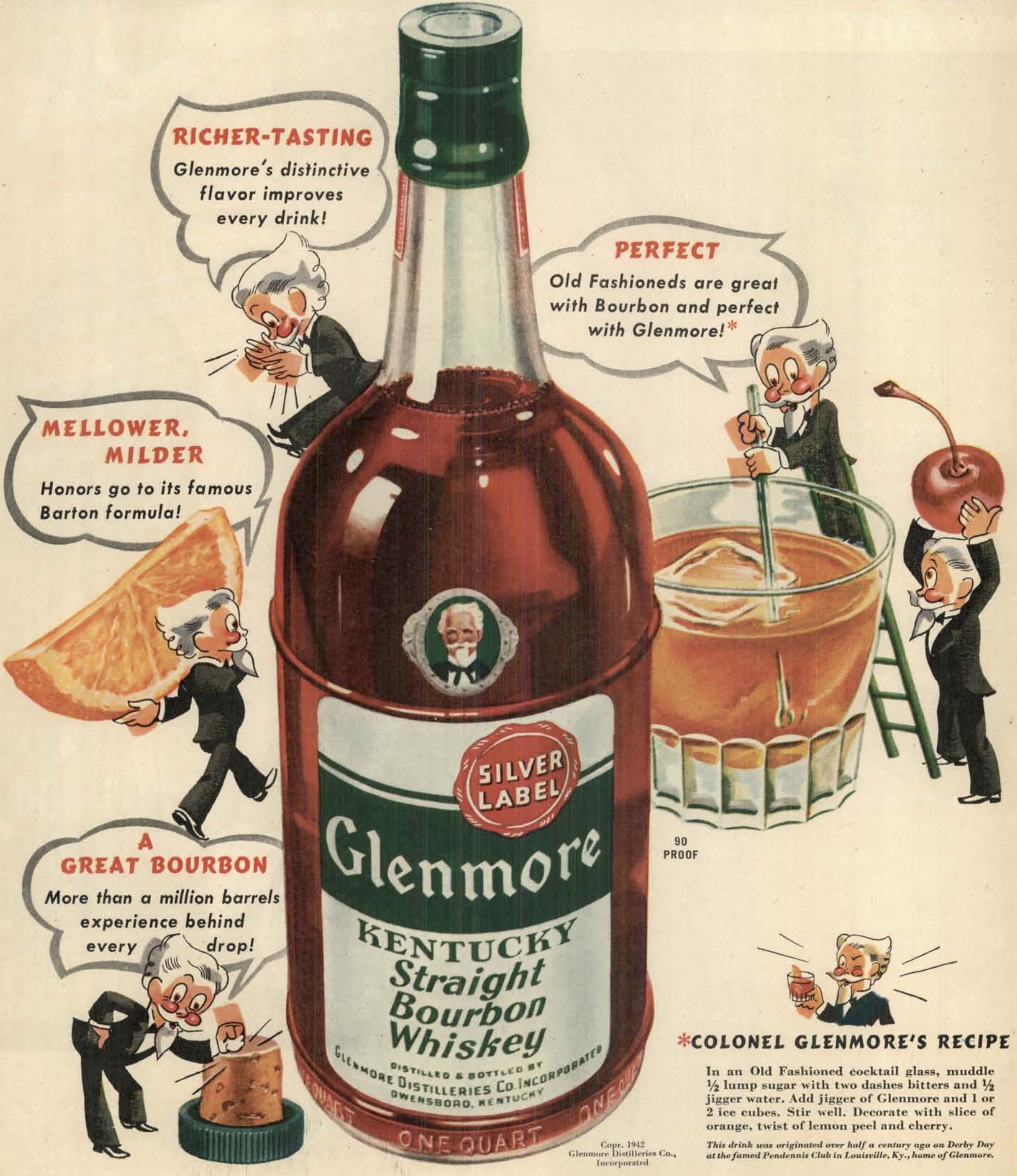
Mar 7 '42

*Mildness makes Glenmore*

# KENTUCKY'S GIFT TO FINER DRINKS!


RICHER-TASTING Glenmore's distinctive flavor improves every drink!
PERFECT Old Fashioneds are great with Bourbon and perfect with Glenmore!*
MELLOWER, MILDER Honors go to its famous Barton formula!
A GREAT BOURBON More than a million barrels experience behind every drop!
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART
90 PROOF

***COLONEL GLENMORE'S RECIPE**

In an Old Fashioned cocktail glass, muddle ½ lump sugar with two dashes bitters and ½ jigger water. Add jigger of Glenmore and 1 or 2 ice cubes. Stir well. Decorate with slice of orange, twist of lemon peel and cherry.

*This drink was originated over half a century ago on Derby Day at the famed Pendennis Club in Louisville, Ky., home of Glenmore.*

Copr. 1942
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

# "Help win the war?...ME?"

Indeed yes, young lady...you and some eleven million other girls in this country of ours!

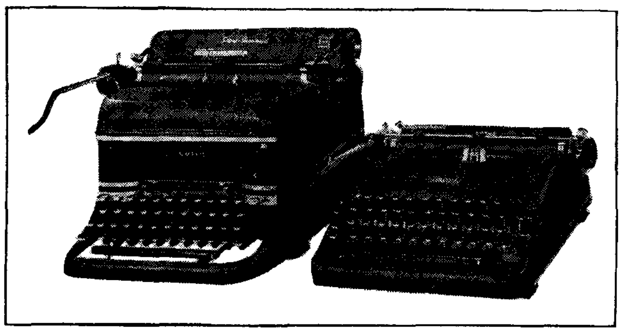
How? In all the countless ways that women always find.

The Red Cross wants you. Volunteer workers are wanted in civilian defense, in undermanned draft boards, in auxiliary services for men in uniform, in vital social service work. And things must be kept going at home, too, while the boys are away.

Help? You bet you can! And what a lift eleven million of you will give your Uncle Sam!

AND if we may make the suggestion—***learn to type!*** Making typewriters is our business, so we know how the door to opportunity swings open for the good typist. Ability to type, important always in peace times, is even more useful now. Twice-welcome is the girl who brings with her not only the will to serve, but the skill to save precious hours of working time.

And typing skill comes quickly to women's deft fingers — not the blazing speed of the expert, of course, but speed sufficient for most of our workaday world. A typewriter, a simple manual, a few days of faithful practice—and you're *twice* as able to help!



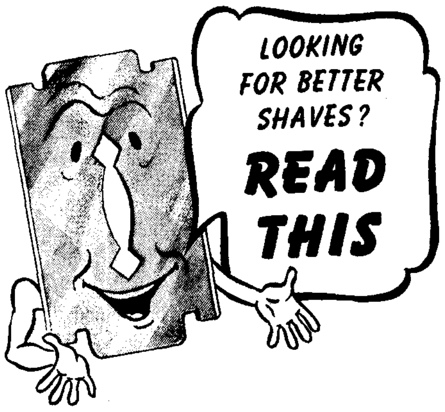
**If you buy a typewriter, now or later, we hope you will consider machines bearing two names long famous in typewriter history—L C Smith (office) and Corona (portable). They may not be available everywhere today, as most of our output is for the defense program. But they're worth knowing about, and we will be glad to mail descriptive folders free on request.**

**SMITH-CORONA**

**OFFICE** *Typewriters* **PORTABLE**

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC • DESK 3, 705 EAST WASHINGTON STREET, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK • CANADIAN FACTORY AND OFFICES—TORONTO, CANADA

BIG NEWS
Prices of other well known brands have jumped way up. This famous quality brush—still at yesterday's low price!—is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL -Only 23¢


LOOKING FOR BETTER SHAVES? READ THIS

DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

**If you get poor shaves** too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

**Change your cream.** Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
*Brushless and Lather*

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|---|---|---|---|
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| AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff | FRANK D. MORRIS | Articles |
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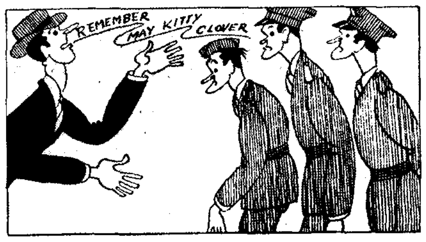
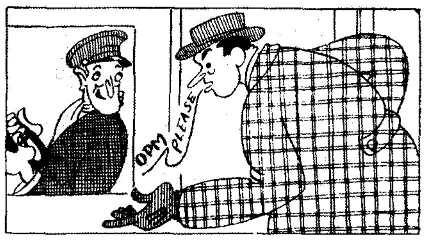
| GURNEY WILLIAMS | Humor | | |

# ANY WEEK

WE HAVE received a great many letters complaining (although we are in no wise to blame) that this war hasn't enough rousing mottoes or slogans. Such letters are from ladies and gentlemen who obviously do not realize that warfare and psychology have changed. Anyway warfare has. It moves so fast that a rousing A-1 slogan won't wear more than a few days. Anyway, the Allies have no Over There, nor It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary. Nor have we any Lafayette, We Are Here, Remember the Alamo, Damn the Torpedoes or Remember the Maine to spur us to derrings-do. And it is not the fault of Mrs. Maye Kitty Clover of St. Petersburg, Florida, either. Mrs. Maye Kitty Clover offers a slogan, and a very good one it is too, although, to our way of thinking, it's a trifle long. It's this: "Up with liberty, down with tyranny, trust in God and may America and Britain and their true friends Russia, the Free Dutch, gallant Australia and New Zealand and other lovers of freedom prevail." We tried Mrs. Clover's slogan on a few soldiers in a barroom. One of them left before we had finished, saying that he hoped we'd win and that he'd vote for us. Frankly we deplore this lightish attitude. One of the soldiers who stayed until the end told us that we needed a bit of cheering up. He told us in confidence that the United States Army is receiving tanks in large numbers. Considerably cheered, we asked him what he thought of this new equipment. "Well," said he, "you can't expect them to think of everything the way they're rushing things. Not one manufacturer has had the sense to send a book of directions along." Then he paused a moment before asking: "What was that slogan again?" So we told him: "Remember Maye Kitty Clover."



COMPLAINTS have come, too, from a large number of readers who don't like our cover for January 17th. One threatens to sue us for libel. "Sir," writes he, "I have taken legal advice and am assured by my attorney that I have a clear case. That you have changed my diamonds for swastikas is by itself actionable. To associate me publicly with Goering, Himmler, Goebbels and the Schicklgruber, Ltd. leaves me no alternative than to ask the courts for immediate redress." The letter is signed "A Rattlesnake." On second thought we don't think this particular letter very amusing. Therefore we shall pass on what still another soldier in that barroom mentioned above told us. He said that he'd met a girl whose telephone number and the street number of her home were exactly the same, "So," she said sweetly, "you can't forget them." He said: "Oh, yeah? But suppose I forget your telephone number or lose it or something?" She thought hard a minute and replied: "That's the idea. If you forget my telephone number you always have my address to fall back on. If you lose them both drop me a line."



WE'VE been spending a lot of time in Washington lately. Naturally we've picked up quite a few harrowing items. The best ones are locked more or less securely in our bosom, being forbidden to the popular ear. Anyway much of our time was spent finding some hotel, boardinghouse, camp or flea bag in which we might sleep of nights. But it became clear enough to us that the housing situation in our Capital is much worse than censorship has permitted you to suspect. We have a solution. Why not stack up all those presto-chango government boards that have accumulated in Washington during the past eight years—hundreds of them being ante-bellum lumber—and turn them over to relieving the shortage of building materials. This really is more than a corny crack. Being pressed for time, we haven't checked up on the amount of office and housing space that is now occupied by the personnel of government agencies rendered inoperative or at least unnecessary by the war. But we know of a taxi driver who used to work for one. He says that he's now driving a car because, patriotically, he wanted to be doing something useful. He's a salty fellow. Into his cab leaped a vice-president of a large airplane factory. "To the OPM, please," said the vice-president. "Okay, my friend," replied our friend, getting under way. "We're on our way. I hope you can take a shellacking."

FURTHER complaints are arriving. Many of them, for some reason that we prefer to let you name, have to do

(Continued on page 25)

Vol. 109, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States. $2.00 a year, two years $3.50, three years $5.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier's

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# THIS WEE

MARCH 7, 1942

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**COVER** JON WHITCO
Costume designed by F. A. Pic

# "Now Mary's teaching me to drive!"

AMERICAN WOMENS VOLUNTARY SERVICES

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" asked George-from-next-door. "I remember when you learned to drive. Wasn't it in 1916?"

"That isn't quite what I meant," Bill answered. "Mary's picked up driving ideas in the Motor Corps that *everyone* ought to know—but most people don't."

"Meaning just what?" asked neighbor George.

"Well, you might call it driving for Uncle Sam. Driving carefully to save rubber that our country needs. And incidentally driving to keep your own car going extra months."

Everyone wants to do something for America these days. And one little thing that's very *big* in importance is this business of saving wear on your tires. It's your patriotic duty to keep your own car rolling.

So take care of the tires you have. Remember, even Silvertowns will wear out eventually. Study the eight rules below carefully. Clip them out and paste them in your car as a reminder.

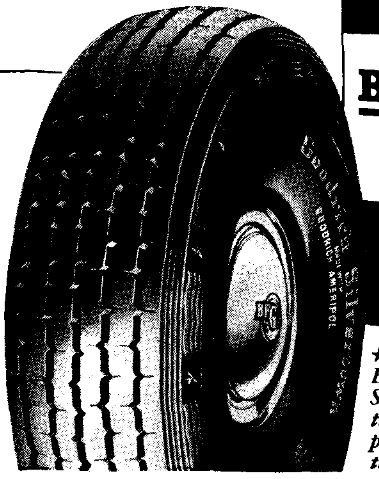
Remember, no war lasts forever. You'll be able to buy Silvertowns again. And when you can, they'll still be the best tire buy. Meanwhile, patience is a *little* thing to give. And the tires you might have bought are doing more good where they are—fighting for Uncle Sam.

*Your B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Store or Dealer has been designated as "Tire Information Headquarters" for your community. Here you can get the latest available information on government regulations. You can find whether or not your present tires can be repaired, recapped, or retreaded. Possibly you can buy a good used tire. And—if you are permitted to buy new tires—you can get the best, brand new Silvertowns.*

## How to make your tires last longer!

1. Maintain recommended or rated air pressure at all times.
2. Do not run tire constantly on the same wheel; shift your tires, including spare, from wheel to wheel every few thousand miles to insure even wear.
3. Don't take corners at high speed; that wears tires faster than anything else.
4. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.
7. Start up gently, do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.

*Remember, every ounce of rubber you save helps your country*



*In war or peace*

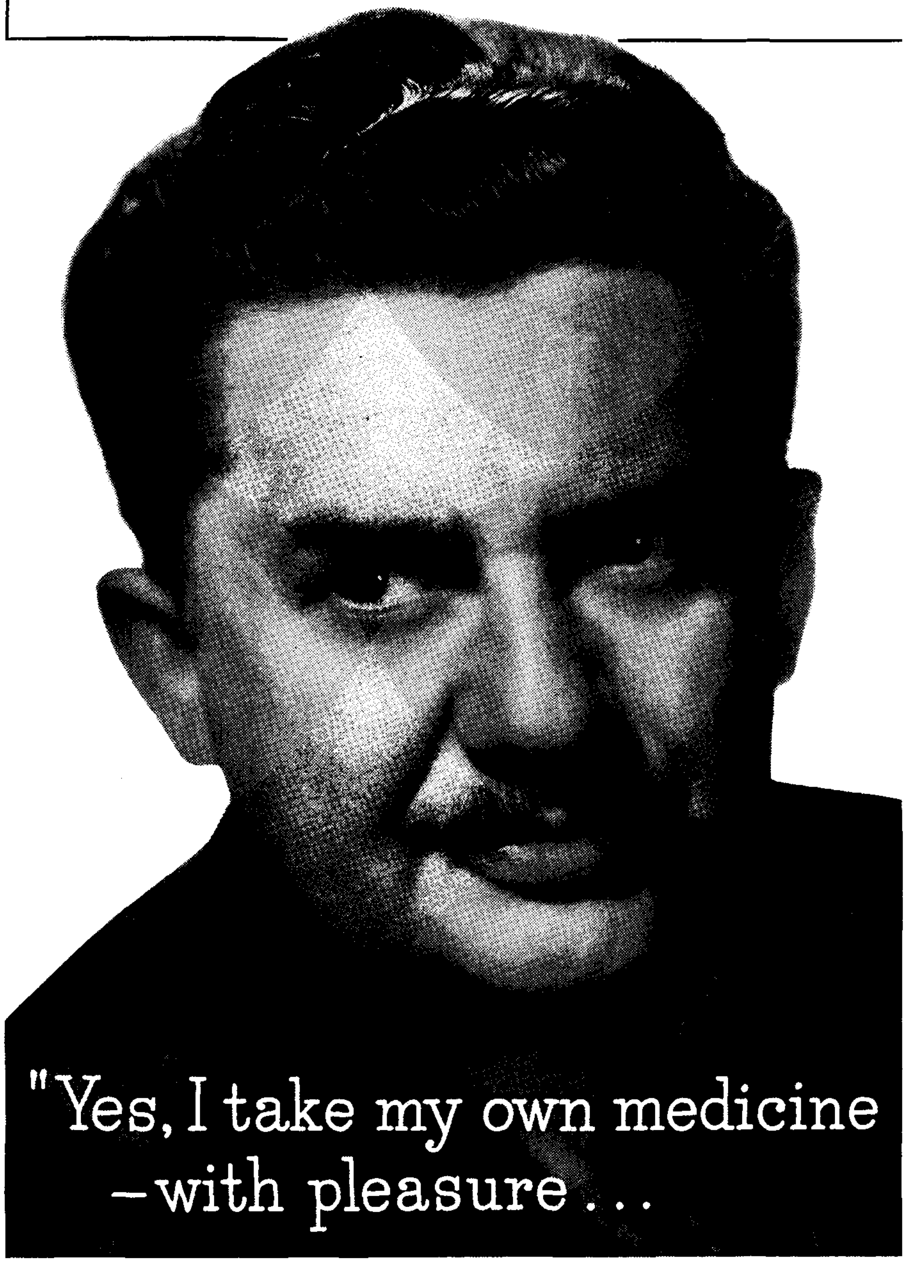
**B.F. Goodrich**

**FIRST IN RUBBER**

★ *Before the emergency, thousands of Silvertowns like this were made, in which more than half the rubber was the B. F. Goodrich synthetic, Ameripol. Their performance was successfully proved by hundreds of patriotic corporations and car owners who bought them to help Goodrich get America's synthetic rubber program started.*

Announcing the Dr. Christian Award of
$2000.00
For the Best Dr. Christian Radio Play

Anyone may enter this competition. Scripts not winning the Grand Award may be purchased for use on the "Dr. Christian" program at prices fixed by the judges of not less than $50.00 or more than $350.00. For details write Dr. Christian Award, 17 State Street, New York. Listen to the "Dr. Christian" program every Wednesday.



"Yes, I take my own medicine —with pleasure...

says JEAN HERSHOLT
famous movie and radio star, who plays the title role in the Dr. Christian radio program.

"Many people ask if I use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic myself, I do, and have for years—long before appearing as Dr. Christian on the air.

"Good-looking hair is even more important in my profession than in most. I don't like mine slicked down. I don't like to douse or soak it. I do like it decently combed. I do like a good-feeling scalp. These things 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic has helped me hold for many years. I use it regularly—and most heartily recommend it."

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
40¢ and 70¢

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*As* most deaf-mutes employ an indicative sign or symbol method of communication that is virtually international, they are able to talk to foreign deaf-mutes without knowing their written language.—*By Howard Dawson, New York, New York.*

*Pearls* range in size from the tiny "dust" specimens which weigh less than one twenty-fifth of a grain up to the giant paragons which have been known to weigh as much as 337 grains, or about 8,500 times more. —*By Stanley M. Disney, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

*Whaling* ships in the Antarctic are frequently followed by small icebergs propelled by the forward movement set up by the vessels in the air around them. When a ship cannot get away from one of these nuisances after several days, even by turning quickly to port or starboard, members of the crew have to take an old cable and tie it up to a large berg.—*By Stanley Walker, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.*

*The* Fahrenheit temperature of the oceans varies from 27 to 88 degrees, while that of the air varies from 130 below to 149 above zero. Thus the natural temperature of the air can become 157 degrees colder and 61 degrees hotter than sea water.

*The* largest institution for religious education in the world, the Moslem Azhar University in Cairo, Egypt, had no departments, no program, no rules, no examinations and no diplomas until 1871, or 901 years after it was founded.—*By Dr. Edward T. Carey, Davenport, Iowa.*

*Unlike* an airplane, a balloon has difficulty in going up and coming down through a cloud because the cold air in the cloud contracts the gas in the bag and reduces its lifting power. When the balloonist does not neutralize this quick reduction by throwing out the right quantity of ballast at the right moment, the bag will not enter the cloud during the ascent or will not drop through it at a safe speed during the descent.

*The* Maharaja Dinner, served by a Hindu restaurant in New York City, is the most elaborate and costly meal that can be ordered in the United States. Containing numerous Indian delicacies, many of which are sprayed with costly perfumes, this dinner consists of 63 courses with 155 dishes and costs $100 per person.—*By Michael Cohn, Woodhaven, New York.*

*On* January 30, 1921, a sudden cold wave froze the water in Klawock Bay, Prince of Wales Island, Alaska, and entrapped and killed, before they could reach the open sea, more than two billion herring.

*While* France spent $250,000 on the construction of the Statue of Liberty itself, the United States spent $350,000 on its pedestal and erection in New York harbor.—*By Theresa Cortelyou, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

*When* Germany declared war on Russia on August 1, 1914, the people of Leningrad, then called St. Petersburg, became so infuriated that they made up a fund of $100,000 to be awarded to the first Russian soldier to set foot in Berlin. —*By David Shelton, Fort Jackson, South Carolina.*

*The* Scandinavian lemming is the only animal that commits suicide, by blindly swimming out to sea until it drowns; the vampire bat is the only animal that lives solely on blood, both in and out of captivity; and the spotted skunk is the only animal that can and frequently does walk only on its fore-paws without being trained.

*In* 1941, the American public paid in tolls, to cross rivers on ferries, through tunnels and over bridges, an average of about $250,000 every twenty-four hours.—*By Terrence J. Horgan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

AS REVEALED BY RECENT SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH:

Actual Tooth

## Millions Are Slowly Brushing Cavities Into The Exposed, Softer Parts Of Teeth

Scientific research has proved that this damage is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives. Clinical studies show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed (usually due to shrinking gums) with no hard enamel to protect it. You can avoid this trouble by changing to Teel Liquid Dentifrice, because it contains absolutely no abrasives. Thus Teel cannot harm or injure teeth in any way.

## Here's How To
# Save Your Precious Teeth From This Injury

### *Change to This Amazing New Liquid Dentifrice!*
### *It Beautifies Teeth Safely—Without Abrasives*

Behind many a gum-line cavity, behind many a case of tooth trouble, lies a dentifrice containing abrasives. Millions today are needlessly risking this danger to their teeth. This has been proved by careful, scientific research.

You may be unaware that you are exposed to such injury. For the abrasive particles in dentifrices that do the damage are so small you can't see or feel them. Yet they are so hard that as you brush them back and forth they slowly but surely wear away the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is exposed by shrinking gums.

You can save your precious teeth from this appalling injury simply by changing now to the revolutionary new dentifrice for brushing teeth—Teel.

**How Teel Safely Reveals Beauty of Your Smile**

Teel is different than any tooth paste or powder you have ever used. It is a ruby-clear liquid and contains *absolutely no abrasives of any kind.* Tests show it cannot injure even the softer part of your teeth.

Teel uses a new-type, patented cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, surging bubbles—actually multiplies over 30 times in the mouth. These bubbles instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth really look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's amazing action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. A few drops of Teel in ½ glass water is delightful as a mouth wash. Try it.

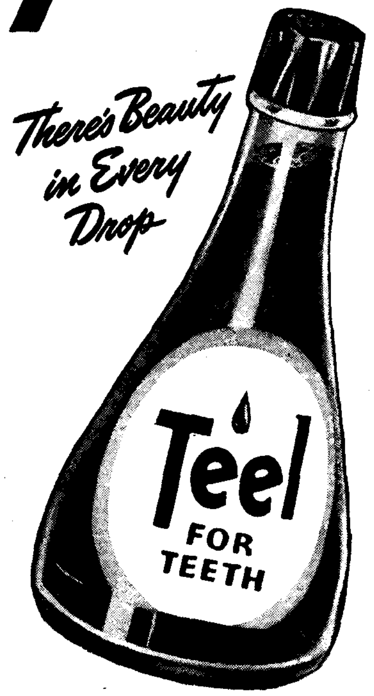
**Start This Safe Liquid Way Today**

Teel is easy to use and so economical. A bottle lasts and lasts. Get Teel today at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And follow this safe, new way in tooth cleansing. If you feel that your teeth need an occasional scouring or polishing, follow special easy directions on the Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

**MAKE THIS TEST**

***—it reveals any abrasive in your dentifrice***

Tonight, put some of your regular dentifrice in a glass of water and stir thoroughly. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever. Thus Teel cannot injure exposed, softer parts of your teeth at all.



*Change to*

**Teel** LIQUID DENTIFRICE

*Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders*

*"Look, honey! Now aren't you happy we installed Sealed Power Piston Rings. Think how much we're saving on oil and gas!"*

**SHE'S SMOOTH BUT SAVING, TOO!**

...So are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

*Repower with*

**SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS**

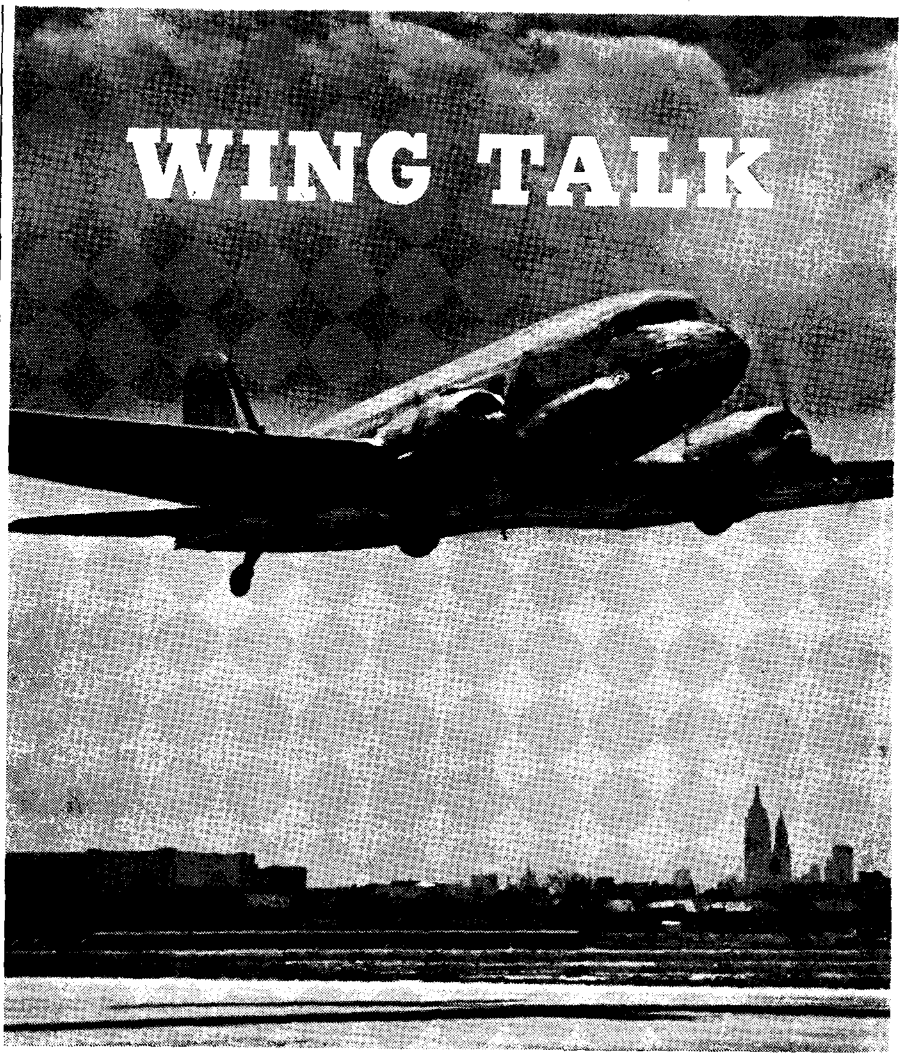
THOUSANDS upon thousands of car owners are putting their engines in shape for the duration with Sealed Power Piston Rings. Perhaps you should do the same...now! These great piston rings, now available in packaged sets engineered for your particular make and model of car, end oil waste, gas waste and restore pep and power. You simply can't buy better piston rings! They add years to your car's life and miles of carefree, repair-free driving. Sealed Power Rings are made by the same engineers who for 30 years have worked with car manufacturers creating piston rings for new cars. Protect the investment you have in your car. Ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ont.

*Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines.*

★ ★ SUPPORT THE RED CROSS

© 1942, Sealed Power Corp.

# WING TALK



**Something you needn't worry about: the uneven retraction of the DC-3's wheels as it takes off doesn't mean that anything is wrong**

YOU needn't be alarmed when you see a DC-3 take off and observe that one wheel appears to be retracting slower than the other. This is not standard practice, but it is a normal condition that has existed for a long while and probably always will. The heavy landing gear is operated hydraulically and the struts that support the plane on the ground are jointed to enable the wheels to fit into the engine nacelles. Any little inequality in the pressure lines running to both wheels or a slight amount of friction in the joints can produce an uneven retraction.

LOW-WING monoplanes, particularly of the medium and large military and airliner type, carry their tanks in the wings. At refueling time, the gas man climbs up on the wing, dragging the hose from truck or pit after him, and shoots it in at the top at 70 gallons a minute. He cannot help but scratch and dirty up the wing finish. On high-performance, exquisitely refined combat planes such things as scratches might have a small but noticeable effect on speed. Moreover, seconds of time—precious in military operations—are lost in climbing on the wings, in cleaning them after refueling. If you can figure out a way to defy natural laws and refuel the wing tanks from underneath the wing—you'll get a medal, perhaps. Or why couldn't our lines use the trick of many foreign airlines? That is, the gasman spreads a little rubber or burlap matting across the wing where he must step.

SELDOM do you hear of a metal propeller breaking in flight, but when you do, you can be pretty sure it was the result of faulty maintenance.

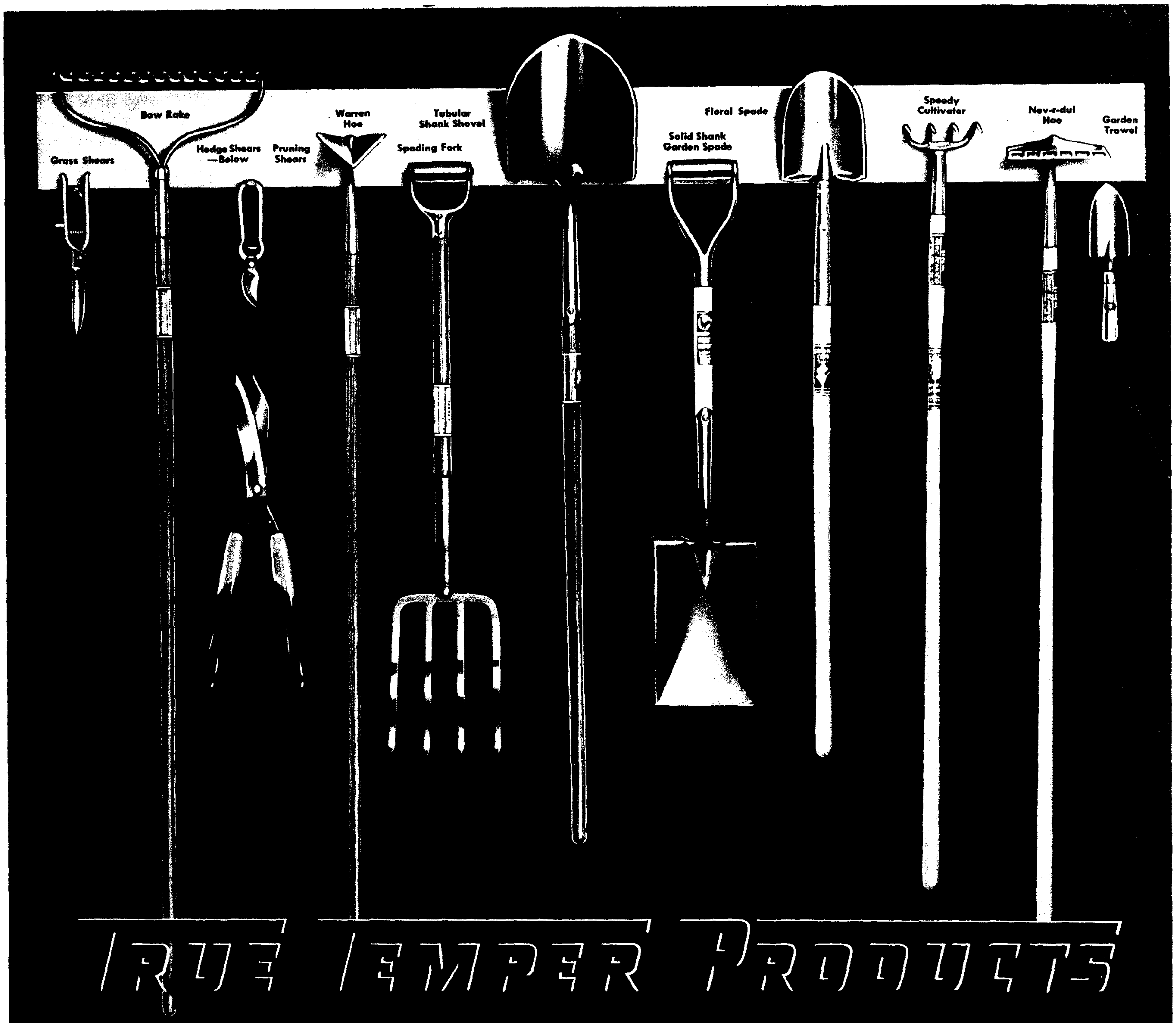
When all or part of a propeller blade flies off the result is a terrific vibration in the engine. This either leads to fire, internal disintegration of the power plant or its complete separation from the mount.

Engines have dropped out of airplanes and pilots have made safe landings. Other pilots have not been successful, either through lack of experience or because all the breaks were against them. Here is the story of two such accidents—one, no injury; the other fatal. In the first instance, the pilot had 2,500 hours of solo. At 1,000 feet and while his student was at the controls, a blade let go and in a couple of seconds the engine fell to the ground. The alert pilot grabbed the controls, which the alert student gladly relinquished. With the plane away out of balance, the pilot made a normal landing in an alfalfa field. Three years before this accident, that propeller, while installed on another airplane, had been damaged in an accident and, although it had been reconditioned, government inspectors found that the records kept on its life and times were inadequate.

The pilot in the second accident had 540 hours of solo experience. With him were three passengers. At 1,500 feet a blade broke and the engine fell out. The airplane went into a spin and crashed, and all on board were lost. Government inspectors could find no record of the total service hours on the propeller or the time since last inspection or overhaul.

Eugene E. Wilson, president of United Aircraft Corporation, which includes Hamilton Standard Propellers, knows, better than anyone in his organization, what it means to have propeller failure. While a commander in naval aviation 15 years ago, he was approaching for a landing in a single-seater fighter when the tip of an old-style metal blade, no longer made, broke off. Gene Wilson cut the switch and throttle and it was

*(Continued on page 25)*


Grass Shears
Bow Rake
Hedge Shears —Below
Pruning Shears
Warren Hoe
Tubular Shank Shovel
Spading Fork
Floral Spade
Solid Shank Garden Spade
Speedy Cultivator
Nev-r-dul Hoe
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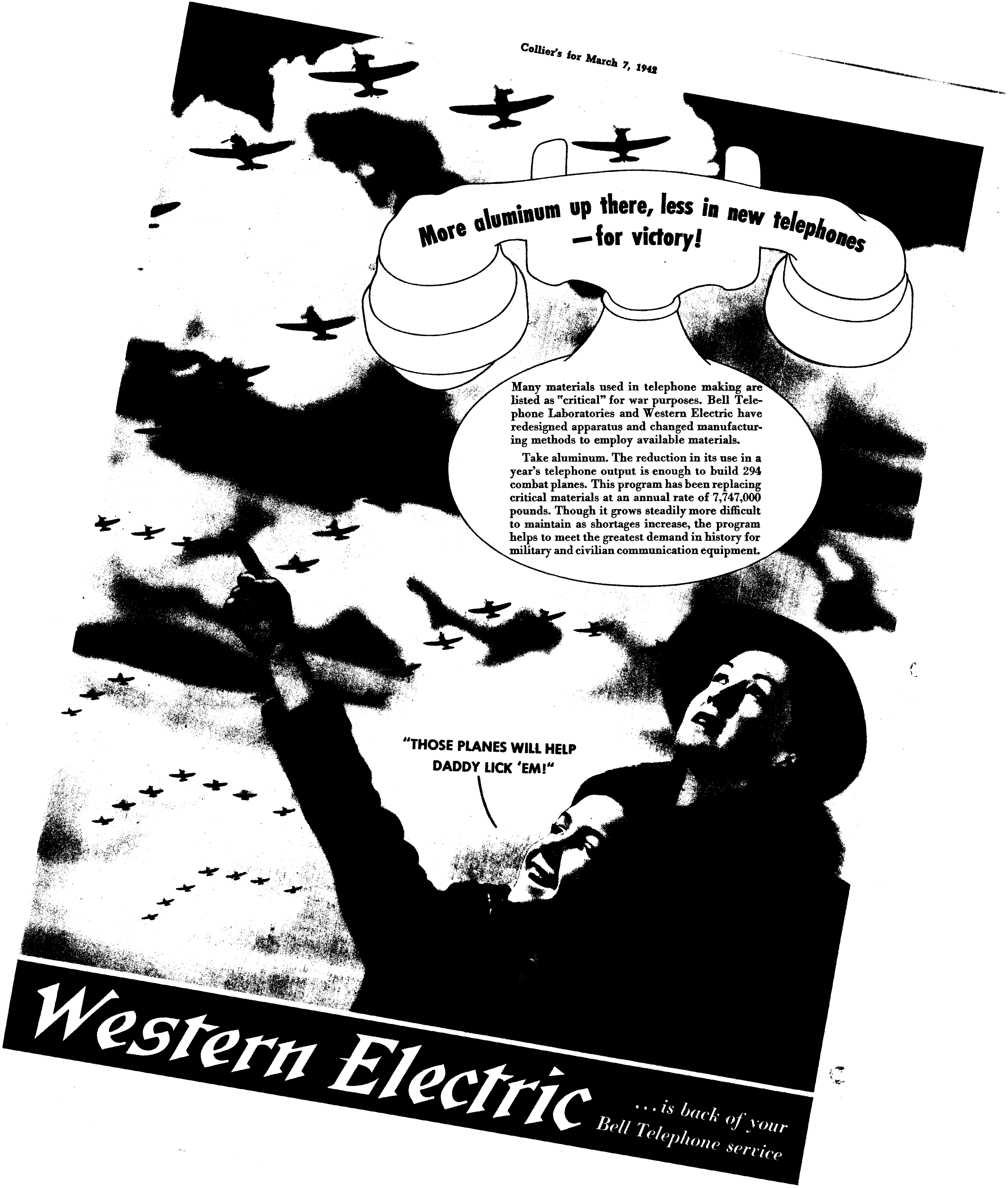
For your vital part in home defense, select as a minimum, and have on hand at all times, the True Temper Garden Tools shown above. Each tool fills a definite need. Good tools give years of satisfactory service. It is important now to get the best. True Temper Tools are the standard of excellence. Do not risk disappointment with imitations. The Makers of True Temper Products, Cleveland, Ohio.

## Buy Them at the Arsenal of Home Defense...Your Home Hardware Store

*NOTE: Fire fighting equipment specified by air raid wardens includes a hoe and a shovel as desirable for every household.*



**More aluminum up there, less in new telephones —for victory!**

Many materials used in telephone making are listed as "critical" for war purposes. Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric have redesigned apparatus and changed manufacturing methods to employ available materials.

Take aluminum. The reduction in its use in a year's telephone output is enough to build 294 combat planes. This program has been replacing critical materials at an annual rate of 7,747,000 pounds. Though it grows steadily more difficult to maintain as shortages increase, the program helps to meet the greatest demand in history for military and civilian communication equipment.

**Western Electric** *...is back of your Bell Telephone service*

# The Rotten Apple

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**Lenin was shot in 1918 by Fanny Kaplan, a member of an oppositional group called the S.R.'s, or Social Revolutionaries, who fought him for control of Russia after the Czar's overthrow. This story is about five people arrested in the panic following the shooting. The Cheka mentioned is the original designation of the NKVD, the dread secret police**

WHEN the guard brought five steaming bowls of soup with real meat in it, and fresh bread, the prisoners in the separate cell at Cheka "overflow" Depot Number 23 were incredulous. Ten days before, the Social Revolutionary girl Kaplan had wounded Lenin and, in the panic that followed, the prisons were crowded beyond capacity. Depot 23 had been a ground-floor restaurant in a side street of Moscow. There were about thirty prisoners in the main room; these five had been lodged in the separate room because they were suspects of more than ordinary importance. In fact, it was thought that they might be the center of the whole conspiracy. It was definitely known that the Terrorist Center of the counterrevolutionary "S.R." had five members, and these three men and two women had been arrested for no other reason than that they had all come together at one place, the Pushkin statue opposite the Passion Monastery, and were former members of the Social Revolutionary party.

"New boss," the guard offered, with a gesture toward the office. "Seems to think this place is a hotel. He says any time you want to go to the kitchen, you just rap on the door for me. And if you there need treatment for your fingers, he says you can have a doctor."

"I'll be damned!" said the good-looking prisoner with the bandaged hands.

The younger of the two women laughed happily. "But perhaps you'd better see a doctor, Boris."

"I'm all right, Irene. This soup's good!"

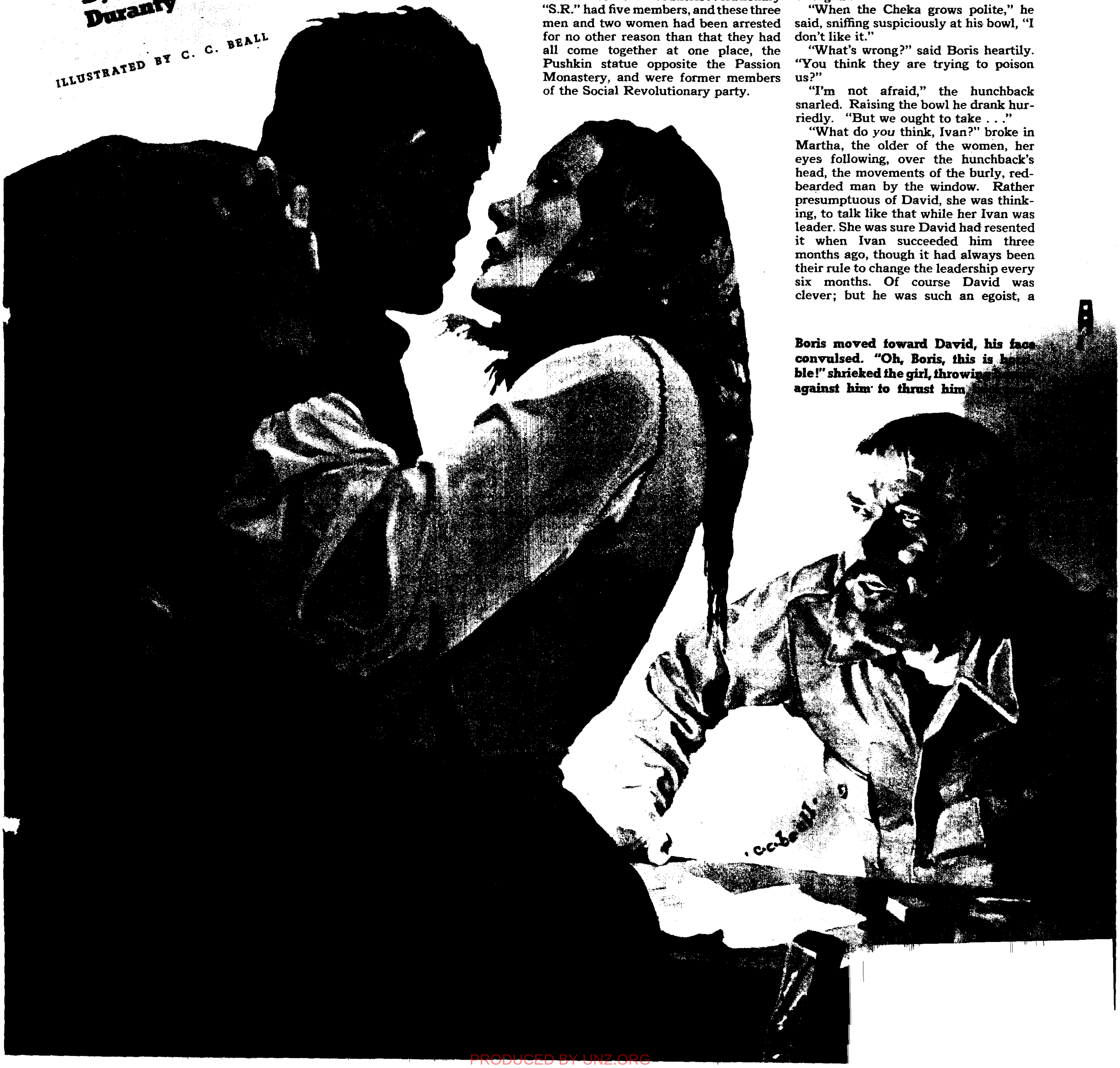
Astride a wooden chair in the middle of the room the hunchback David watched them, his big head resting on his crossed hands. His black eyes, hard mouth and swarthy skin bespoke the Georgian.

"When the Cheka grows polite," he said, sniffing suspiciously at his bowl, "I don't like it."

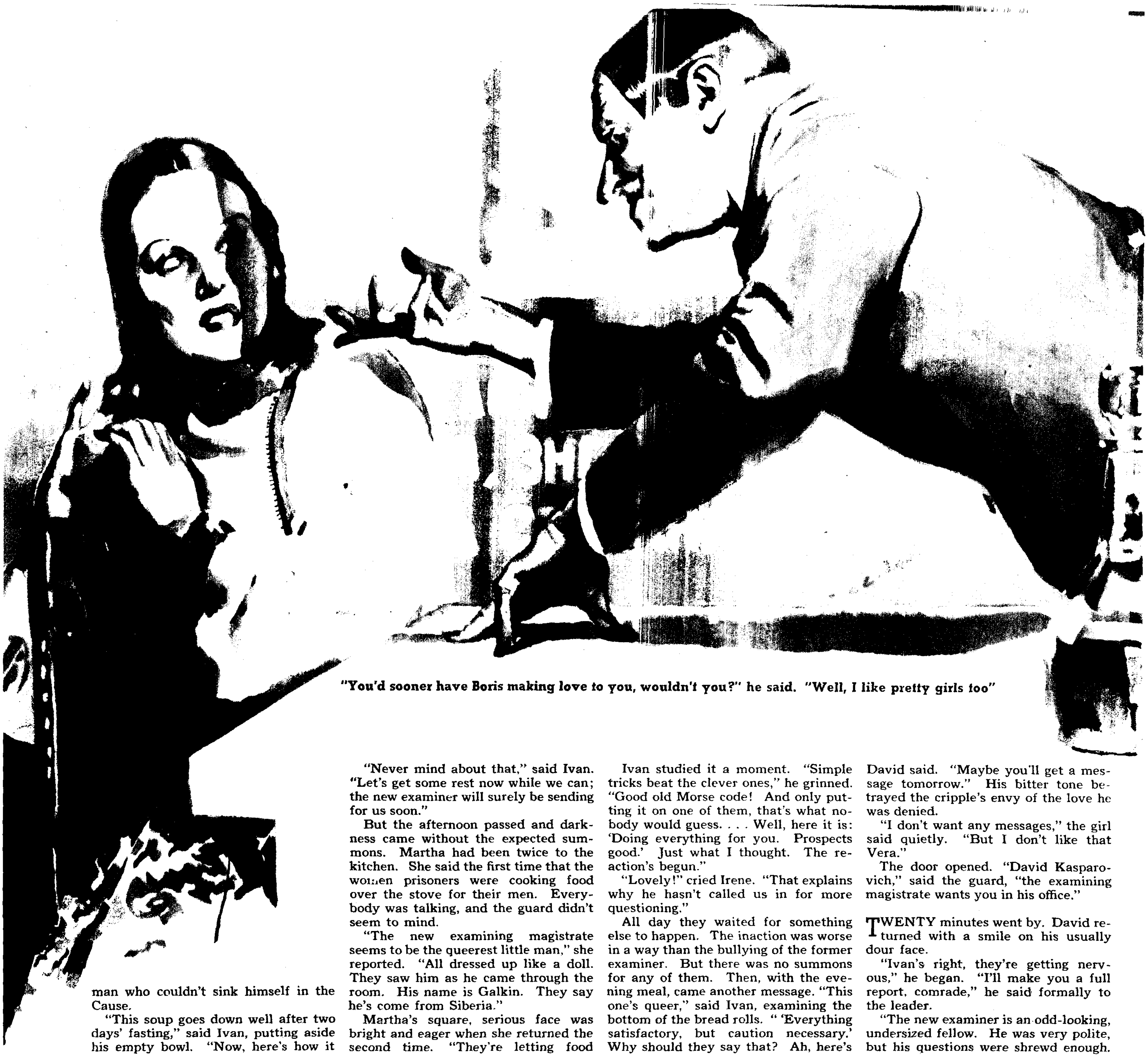
"What's wrong?" said Boris heartily. "You think they are trying to poison us?"

"I'm not afraid," the hunchback snarled. Raising the bowl he drank hurriedly. "But we ought to take . . ."

"What do *you* think, Ivan?" broke in Martha, the older of the women, her eyes following, over the hunchback's head, the movements of the burly, red-bearded man by the window. Rather presumptuous of David, she was thinking, to talk like that while her Ivan was leader. She was sure David had resented it when Ivan succeeded him three months ago, though it had always been their rule to change the leadership every six months. Of course David was clever; but he was such an egoist, a



**Boris moved toward David, his face convulsed. "Oh, Boris, this is horrible!" shrieked the girl, throwing [illegible] against him to thrust him [illegible]**



**"You'd sooner have Boris making love to you, wouldn't you?" he said. "Well, I like pretty girls too"**

man who couldn't sink himself in the Cause.

"This soup goes down well after two days' fasting," said Ivan, putting aside his empty bowl. "Now, here's how it looks to me: First, they're getting over their panic. I told you we could believe that report about Lenin's improvement. There've been too many arrests, and now the reaction's beginning. The fact that stupid Chekist tortured Boris shows the weakness of their position. You were right, boy, to yell when they closed the door on your fingers. I'll bet that leaked out and cost the swine his head. Anyhow, you see we've got a new boss."

Boris grinned. "Yelling came easy. It hurt like blazes. But I did play it up a bit."

Irene caught her lover's arm. "Of course you wouldn't have yelled if you hadn't wanted to. We all know that. Does it hurt much now?"

The hunchback pushed the thick hair up from his forehead. "See that scar?" he said. "Got that in Tiflis, in nineteen-six. First, a hot cigar, pressed along at intervals; then red pepper, to make it smart. But I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of hearing me squeak."

"Nor would Boris," began Irene hotly, "but . . ."

"Never mind about that," said Ivan. "Let's get some rest now while we can; the new examiner will surely be sending for us soon."

But the afternoon passed and darkness came without the expected summons. Martha had been twice to the kitchen. She said the first time that the women prisoners were cooking food over the stove for their men. Everybody was talking, and the guard didn't seem to mind.

"The new examining magistrate seems to be the queerest little man," she reported. "All dressed up like a doll. They saw him as he came through the room. His name is Galkin. They say he's come from Siberia."

Martha's square, serious face was bright and eager when she returned the second time. "They're letting food packets be sent in," she whispered, "and it applies to us too. I asked the sentry myself."

"Good news!" said Boris, jumping to his feet. "Now we'll know what's really going on." Lowering his voice he turned to Ivan: "The bread code's all fixed, isn't it?"

"Of course. This *is* good news! I knew that raid on my office was all a bluff. Half a ton of agricultural statistics will give them plenty to chew on, but there's not one line to damage us. We'll all be out of here within a week."

THE next morning they received the first message from outside. They'd been allowed to sleep undisturbed, until the sentry brought in their hot tea, with bread rolls and a hunk of cheese. "Your packet came an hour ago," he said to Ivan, "just in time for breakfast."

The rolls had been cut open. No incriminating message inside. But the bottom crust of one was marked with a series of tiny holes and scratches that might have occurred in baking.

Ivan studied it a moment. "Simple tricks beat the clever ones," he grinned. "Good old Morse code! And only putting it on one of them, that's what nobody would guess. . . . Well, here it is: 'Doing everything for you. Prospects good.' Just what I thought. The reaction's begun."

"Lovely!" cried Irene. "That explains why he hasn't called us in for more questioning."

All day they waited for something else to happen. The inaction was worse in a way than the bullying of the former examiner. But there was no summons for any of them. Then, with the evening meal, came another message. "This one's queer," said Ivan, examining the bottom of the bread rolls. " 'Everything satisfactory, but caution necessary.' Why should they say that? Ah, here's another; maybe this will explain. . . . No . . . this is for you, Boris. 'Sympathy, Boris. Love, Vera.' "

"What's that?" said Irene quickly.

David laughed harshly. "Vera! That's the pretty secretary at the bank. Worried about her handsome boss."

Ivan raised his hand. "That'll do. Let's eat while we can. He's sure to question us tonight."

But they finished the meal, and the guard brought a lamp; and the hours dragged, but nothing happened. Suddenly Irene jumped to her feet, shook her mop of bobbed black hair. "I hate this waiting!" She took quick steps up and down the room, then stopped before Boris, who was sitting on the torn sofa by the window. "Let me dress your fingers, dear."

He shrugged impatiently. "It's all right," he said. "I'd forgotten all about them."

"Perhaps your Vera could do it better!" she snapped so crossly that the Georgian chuckled.

"Leave him to his dreams, Irene," David said. "Maybe you'll get a message tomorrow." His bitter tone betrayed the cripple's envy of the love he was denied.

"I don't want any messages," the girl said quietly. "But I don't like that Vera."

The door opened. "David Kasparovich," said the guard, "the examining magistrate wants you in his office."

TWENTY minutes went by. David returned with a smile on his usually dour face.

"Ivan's right, they're getting nervous," he began. "I'll make you a full report, comrade," he said formally to the leader.

"The new examiner is an odd-looking, undersized fellow. He was very polite, but his questions were shrewd enough. 'Why did all five of you meet together at the Pushkin statue?' he asked me. I told you, Ivan, that was a risky thing to do."

"Never mind that," said Ivan. "We had to meet somewhere. What did you answer?"

"Nothing, of course. I just smiled. Then he tried another tack. 'I know about your work in the food department,' he said. 'I was a food commissioner myself once, back in Siberia. I've read your excellent circulars. It must be very dull here for an active mind like yours. You can't have much in common with the others.' "

"How polite!" said Irene. "So you think we're stupid."

"*He* said that, not I. I listened without comment."

"And what else did he say?" Irene insisted.

"He asked a funny question about Boris," the Georgian said slowly. "First, he said he knew Ivan and I were old friends, and that Martha had worked

*(Continued on page 71)*

# Be Yourself, Girlie!

### By Jim Marshall

**Make the most of the face God gave you instead of trying to look like one of the movie stars, says Jack Dawn, Hollywood make-up man**

TROUBLE is, about half the women in America think they look like movie stars. It usually starts when one girl says to another: "Gran'ma, you're the spittin' image of Shirley Temple," or "Dearie, did anyone ever tell you you're a ringer for Myrna Loy?" When this happens Gran'ma usually goes out, wrecks the mug God gave her and proceeds to out-shirley Shirley. Dearie raises a flock of freckles and a Montana background.

This is why Main Street anywhere looks half natural and half Hollywood-on-the-loose. It is also why there is a trace of sadness behind the eyes of Jack Dawn, who is indirectly responsible for this appalling state of affairs. Mr. Dawn, a serious scientist, is director of make-up for M-G-M and he has invented for movie gals faces of such wild and impelling loveliness that few women can resist trying to copy them. This copying goes on not only in America, but all over, so that the world is full of Chinese Garbos, Eskimo Ann Rutherfords and Hawaiian Constance Bennetts.

Or what Mr. Dawn prefers to regard as unreasonable facsimiles thereof.

The whole thing has become a sort of Frankenstein monsteress to Mr. Dawn, and he is now devoting part of his waking hours to a crusade to get women to leave their faces alone, except for a few swipes of foundation cream, powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eyeshadow and bluing, so they won't turn yellow in the washer. He has been operating this crusade against the mass production of faces ever since 1914. In that year, as an extra, he was one of forty redskin braves in a Western, and was made up by a man wielding a six-inch paintbrush full of brown calcimine.

"We all looked exactly alike," says Mr. Dawn. "No individuality. It was very drab."

In order to give Mr. Dawn an outlet for his pent-up emotion and help make the streets more livable, Collier's and M-G-M recently enlisted the services of Miss Adele Smith, a Brooklyn girl who once was Miss Washington Heights but has since lived it down.

"Someone sent in my picture unknown to me," explained Miss Smith, "and next thing I knew, I was Miss Washington Heights."

Right at the start Miss Smith said she resembled Miss Jeanette MacDonald, and the general theory was to destroy this illusion and have Mr. Dawn bring out Miss Smith's own sweet self. "People tell me I resemble Jeanette MacDonald," said Miss Smith with considerable nonchalance. She did, too.

Mr. Dawn then entered the operating chamber unnoticed and said: "Miss Smith is definitely the Lana Turner type." This was a bit of a socko for Brooklyn, but she took it like a trouper.

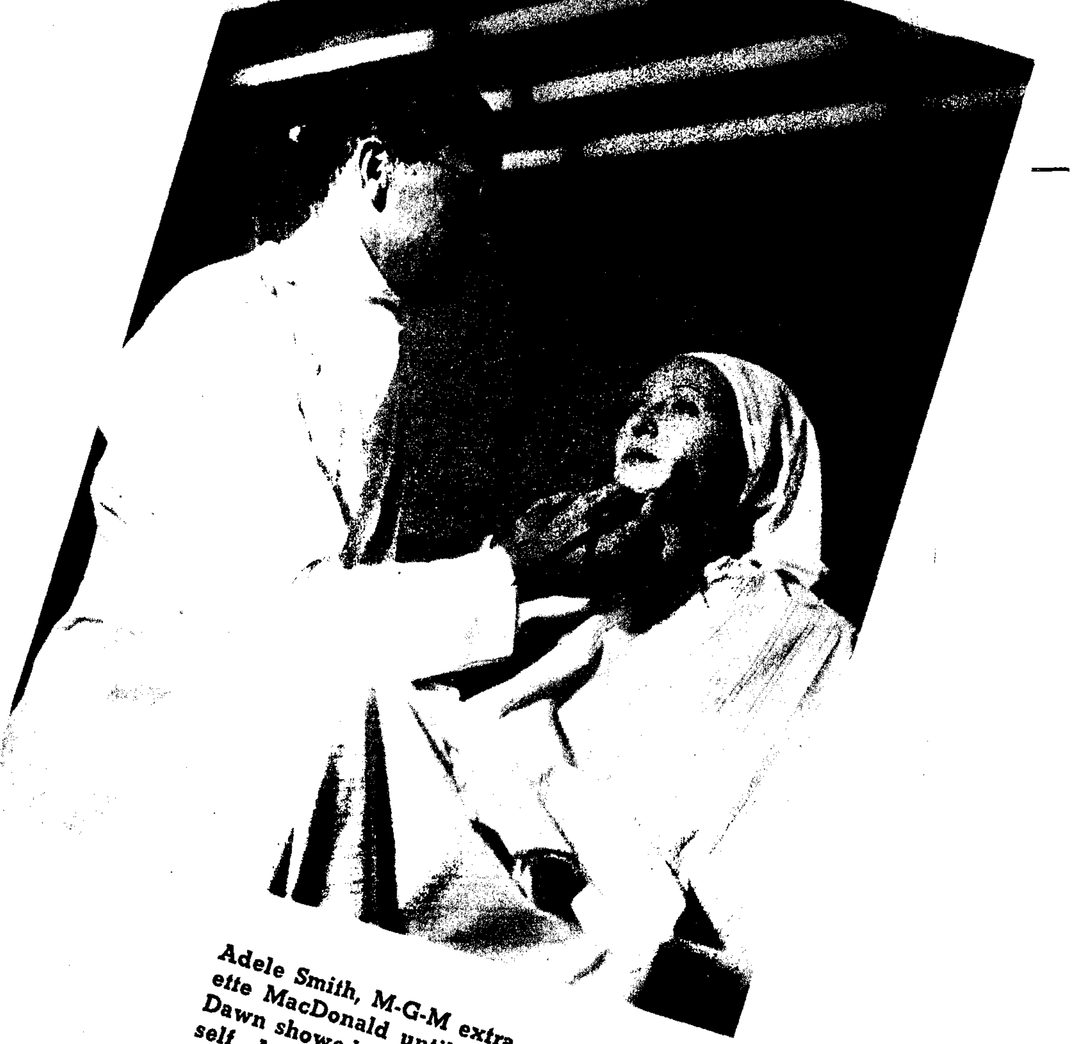
"So I look like Lana Turner—okay!" she said.

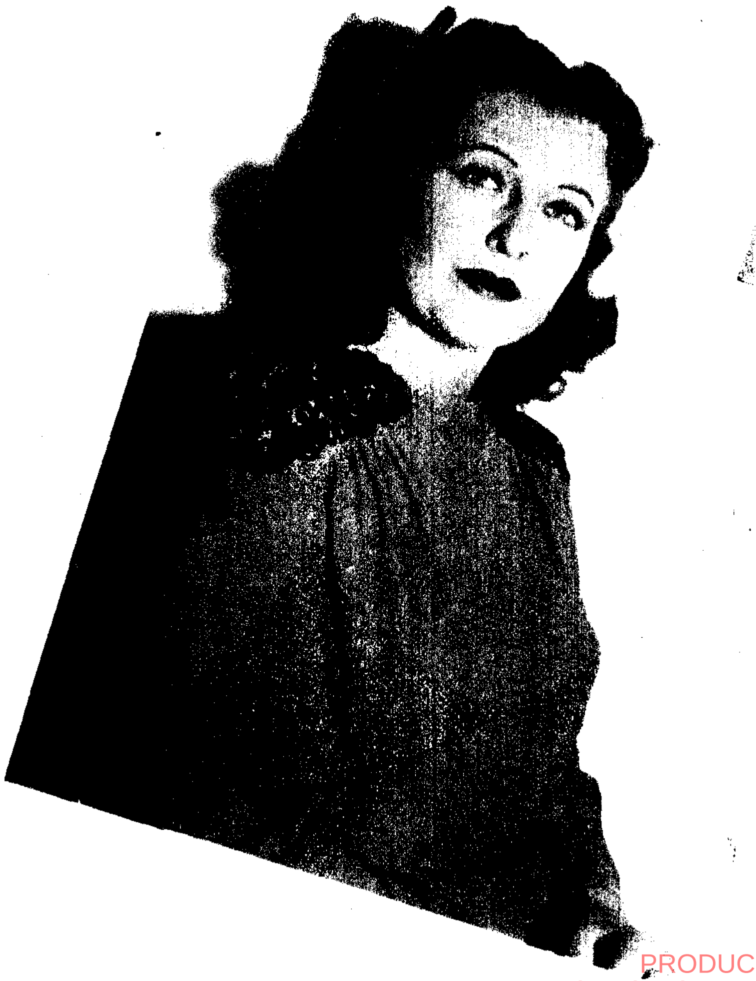
"I will now show you," said Mr. Dawn, "how you could look even more like Lana." He winced a little—not at the idea of anyone resembling Miss Turner, but at several million girls trying to—and not having much luck at it.

Mr. Dawn then put on a doctor's white coat, seated Miss Smith in a dentist's chair before a large mirror, switched on a battery of thirty-six fluorescent tubes overhead and looked over his implements—more than forty long-handled brushes, a dozen small sponges, and a score of boxes, tubes and cakes of make-up material. . . . In a very few minutes it was hard to tell whether Miss Smith

*(Continued on page 24)*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS





Adele Smith, M-G-M extra, resembled Jeanette MacDonald until make-up wizard Jack Dawn showed her how to individualize herself. At the left is the finished product: Miss Smith's natural good features have been pointed up skillfully, the round face has become oval, and brown hair conceals the blond to make the subject her own charming self

# How Strong is Japan's Navy?

### By John Maloney

**Nobody knows the exact answer to this question—not even the Japs, who aren't being told what they're losing. But here, despite years of hush-hush, are the known factors that make up Japanese naval strength, a realistic appraisal in terms of fighting ships and the resources that make it possible to build and maintain them. It gives you an idea**

UP TO middle February, Hirohito's fleet had suffered losses which undoubtedly gave the Imperial Navy's strategists ground for serious concern. American naval, military and air forces alone had accounted for eighty-six vessels—comprising a battleship, twenty-two transports (including supply ships and troop carriers), seven destroyers, three cruisers, twelve converted merchant ships and, Washington believes, one aircraft carrier and several submarines.

The Dutch forces have dealt telling blows against attempted invasion of the Indies, the Philippines and Malaya, accounting for fifty-five vessels. Officially they have accounted for ten cruisers, one capital ship, four troop transports and at least twenty ordnance and supply transports, one submarine tender, seven destroyers, and one 30,000-ton passenger ship loaded with soldiers.

The British have announced sending to the bottom sixty-two vessels without listing types, but it definitely is known that they sank eleven transports, including troop carriers and supply ships; three submarines and one cruiser.

Following the announced policy of keeping the Axis powers in suspense concerning the fate of prowling submarines, the United Nations have been reluctant to announce total submarine sinkings. Up to February 2d, however, it definitely was known that American forces had sunk at least four subs, the Dutch two. Unofficially Washington hints that the number of undersea craft destroyed actually is much larger—"But let 'em keep guessing!"

For years the Japanese have been just as reluctant to announce details of the navy they were building.

In 1936, the walkout of Japan's delegation to London's Naval Conference signalled the beginning of a frenzied period of Japanese shipbuilding which still was under way when "Peace" Envoy Saburo Kurusu left Tokyo for Washington. The staggering costs of the "China Incident" had in no way deterred this building program. Construction in at least four major naval centers and scores of smaller shipyards for years had been carried on behind high board fences and bamboo screens.

When two foreign naval attachés were allowed to visit the Kure Naval Base last July, 32,000 workmen were given a half holiday so that diplomatic spies could get no idea of work in progress. To forestall innocent indiscretions by Navy spokesmen, Naval Ministry press conferences were discontinued a year ago. At the same time, reproductions of a painting of an Inland Sea strait by an artist eighty years dead were ordered confiscated—for state reasons.

Since 1921, Japan has had under construction at least five battleships of from 35,000 to 45,000 tons, with possibly three other battleships of smaller tonnage. Washington presumes now that no less than three of these larger vessels are in commission. It is also presumed that immediately after the first launchings, keels were laid for other ships of unknown tonnage—with stocks of American-purchased steel on hand for their construction. In addition, Japan has at least 22 yards and 77 shipbuilding ways capable of turning out vessels of from 1,000 to 6,000 tons, all working at top speed—and all utilizing American-purchased materials.

Inspired descriptions of these larger vessels have been published in newspapers of several countries—including both Germany and Italy before Japan joined the Axis—in the hope that Japanese comment would give some indication of how closely published guesses came to actuality. The Japs cagily withheld comment and let surmises flow unchecked.

### Good Ships That Stayed Home

Few of Japan's modern or rebuilt war vessels were sent into Chinese waters before America's declaration of war. The English-built, forty-year-old Idzumo of Shanghai War fame continued year after year to be the flagship of the China fleet. Definitely second-rate ships which made up China's hopelessly outclassed navy, and which were captured during early months of the "Incident," were used by the Japs wherever possible on inland waters, along with three gunboats captured from Germany in 1914. New vessels were kept in home waters.

The secrecy with which Japan surrounded her shipbuilding program may in the end be responsible for the defeat of her fleet. The lack of data concerning numbers, tonnage, and types of warships being constructed by Nippon made American naval authorities heavy-handed in estimating American naval needs. The results of these estimates are sliding down American ways ahead of schedule.

For years the United States was forced to rely upon naval budgets submitted to the Japanese Diet for most estimates of Japan's building program. Differences in costs of labor and materials and items hidden in non-naval sections of the budget made such estimates almost guesswork. But it is a known fact that between 1930 and 1939 Japan launched 2,000,000 tons of merchant shipping as against 1,250,000 tons by the United States, and between 1936 and 1939 she built three times as many vessels as the United States with twice the total tonnage—again using, for the most part, American materials.

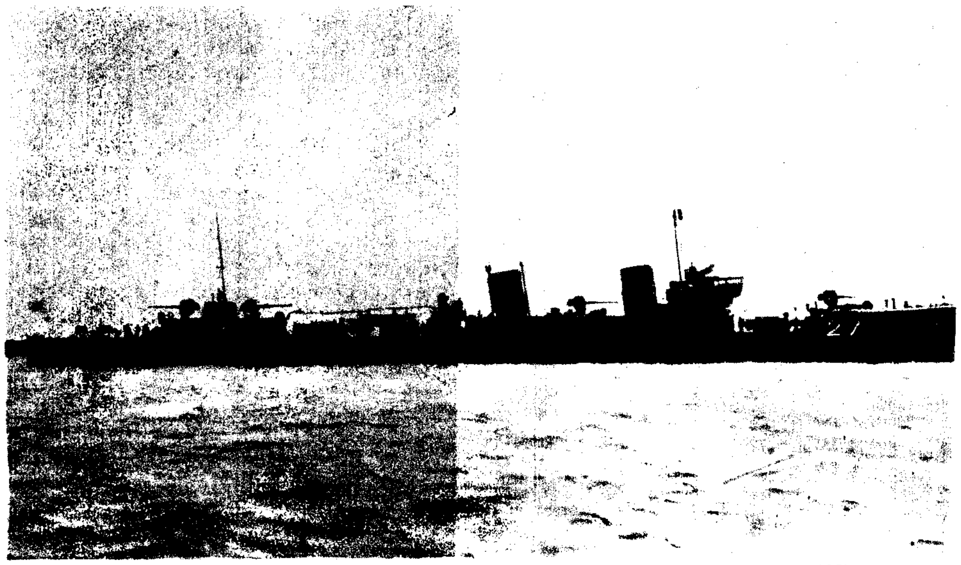
Two years ago Navy Vice-Minister Yamamoto declared before a gathering of Japanese naval officers that "Japan never has contemplated building a navy to cross any ocean." American experts even then were inclined to believe his statement true in the light of known facts concerning Jap building plans. The Japanese, they pointed out, seemed inclined toward over-armoring, over-gunning, and over-powering their ships in order to effect a "deluge of fire" against enemy ships they could entice within their own range or meet at sea within running distance of their shore bases. One reason for this supposition was the seemingly unorthodox internal spacing of the Japanese warships, which is believed to have done away with every possible gadget not absolutely necessary for use during a fight, making way for larger engines.

Jap warships are honeycombed with watertight compartments which obviate all luxuries. Japanese sailors—there are three men on their ships to one on ours—sling hammocks in companionways, gun turrets and ammunition-hoist shafts, and take their exercise in classic shadow-boxing. To increase their ability to withstand underwater damage, their ships ordinarily have only two and a half decks below water line as against three or three and a half on American and British men-of-war.

"We do not take ships to sea to build men but to annihilate our enemies," regulations of the Imperial Naval Serv-

INTERNATIONAL

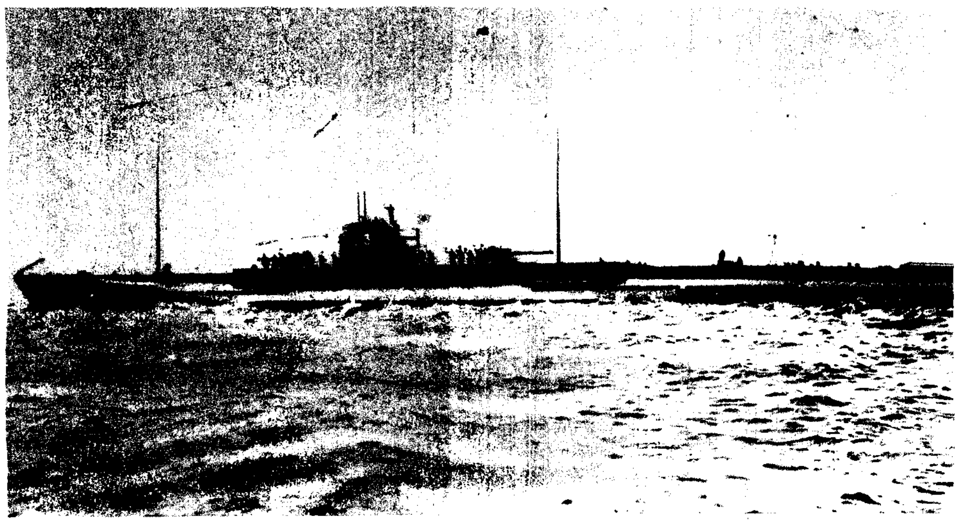
**Number unknown. These 41-foot two-man "living torpedoes" were developed in Germany and improved by the Japs**



PRESS ASSOCIATION

**135 DEST[illegible]**

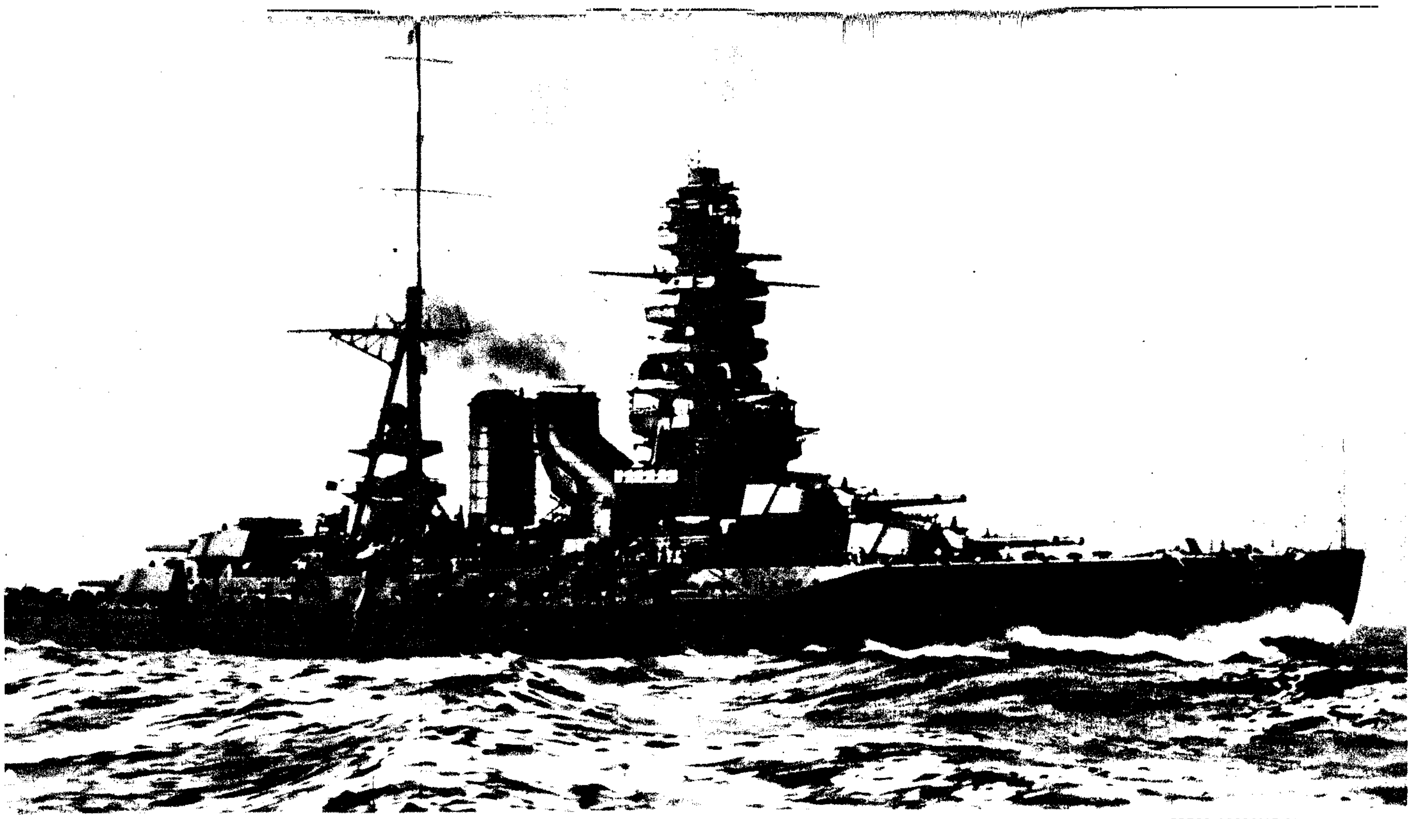
**Practically all Japanese destroyers are new ships. At *least sixteen are of 1,400 tons, with 24-in. torpedo tubes***



ACME

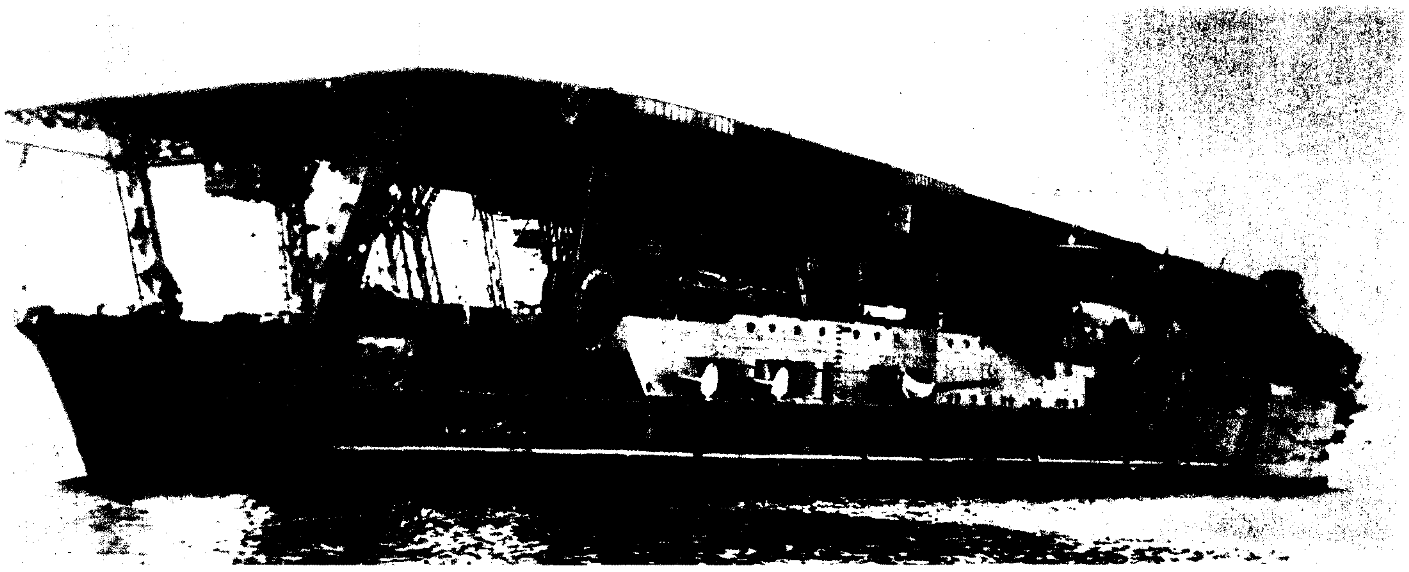
**48 SUBS**

**Submarine fleet includes at least eight like this 2,700-ton boat. Perhaps forty of her subs are capable of short-time operation as far away from home bases as the U. S. West Coast. Japanese subs are patterned after the German U-boat**



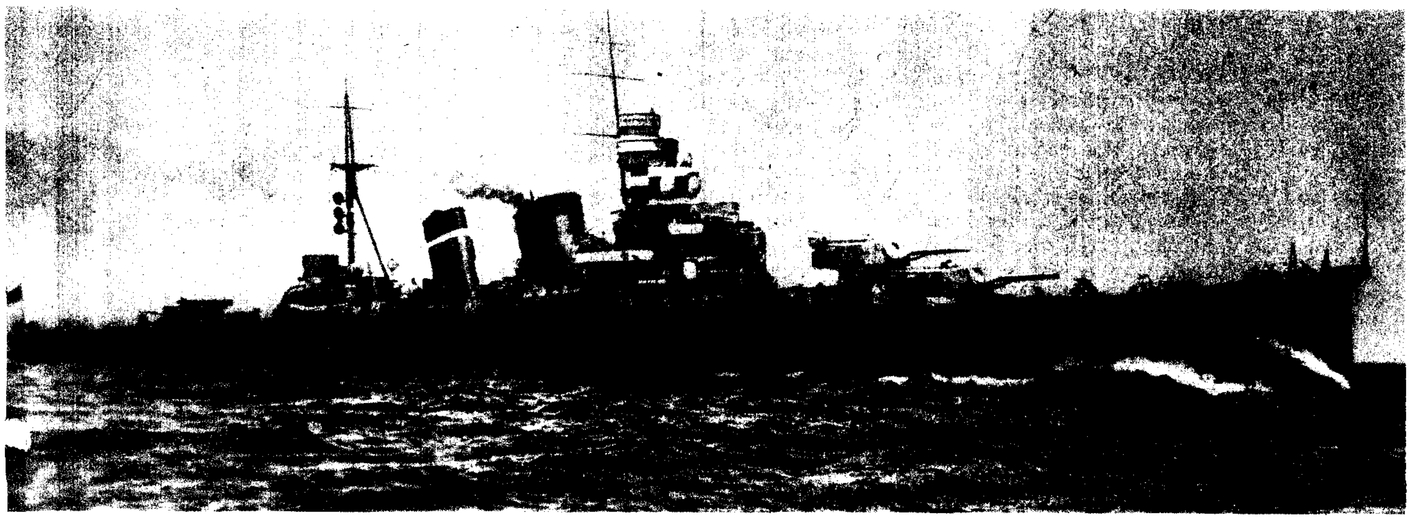
PRESS ASSOCIATION

**Since 1921, Japan has had at least five 35,000 to 45,000-ton battleships under construction, and possibly three smaller ones. Japanese battleships dispense with all unessentials to get firing power**



ACME

**Japan had ten plane carriers before the war but has lost two. She is believed to be building three more. Her naval bases in the western Pacific eliminate her need of additional carriers**



PRESS ASSOCIATION

**46 CRUISERS**

**U. S. has 37. Jap cruisers have double armor around guns, low freeboard, heavy bow armor. Emphasis is on fire power as in battleships. Germans call them best cruisers afloat**

ice state. Typical of the zeal for efficiency has been the substitution of Western diet for traditional rice and pickled fish aboard Jap warships, to increase physical endurance among the sailors.

Westerners who for years have been inclined to discredit Mr. Moto's ability for mechanical inventiveness and to accuse him of depending solely upon copying European or American machines and strategies have reason even at this early stage of the war to doubt that supposition. The "launch carrier" ships used in operations against Luzon and the two-man submarines are proof to the contrary.

The launch carriers consistently were used during Japanese operations in China, later in Indo-China, and finally against American defenders of the Philippines. They were designed for speedy landing of troops. Fifty-man boats are carried on decks, ninety-man boats in the holds. All are launched through water-line openings in the carriers. British experts have expressed belief that the Germans may be copying this type of troop carrier for use if and when the British Isles invasion attempt is ever carried out.

Five years ago U. S. Navy officials became intensely interested in Japanese airplane carriers. Within those five years Japan has built six new carriers, and it is believed in Washington that at least three more now are under way. Their construction was what puzzled American experts, since planes carried on four of the new ships could alight only on water. The conclusion drawn was that such carriers were intended merely as ferries for transporting planes to mainland or island bases. It was about this time that strong-Navy advocates in America began pestering Congress to sanction development of bases on Guam, Midway, and Wake islands, and to spare no expense in improving Pearl Harbor.

### Something New in Cruisers

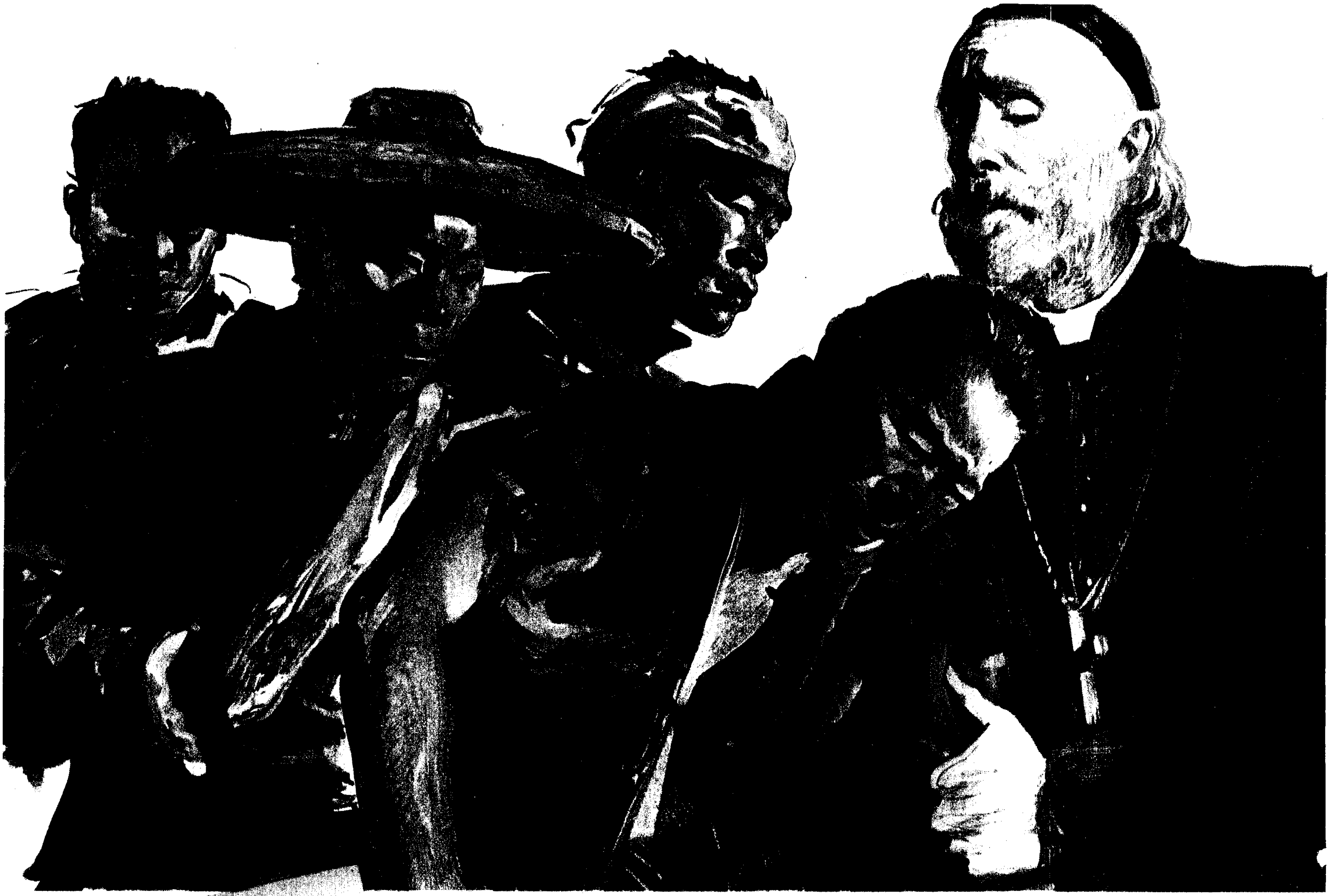
Foreign critics of Japan's cruisers frequently mention their curiously sloping funnels, their heavy gun turrets, and their low freeboard. American authorities have been inclined toward respect for these designs for several years. Sloping funnels, they believed, indicated more internal space for engines. Double walls of armor around guns gave more protection to crews under either naval or aircraft fire. The low freeboards suggested heavy bow armor, allowing the ships to take heavier punishment as they steamed forward firing and at the same time presenting a smaller target for close-range action. German marine experts hailed these cruisers as the best afloat and incorporated several Japanese innovations in ships which even now are under construction in European shipyards. The Japs have forty-six of these vessels, America thirty-seven.

At the beginning of the shooting the Navy Department estimated that Japan had 135 destroyers, practically all of them new. This number almost equaled Britain's fleet of ocean greyhounds and surpassed ours by a score, excluding older vessels that up to now have only been considered reserve ships.

Forty of these Jap destroyers are of a smaller class than those in our own flotilla; on the other hand, sixteen of their 1,400-tonners are the only destroyers afloat carrying 24-inch torpedo tubes—exceptionally large for a destroyer—and another indication of the deluge-of-fire trend in Nipponese building schemes.

Enemy submarines already harassing shipping off our West Coast undoubtedly were of the 2,700-ton type of which Japan has at least eight. In addi-

*(Continued on page 65)*



Father Valerian came out from the chapel at once and led the wounded men to the hospital

# China Gold

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHEN her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—dies in her New York City home, Elaine Brian flies to China, where she hopes to find one of her mother's dearest friends: Mark Chappell, who had become a priest and taken the name of "Father Valerian." In so doing, she is obeying her mother's dying wish.

In the course of the long journey, she meets a charming, and thoroughly worldly, man: Elton Field. Field has a mistress in China—Helen Kung, an Eurasian who has adored him for more than ten years. Arrived in Shanghai, with Elaine, he tells Helen bluntly that he loves the American; and he wounds her cruelly by offering her a million dollars if she will help him to win Elaine!

Seemingly acquiescent, Helen Kung meets her rival and actually advises her to remain in Shanghai; but she makes the secret resolve to prevent the marriage, at any cost. When Elaine, ignoring the Eurasian's advice, goes to Ta-ming (where Father Valerian is in charge of a mission and a small hospital), she is shadowed by Li-hua, Helen's male servant, who has orders to keep an eye on the American and send frequent reports to his mistress. . . .

Arrived at Ta-ming, Elaine is arrested by the Japanese authorities. But, when Father Valerian and his friend, Rudolf Helgel (a German who lives with him at the mission house) intercede in her behalf, she is released.

Overjoyed when he learns who the young American is, Father Valerian takes her to the mission house. He tells her that he had, many years before, been in love with her mother, who, he says, had been unwilling to marry him. He tells her that he and Helgel are experiencing difficulty in running the hospital practically alone. Listening to the priest—so fine, so truly good—Elaine makes a quick decision. She says that she will stay at the mission house, make her home there, and do what she can to help.

A short time later, in Shanghai, Helen Kung receives and read the first report from Li-hua. After which, she goes to Elton Field's house, lets herself in, and, after a cup of tea, slips cautiously into Field's private study. The curtains are drawn over the windows. No one can see her, and she knows that the servants (whom she pays well) will say nothing, should any of them come in.

## V

HELEN KUNG went into Elton's study. The heavy curtains were pulled over the windows, and a light burned on his desk. He sat here when he was alone, and because he was fond of the room, he had had a deep couch put in for the evenings with her. Not even a servant need be surprised if she came here to wait for him, she told herself, nor need Elton be surprised if he found her here when he came in.

It was easy, therefore, to sit down at his desk and in a moment, listening, to pull out one drawer after another. He was very methodical. Even the letters his mother wrote him were carefully filed according to their dates. She came upon a folder marked Present Business. This she pulled out and held beneath the desk, but where the light might fall upon it.

She opened the folder and swiftly she glanced at the carbons. There was nothing to interest her, nothing at all, she thought. Business letters, business letters—then Elaine Brian's name sprang at her suddenly upon a page. She read the letter quickly. He had written to a law firm in New York and asked for full information on Elaine Brian. "A young woman newly arrived in Shanghai represents herself as Elaine Brian. She is young, blond, very beautiful, about five feet three or four inches in height, obviously well educated. But can this be the real Elaine Brian? Please cable yes or no."

Helen Kung read this letter over twice. Then he was not sure! She searched the folder. There was no reply to this letter which had been mailed by clipper, she saw. If there had been a cabled reply it was not here. She put the folder back in the drawer and went over to the couch and sat there gazing thoughtfully into the unlighted grate. After a long time she felt cold, and she rose and found a match and touched the paper crushed ready under the wood and soft coal. When the blaze began she went back to her seat.

Here Elton Field found her soon after midnight. "Missy Kung wait inside," the gateman had shouted as his car came in the gate. He had been too annoyed to answer. If he had not had the cable that he did have at this very moment in his pocket, he might have been careless of her presence. But the cable had come tonight as he had sat at dinner in the Japanese consulate. A servant had brought it to him on a silver plate saying that it had been sent over from his house. He had expected the cable at any moment for the last twenty-four hours and had left word at his home that if it came it was to be brought to him. He excused himself and tore the envelope open. It contained two words: "Probably yes." And it was signed by his New York lawyers.

Instantly he had made up his mind. No, his mind had been made up already. Even if she were not Elaine Brian, he told himself as he put the cable into his pocket, he would have gone to bring her away from Ta-ming. Now that he knew she was—that is, probably—it seemed to him that he was madly in love with her, and he decided that at any risk he would go to Ta-ming. He had excused himself early to come home. Now that he knew, he could not wait. His mind was thick with plans to go to Ta-ming.

But when he heard that Helen was waiting he had thrust the plans aside, and had hurried into the house, into the empty drawing room, into the empty library, and then with rising anger into his own study.

She was roused out of sleep by Elton's voice, harsh with surprise:

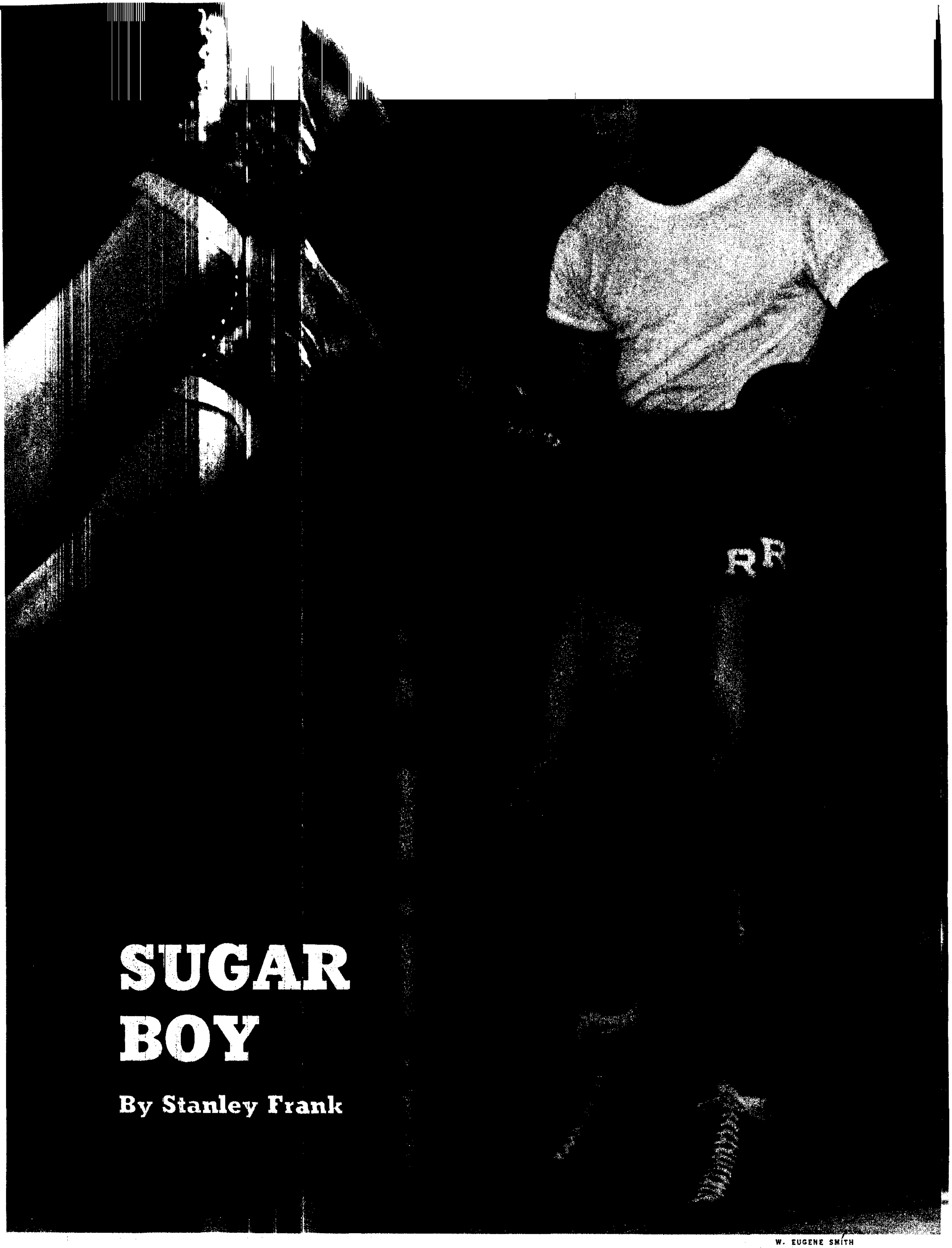
"What are you doing here?"

She opened her eyes and moved a little. She had the Chinese quality of being able to sleep without disturbance to her hair or garments. Now she waked as though a statue waked, with only slight movements of her muscles under her skin. She opened her lips to speak and then closed them, and without a sound she gazed at him, her long eyes dark and sad.

Elton let his irritation mount into anger: "Look here, I've always told you that you weren't to come to this house unless I sent for you!"

She wet her red lips. "But you have always sent for me." Her voice was low

(Continued on page 44)



W. EUGENE SMITH

**Flashiest of the welters is hard-hitting Ray Robinson, the choice of the insiders to bring home Red Cochrane's championship**

# SUGAR BOY

**By Stanley Frank**

**Ray Robinson is a junior edition of Joe Louis. To date he has knocked out 84 opponents in 116 bouts and he has never lost a fight. Experts call him a "sweet" fighter—sweet as sugar**

TO STATE that Ray Robinson, the next welterweight champion of the world, is wonderful is to give the obvious as vigorous a drubbing as the kid customarily inflicts upon his opponents. Phenomenal is the word for the 21-year-old genius with the light-brown skin who has had 116 fights and hasn't lost one yet.

Profound parties who know about these things agree Robinson is the best-looking young fighter to appear since Joe Louis came up eight years ago. This is the conservative consensus; nobody really knows how good the boy is because few of the animated punching bags available today belong in the ring with him and most of them prove it by going out of the arena on a door. He has knocked out 84 of the 116 men he has encountered and 49 were enveloped by sudden and sweet insensibility in the first round.

Nine months after his first professional fight Robinson was meeting—and beating—a world champion. The mob didn't believe a punk fresh out of the amateurs could lick Sammy Angott, the lightweight titleholder, but seeing was believing on July 21, 1941, at Shibe Park in Philadelphia, when the punk, who once wanted to be a dancer, played an *allegro con brio* with his hands on Angott's face for ten rounds.

Robinson pulled a slicker and more significant stunt one year and four weeks, to the night, after his pro debut. That was last Hallowe'en, when Ray the wraith first whipped Fritzie Zivic and clearly established himself as the best fighter, pound for pound, in circulation—always excepting Louis, of course.

### Ray Had All the Answers

The story behind the fight sounds like pure, undiluted corn, but it happens to be as true as Robinson's Hollywoodish rise from obscurity to opulence. After winning every international amateur and Golden Gloves championship in sight, Robinson was unveiled at fancy prices in Madison Square Garden on October 4, 1940. The crowd was large and clamorous, but every one of the clients was there to see Henry Armstrong defend his welterweight title against Zivic.

Our hero was in one of those preliminaries nobody watches with a gent yclept Joe Echevarria. Robinson hurried through his chores to catch Armstrong, his idol, in the main event. He earned his $100 by belting out Echevarria in two heats and he was squatting on his heels near the ringside when the blood-letting commenced. Armstrong absorbed such a frightful shellacking that Robinson almost quit the ring in sheer horror and disgust. Only the thought that some day he might get hunk for Henry impelled the kid to continue his career. Could be; good Negro fighters have a great deal of racial pride and, as the record indicates, Robinson is very good.

One year and four weeks later Robinson, having outgrown the lightweight class, moved up to the welterweights. The man he drew was Mr. Zivic, the flat-nosed, pulp-eared veteran of more than 300 fights and, despite his surprise defeat by Red Cochrane in July, still recognized as the best guy in the division. Zivic was, and is, an extremely tough citizen. He learned the fundamentals of his trade as a small boy in his father's saloon in Pittsburgh. When the entire Zivic brood—including Pop and four older brothers, all fighters—became embroiled with spirited neighbors in spirits, young Fritzie helped defend the family honor and property by crawling along the rail of the bar biting alien legs.

Robinson had to give away six and a half pounds and a lifetime of experience to Zivic. He was meeting a cutie who knew every trick in the books. Again the wise guys were doubtful that the undefeated Negro could retain his status and his health. The mob wasn't sure the Sugar Boy, a beautiful boxer at long range, could take care of himself in the clinches and it didn't know how he would react to a stiff poke in the puss or whether he was gaited to go ten hard rounds with a good man.

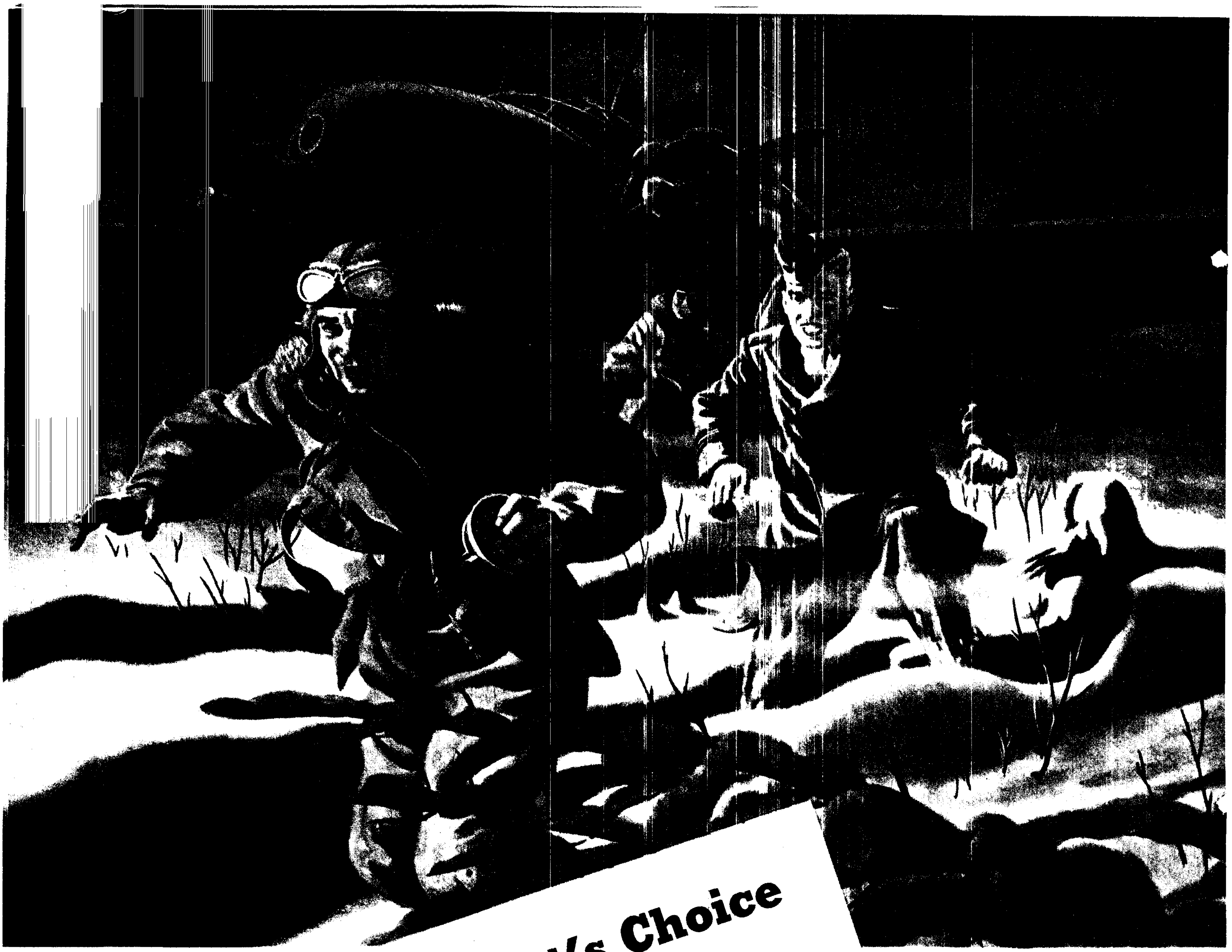
All the questions were answered and punctuated emphatically by Robinson's authoritative gloves. He really won the fight by outroughing, outsmarting and outpunching Zivic in the clinches. The old wise guy fetched Robinson a soulful clop on the chops and staggered him in the seventh round, but the kid came back in the eighth and cooled off Mr. Zivic for the remainder of the exercises. Robinson had gone ten rounds only twice before, but he finished so strongly that he was given the unanimous decision and gained the title shot with Cochrane, promised the winner by Mike Jacobs.

"The kid's great," Zivic grunted, rubbing gingerly the first black eye of his life. "He can hit and he can box. He'll beat Cochrane easy."

Two months later Robinson, unable despite his fancy footwork to catch Cochrane in the same ring with him, fought Zivic again to keep in eating money. He made his first victory stick, emphatically, by knocking out Zivic in the tenth round.

One of the earliest and most ardent boosters of Robinson was Joe Louis. The Great Man touted the kid as a

*(Continued on page 32)*



Dignan jerked the compass loose from its fittings, turned and started off abruptly. "Let's go, you guys," he said

# Pilot's Choice

## By C. F. Kearns

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

**Flight Lieutenant Forfar was a brave young man, but he knew very little about human nature**

WINTER at O'Ryan Field in southern Alberta, where the hard winds blow and random weather boils out from behind the near-by Rocky Mountains. Flight Lieutenant Forfar considered the six instructors of A Flight from his seat behind his office table and registered a suggestion of disfavor. Five of the men who stood facing him—five young men—decided that expression was not on their account but refrained from glancing toward Old Pat Dignan, on the end of the line.

A smallish, skinny man, Dignan, with the ribbons of a First War flier beneath his wings. His cap was pulled low to conceal a baldness that was relieved only by a sparse, silvery fringe between his temples and his ears. An undistinguished, placid type with crinkling blue eyes and deep skin creases on his neck. He gazed at the new flight commander with amiable interest because of the Distinguished Flying Cross ribbon on his tunic. Spitfire pilot, Forfar, and a good one, according to reports.

"Three sergeant pilots, two pilot officers and a flying officer. That's my staff, eh?" Forfar half asked the question and half mused. He was tall, strong-featured, broad of shoulder and a year or so on in his serious twenties. A sudden, brief smile erased the tension of his lips, of his face. The hint of grim things momentarily fled. "I'm glad to meet you all. I suppose you know what I'm here for and what I'm going to do?"

An odd question. Even an awkward one. What was he here for? To instruct fledgling pilots, of course. What was he going to do? Sounded like a catch. They waited for Old Pat to answer that one.

"WELL, we've been pushing these Ansons around for the past year, most of us," said Dignan quietly. "We've heard rumors of new machines. Oxfords or Cessnas. That what you mean?"

"A year! Cab driving!" Forfar's grin might have been meant to be jocular but it hurt the five young pilots who had been held back as instructors. Rubbing it in—that they hadn't been on operations. "No, I didn't mean new machines. They'll come in time. I meant the tempo around here. It's too slow. I'm going to change it and I expect your co-operation." Which would have been all right had he not added warningly: "If I don't get it I'll know the reason why."

Pretty tough to take, that line. Even from a man with two rings on his sleeves and the zigzag purple-and-white ribbon beneath his wings. He might as well have patted the D.F.C. on his chest and told them that he was a war pilot and they weren't. That they didn't know what it was all about and he was going to show them. Which was bad enough but the crack about co-operation was something else. Five angry young men again waited for Dignan to speak—for them.

Forfar didn't give him the chance.

"How old are you, Dignan?" he demanded abruptly. "Beyond the age for an instructor, aren't you?"

Dignan nodded. But he was thinking of something that his five brother instructors did not understand; that Forfar did not know. It had to do with the stress and strain of war flying that saps a man's reserve of balance and unsettles his nerves and destroys his patience. Nothing to do with courage, which is an entirely different thing—and unchangeable. He answered, adroitly evasive on the score of his years:

"Well, doggone, they wanted First War pilots who could pass the physical for flying duties. I tried it out and, do you know, I guess I slipped it over the docs. Anyhow they let me by. Then I run into an instructor or two who didn't mind going to a little trouble with some of us old coots. I'm not much of a flier, mind you, but I can show the kids all the things the book says."

FORFAR amplified Dignan's own disparagement, dryly:

"You wouldn't make the grade as an instructor in England. Doubt if they'd even let you do local ferrying. But over here—" He paused, then twisted the knife. "Any dumbbell can fly Ansons. Okay—let's go."

Interview over. They boiled into the

*(Continued on page 52)*

# I DON'T LIKE TO TRAVEL

## BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

**No one gets around as fast or as far as the foreign correspondent. One of the best of today's crop here gives you the background from which his brilliant articles were written—planes, ships, battles and state dinners**

A FOREIGN correspondent travels faster, sees less and learns less than any other form of plant or animal life. A year ago I sailed from Halifax to Liverpool and to this day I don't know what route we took. When it became very cold we imagined we were somewhere off Iceland but we may have been off Martha's Vineyard. We sighted neither gull, enemy plane, nor submarine en route, although we did have one submarine scare—which we knew about only when we heard a destroyer a mile away, dropping depth bombs. On the whole, it was a very dull trip. It was all right if you like to travel—but I don't like to travel. When I arrived in London I saw A. V. Alexander, who is the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"We worried about you, my boy," he said. "It was a long voyage you had."

"It was nothing," I said, quite touched that the First Lord had remembered to worry about me. "Nice of you to worry though, A. V., but we never even saw a submarine."

"I wasn't worried about you, I was worrying about the convoy," he growled. "You never saw anything, hey? Let me tell you, there were enemy submarines around you all the time; and we changed your course four times."

We correspondents are always the last to learn things. Last fall I flew from Scotland to Moscow and, outside of the cold, it was a pleasant enough flight. We were blacked out in the large Consolidated Liberator (the U. S. Army calls it the B-24) and, of course, during our fifteen-hour flight we saw nothing. We landed in brilliant sunlight at Moscow. We got out of the plane and stamped the cold out of our limbs.

"Just a nice routine flight, wasn't it, pal?" I said to our pilot.

"A routine flight?" he exploded, looking at me with contempt. "To begin with, we flew 3,200 miles nonstop, most of it over water. Routine? Do you realize that's the longest over-water flight ever taken by a U. S. Army land airplane? Do you realize that at one time our oil pressure on two motors was down to ten and I was sure we were going to drop in that drink? Do you know that just after we left three Spitfires mistook us for a Hun bomber and dived at us and just recognized us in time? Routine flight, hey? About eight hours ago, off the coast of Norway, two airplanes shot by us going very fast and then they came back. If there hadn't been a nice friendly cloud to hide in, they might have grabbed us. And in conclusion let me tell you that in twenty years of flying I've never had such a tough flight and before I'd do it again . . ."

"Okay, pal, now we'll have a nice bowl of vodka and forget it."

"The good vodka is all gone," a newspaper colleague at the airport told me dolefully. "Russia always imported its best vodka from Riga or Poland. None left."

"Russia imports vodka!" I was speechless. "And I suppose she gets her caviar from the Fulton Fish Market!"

"There's caviar, all right" he said. "At New York prices."

Moscow was a pleasant surprise to one who had been sitting in London, listening to the German radio reporting on the nightly bombing of the Soviet capital. One got the impression that Moscow was in much the same condition as London. Actually you had to do a lot of looking to find a bomb scar in all Moscow. The Kremlin, strangely camouflaged, certainly looked intact. Lenin's tomb in Red Square was still there; the National and Metropole hotels were ugly enough in their war paint but even their windows were in place.

I found out why, that first night. The enemy planes came over at dark and then the loudest barrage I ever heard in my life commenced. There were guns all over the city. Someone said that Moscow had 6,000 antiaircraft guns. It seemed likely when you heard them blasting. Standing outside the National looking across the square toward the Kremlin, you could hear the spent shell fragments clinking on the pavement like staccato drum raps and you realized why the Soviet authorities had forbidden anyone to be on the streets at night during a raid. While the Harriman-Beaverbrook Mission was in Moscow I was a diplomat-for-a-day, acting as press attaché for the mission. This was interesting in view of the fact that I could give parties for my colleagues of the press and joyfully charge all expenses to either Beaverbrook or Harriman. And I met Stalin!

### Dinner with "Uncle Joe"

The night that Beaverbrook and Harriman finished work Stalin invited the combined missions to dinner at the Kremlin. It was an amazing evening that none of us will ever forget. We assembled in the huge state dining room to await Stalin. Litvinoff and Oumansky were there as translators for Beaverbrook and Harriman. Voroshilov, resplendent in his marshal's uniform, was there. Molotov peered from behind his thick spectacles. Brilliant Andreyev (sometimes whispered about as the crown prince of the regime) was there and so was scholarly looking Lavrenti Beria, whose innocent-sounding title, Commissar for Internal Affairs, means that he is head of what was once called the Cheka but is now called the NKVD. So was benign, plump Vishinsky, who was the prosecutor in the state treason trials. Lozovsky, the Kremlin spokesman, his neatly trimmed black beard streaked with gray, talked French or German or Russian or Spanish or anything else you wished to speak while waiting for the man whom every correspondent in Moscow merely calls "Uncle Joe." Everyone was there except that little man who is the president of Soviet

*(Continued on page 59)*

**Enjoying a can of American beer, Quentin Reynolds surveys proceedings from a foxhole in the desert as the British got their Libyan offensive under way**

**Below: Air Marshal Arthur Coningham (center, folded arms) holds a press conference at a front-line airport near Tobruk on December 5th. Mr. Reynolds got the shady seat in the truck because he was suffering from a case of sun poisoning. Other correspondents: Alan Morehead, London Daily Express; Kenneth Downs, United Press; Bob Low, Liberty Magazine; J. L. Hodson, British journalist. Man standing at right of truck is Colonel Philip Astley, British censor**

BRITISH PRESS SERVICE

# I Knew Her Like a Book

## By James Aswell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H CROSMAN

**The life and times of a beautiful chemist who became stage-struck shortly after her first marriage**

THE night I married Cecilly Maddigan secretly, just across the state line, her father came along. Don't misunderstand. He was unarmed and very amiable.

After it was over Mrs. Dolphs took Cecilly upstairs to primp. Mr. Dolphs, the justice of the peace, went into a cubicle off the parlor and began to scratch out a marriage certificate. I sat alone with my new father-in-law, feeling dazed.

"Well, boy, you've married a Maddigan. God help you. I hope you both always stay in the fertilizer business."

"We will," I said.

He chuckled.

Mr. Maddigan had reference to the theater, in which the Maddigan name had figured brightly for many years. There had been Sir Phineas Maddigan-*Sherlock*, the rage of London before my time; there was Madge Maddigan, Cecilly's mother, who is still a hot shot on the Broadway stage, as you know; and there is even Dulcy Maddern, a cousin, in Hollywood.

My new father-in-law was divorced from Madge Maddigan. Now he sold automobiles and had the reputation of being something of a sourpuss. He was nice.

Cecilly came down the narrow stair then, ahead of Mrs. Dolphs. Cecilly is a small girl, pleasantly plump when she's not dieting, with big brown eyes and a healthy, ginghamy look to her: exactly my type of girl.

"Well!" she grinned, blushing. "Act one over, huh?"

"Lord, I'd like to have Madge Maddigan here now," said Mr. Maddigan, "just to see her face."

"Madge Maddigan?" gasped Mrs. Dolphs, wiping a string of hair from her forehead. "Are you related to *her?* Why, I seen her when I was visiting my sister in Newark once, in The Night Tide."

"Listen, madam," my father-in-law said sternly, "this marriage must be kept secret. These two young people graduate in a month from State University. Marriage is against the rules. You hear?"

Mrs. Dolphs made a clucking sound. "If it's only a month, whyn't they wait, then?"

And it occurred to me, too. Why hadn't we waited? Well, it had been Mr. Maddigan as much as anything. He had been for an early marriage all along.

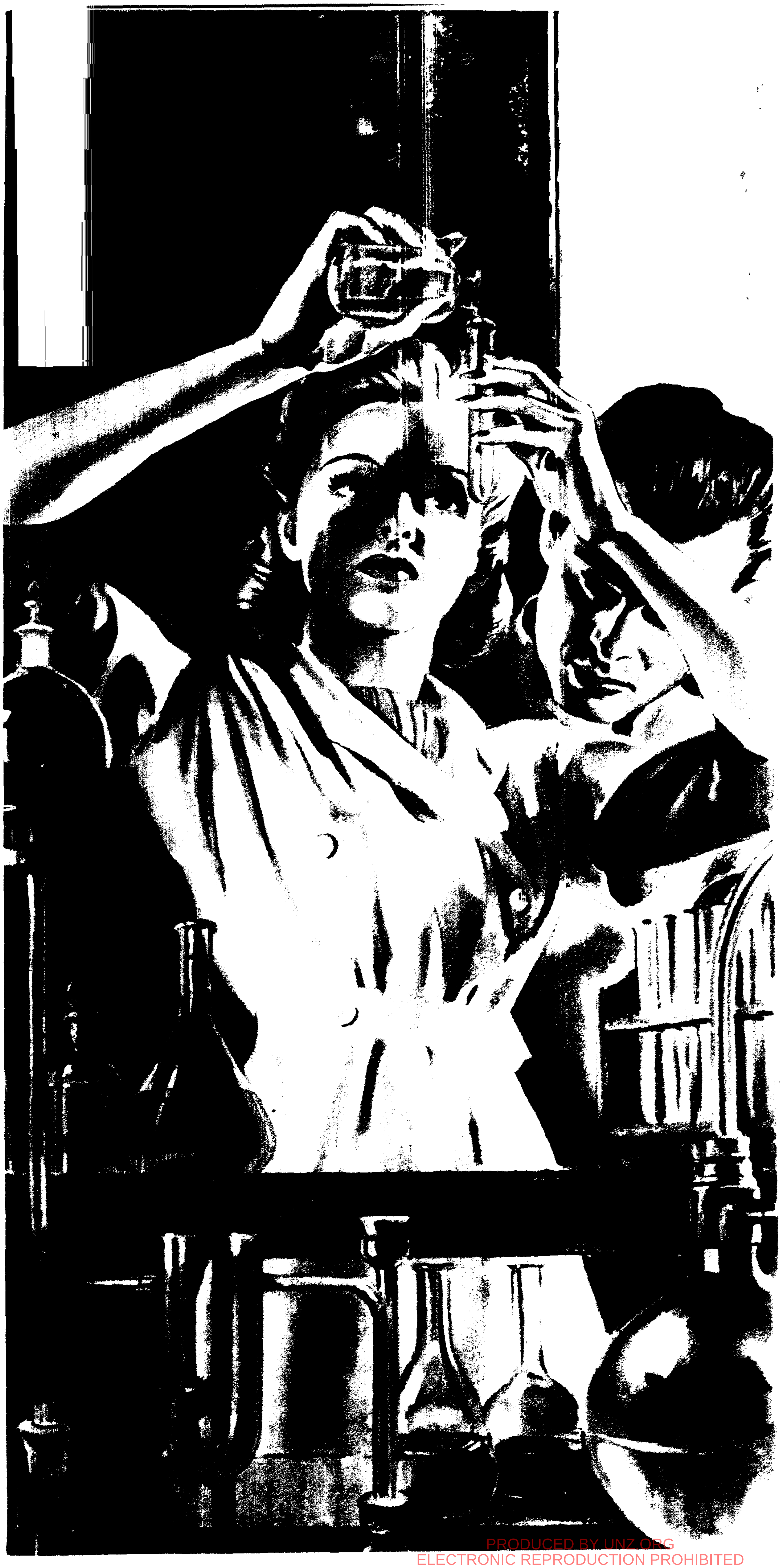
AT THIS moment I suspected George Maddigan wanted me to marry his daughter to spite his ex-wife; I was so far from the kind of husband she'd have picked for Cecilly.

But I didn't care. Cecilly and I *were* as perfectly matched as any two people ever born. I knew her like a book—and vice versa.

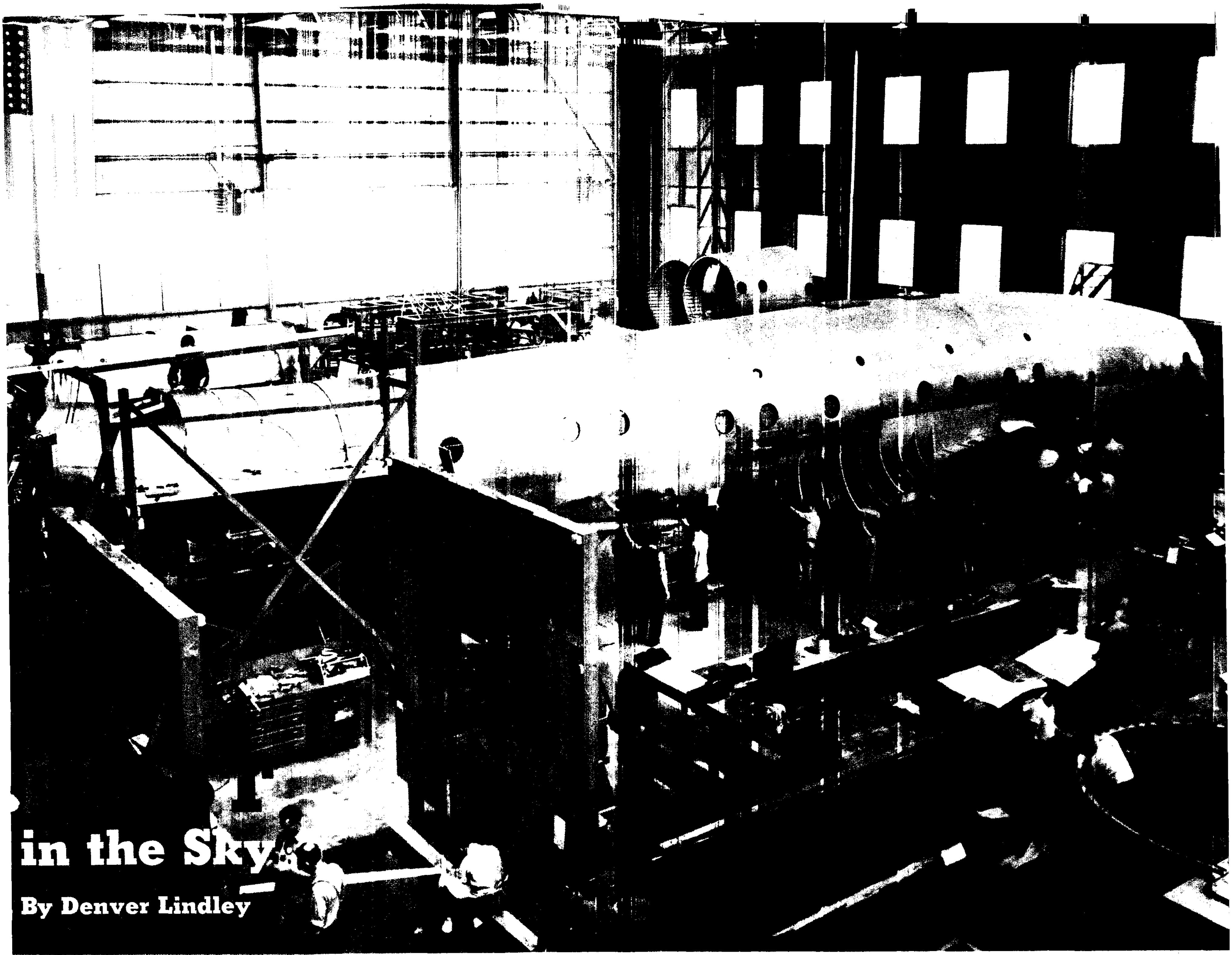
I had known her from a distance all my life; but it had been a long distance. I was nothing in that town. I knew it. My father had been a big, handsome, worthless man whom the cops escorted home every Saturday midnight. We never had had quite enough to eat and when my mother died, two years after my father, she was buried from the county poor farm. I was raised the next few years by various relatives and by the time I got to mowing lawns and driving a truck to and from the city dumps to put myself through high school I was pretty bitter. Bitter about charm.

My father had been a very charming man.

When I came to know her in Agricultural Chemistry, B-II, Cecilly turned out *(Continued on page 67)*



**Cecilly and I began pretty soon working on experiments together. She was wonderful; had new ideas, had the genuine scientific spirit**



# in the Sky

## By Denver Lindley

CHARLES KERLEE

**Building the closely guarded Constellation, the new and remarkably advanced high-speed, high-altitude commercial transport plane, at a Lockheed plant. The new airliners will be ready for service this year**

**Civil aviation is doing better than holding its own—it's preparing to leap ahead. Today you can fly as usual; soon you will fly higher and faster and farther than ever before. Here is why: the Constellation, newest thing in transport planes**

IF THERE was doubt in anyone's mind about the future of air travel in war time, that has been put at rest. More than 100 new planes have been allocated to the airlines (deliveries to begin in June) and the government has given assurance that there will be all other necessary equipment; moreover the lines can keep the key men necessary to use it. Yes, you'll be able to go on flying as usual. But what about this new equipment? Is it more of the same or will it be in step with the dizzying advances in aviation?

These hundred-odd planes are, of course, of different types, but there is one model that is something very special. It is called, provisionally, the Constellation—and up to last summer it was the most closely guarded secret in the history of civil aviation. The men who had been working on it did not know *what* they were building. Even the directors of the company that was going to purchase the ships did not know about them.

There was good reason for this secrecy. The new ship represents another increase in the airlines' gait—a hundred miles an hour more speed, 10,000 feet higher ceiling, a range of more than 4,000 miles, seating capacity for 57 passengers plus a crew of 7.

But before we try to see the meaning of this in terms of your convenience and your country's place in the world, let's look into the mystery that surrounded the Constellation's birth.

### Progress vs. Retrenchment

The story goes back a few years to the time when Jack Frye, president of TWA, was having banker trouble. The nature of the trouble isn't hard to understand. It was the difference in points of view between the flier and the nonflier, between a man who had spent his life in aviation, had piloted planes of all types and knew in his blood that the airlines couldn't settle down, couldn't stabilize at the comfortable point they had reached but had to go on, higher and faster—it was the difference between this point of view and the common sense of the bankers.

The point at issue was new equipment. The airlines had just had an unprofitable winter. This seemed to the directors to indicate that the time had come for retrenchment. To Mr. Frye it seemed less important than the fact that technical advances, including the Army's experiments with a sealed-cabin plane, had made it possible to take a step closer to the stratosphere. That would spell an increase in efficiency, safety, speed, comfort and economy. And so it was a step to be taken. It could be counted on to pay out in time.

The controlling directors could not see it, and the difference of opinion became so sharp that Mr. Frye decided to resign. The men who had labored with Frye to build up the company formed a compact group of old airline men who also were more interested in the long-haul job of creating a great airline than in showing immediate profits. When they learned of Frye's decision, they said they would resign with him.

At this point his friend Howard Hughes took a hand. Mr. Hughes entered the game with an interesting combination of cards. He had about as much first-hand knowledge of aviation as anyone in the world and he had a great deal of money. Also he shared the views of Mr. Frye. How would it be, he inquired, if he bought a company for Mr. Frye to run? It seemed that it would be all right. And, speaking of companies, there was TWA.

So Mr. Hughes acquired a controlling

(*Continued on page* 58)

**Superchargers maintain lower-level pressures in the 57-passenger cabin of the Constellation, which has a cruising ceiling of 30,000 feet**

PIX

BY CABLE FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

# The Prophet Ezequiel

## By Frank Gervasi

**He's a warm, human man who likes sambas, poker and Bach. He wants a United States of the Americas, and liberty to him isn't just a politician's catchword. He's Mexico's foreign minister, and the first of the great prophets of the new Inter-American Unity. Meet Señor Ezequiel Padilla**

EVERY few decades the hot, tired earth of Mexico produces a man to stir your imagination. It yielded Benito Juarez and in a capricious moment it gave us Pancho Villa. It mothered Francisco Madero and bore Emiliano Zapata. It has borne another exciting personality, an earthy saint named Ezequiel Padilla, warm as his own soil with love of freedom and smoldering with dreams for building a new and better world.

Padilla is a towering Indian, straight and clean-limbed as a pine. He was born fifty-two years ago in a village called Coyuca de Catalán in the state of Guerrero, a village so small you won't find it on any map. His mother Evarista was a schoolteacher, and his father Mariano was a lawyer. They were poorer than the campesinos whose adobe huts they shared, for none among the villagers of Coyuca de Catalán could afford to pay for legal services or for teaching.

Padilla knew hunger as a child. He grew up with the campesinos, whose hunger for land, food and security became his own, and as a youth, he fought beside Zapata in that great Mexican's rebellion against the feudalism that kept his countrymen landless.

"It's not plenty," Padilla says, "which tears out the heart and vitality of a country—it's scarcity."

This was an incongruous figure, therefore, to come to the Pan-American Conference of Foreign Ministers in Rio de Janeiro. Here was a revolutionary with a revolutionary's determination to alter the order of things, and Pan-American conferences never materially changed the course of men's lives in the Americas. Traditionally such conventions served merely as sounding boards for the petty political aspirations of the delegates.

But Padilla came and Padilla conquered. He did it with a voice that makes men's pulses quicken, and with simple, sincere words. If ever a man talked himself into the hearts and minds of other men Padilla did it at the Rio Conference. When he arrived he was just another diplomat, handsomer than most but unknown north of the Rio Grande or the mouth of the Tehuantepec. He left it a hero, his name whispered, talked and shouted by diplomats, politicians and correspondents as that of Mexico's man of destiny, America's man of the future.

Rio's night clubs dedicated songs to him, mobs cheered him in the streets. Crowds waited for him to leave and enter his hotel or the Palacio Tiradentes, Itamaraty Palace, the casinos or the cafés. Wherever he went in the land where women normally look at men as frankly as men look at women anywhere else, Padilla was a wow, and there were times when Padilla's heroic halo was down over one eye and when streamers of confetti fluttered from it, to his combined embarrassment and enjoyment.

He stood in a suit the color of coffee-stained milk on the podium of the one-time Chamber of Deputies in the Palacio Tiradentes. He stood between two effulgent blobs of pink orchids from Petropolis and faced the restive white-suited politicians and diplomats of twenty-one Americas. The galleries were crowded with wives, relatives and friends of the delegates, and with newspapermen.

Brazil is a photographers' heaven, and

*(Continued on page 63)*

Invest Wisely!
BUY
DEFENSE BONDS
AND
HOME FURNISHINGS
FOR
EVERLASTING HAPPINESS

# WHY FURNITURE IS A WISE INVESTMENT *Now*

TODAY, when "Home" means more than ever, it is good news to know that you can invest in furniture with no fear of slowing up or interfering with war production.

### *Invest in Lasting Happiness*

Buy Defense Bonds . . . And buy lifetime happiness by refurnishing your home now. When you do this, you are helping the million Americans dependent on the furniture industry to contribute vital financial aid to the war . . . And you are also making an investment that means much to your family's happiness in these trying times and for times to come.

### *Furniture Dealers Co-operate*

Furniture dealers everywhere make it remarkably easy for you to refurnish your home now.

These men who have helped to start the happiest homes in all the world . . . who provide employment for many others, pay taxes, and do their full share in making America what it is . . . are continuing the budget plan of buying.

### *A Small Payment Delivers*

Today you can buy furniture on a very small down payment. The balance can be budgeted over many months . . . you enjoy the furniture while you make this investment.

Go to your nearby furniture store today. Now is an ideal time to make this investment in lifetime happiness.

**KROEHLER 5-STAR NON-SAG CONSTRUCTION**

Kroehler's famous 5-Star Non-Sag Construction assures no broken-down seats, no bumps or humps, no wobbly arms or frames, all new materials, and the fine craftsmanship which has made Kroehler the world's most popular furniture.

See the enchanting new designs in Kroehler living room furniture. Superb style range and gloriously harmonized color selection are as wide as ever.

**KROEHLER** *Furniture*
WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER
Fine Upholstery
SINCE 1893

Look for this tag [illegible]

"One for the Money! A Winner!"

THAT'S HOW GOOD-LOOKING HAIR STAMPS YOU!

Keep your Hair a Business and Social Asset with

VITALIS

and the

"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

**50 Seconds** to Rub—Just feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresh, natural lustre.

**10 Seconds** to Comb—Your hair stays neatly in place—no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.

You can force yourself ahead in business by sheer brain-power—but you'll succeed *faster* if your appearance wins liking and respect. Let the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" give your appearance a lift with handsome hair—and you'll give your chances of *success* a lift, too!

Socially as in business, the man with attractive personality has the advantage! And no other single thing can do more for your appearance and personality than well-groomed hair! So let the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" keep your hair good-looking! Get Vitalis today!

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

## Be Yourself, Girlie!

Continued from page 13

looked like Miss Turner, or vice versa. Everybody said she looked very nice, but Mr. Dawn sighed and said it was all wrong and he would now show one and all how Miss Smith really should make up to be herself.

An assistant in clinical white scrubbed Miss Turner's features from Miss Smith's face, and Mr. Dawn explained how he got into the make-up business. He was a Kentucky boy who wanted to be a sculptor; ran away from home, did odd jobs, wandered out to the Coast and shipped as a seaman on a transpacific freighter. He came back, worked as a cowboy, drifted to Hollywood and got into the movies as an extra, being a Union soldier in the morning, Chief Yellow Eagle in the afternoon, and sick and disgusted in the evening.

Under the mass make-up methods, all Union soldiers looked alike, all Indians looked alike, all Hiawathas and colonels' daughters looked alike. Hollywood Boulevard, day by day, became more and more congested with girls who looked like Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Pearl White and the Gish girls.

Result was that Mr. Dawn began to make himself up and so learned, the hard way, how to do things to faces. His knowledge of sculpture helped because it gave him a clear idea of the basic principles of face construction. He was so successful with himself that first thing he knew he was making up other actors. Wasn't long before he had forsaken the extras altogether and taken up face-creation as a lifework. As the years galloped along, these creations became so attractive that millions of reasonable—and unreasonable—copies appeared all over the world.

Miss Smith now was seated again in the dentist's chair, a sheet around her shoulders and a towel around her hair. Mr. Dawn proceeded to diagnose her features: "Fundamentally, a nice face, but a trifle round. . . . Whose did you fancy it resembled?"

"Jeanette—er, Lana Turner's," said Miss Smith, a bit wistfully.

"We'll soon fix *that,*" said Mr. Dawn, holding a brush in his teeth and dabbing on make-up like anything. As the transformation went ahead, he lectured:

"Face a little too round—you don't mind me being frank, my dear?—so we darken it a little here and there. If you darken an area you make it less conspicuous; if you high-light it, you make it stand out. A little dark make-up on the fullness of the cheeks, and we have a sort of egg-shaped face. . . . Point down, of course," he hastened to add, thus reassuring Miss Smith.

"I feel like a guinea pig," she said.

"Fine eyes—very fine eyes," praised the make-up expert, and proceeded to emphasize them with a deft touch here and there. "The arc of the brow should parallel the arc of the upper lid—so. If the eyes are too close together the brows should be more widely separated; if they're too far apart, the brows should be brought together. Nose too long? We just lower the brows; too short, we raise them."

He worked swiftly with half a dozen brushes and pigments. False eyelashes were gummed on with a steady hand. A touch of rouge—and he stood back and surveyed the result.

Miss Smith had a new mouth, with a trifle of lift at the corners to attain a sort of cheerio effect. Her face was almost oval, her eyes dramatic. And finally her blond hair was hidden under a brown wig, parted in the middle and brushed high to show her forehead and lengthen out her face a little.

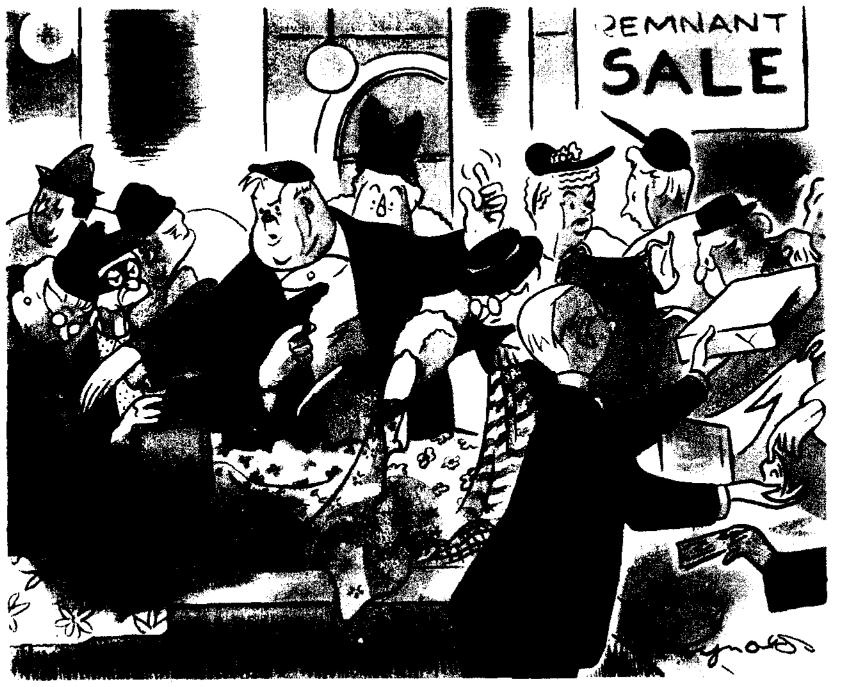
"There," said Mr. Dawn, "now you're yourself—and pretty nice, too. How does it feel to be yourself?"

"Swell," said Miss Smith, looking into the mirror. "Better than being Jean . . . better than being Lana Turner."

"Your chances in pictures'll be a lot better if you'll just stay yourself," said Mr. Dawn. "Many a girl has killed her career because she tried to double for a star, instead of letting her own individuality have a chance. That goes for girls everywhere. What the average woman achieves when she sets out to look like her favorite movie glamour girl isn't a resemblance. It's a caricature."

Be yourselves, girls!

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds



"We'd better pull a bank job instead, Slug. We ain't getting any attention here"

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

with women in uniform. We're not going to stick out our neck at this corner. Actually we think the average woman in uniform looks no worse than the average man. That, we believe will get this paragraph past the censor. Moreover, this opens the way to telling you that two heads of forgotten bureaus in Washington were discussing censorship. They are nondefense bureaus that had more than a little difficulty achieving publicity even before the Son of Heaven began giving us hell. One bureau head said: "Don't you think that this new censorship should be extended to all departments of the government; that everything written about government activities, military or nonmilitary, should be submitted to us before publication?" Said the other: "Listen, chum, before the war I was on the carpet three times for not getting my project in the papers. I had to start rumors that my outfit was crooked, to get even a two-line paragraph in a column. Since the war I've tried that three times and all I got for my pains was a free visit from a cub reporter who said that he'd write something about it if it weren't the policy of his paper to print nothing that would give aid and comfort to the enemy. I tried to convince him that my inefficiency had nothing to do with defense, but I couldn't budge him. I'm thinking seriously now of setting up a short-wave sending set on the White House lawn. Maybe that will get me into the papers."

SO WE had lunch in one of Washington's few good restaurants. We found Mr. Bill Mason of Akron, Ohio, waiting for us. Mr. Mason was scanning the walls which are covered with photographs of members of Congress past and present, some of them famous and some whose constituencies did not give them time to become famous. On the wall too are properly credited deathless words of American heroes. For example: "I Have Not Yet Begun to Fight—John Paul Jones; Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death—Patrick Henry." And so on. But Mr. Mason was particularly impressed by one, similarly framed and in even larger type. It hung squarely in the center. It read: "Our Guests Are Always Right—Gus."

OUR Missouri agent has notified us (in code of course) that the day is not distant when the horse-and-buggy days may be back for the duration. "Do not be surprised," he writes, "to hear that wagonloads of lawyers, bankers, editors and other rich and influential citizens will be seen of mornings jolting to work. Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and other inland provinces are suffering an epidemic of flat tires and are running out of gas. The East St. Louis horse and mule market looks like Wall Street back in 1928. Carriage and wagon makers are buying hickory and ash, and blacksmiths are salvaging scrap for tires. Retired wheelwrights are being dug out from behind the stove and hustled off to work."

Our Illinois operative reports "great confusion among suburbanites due to the ban on motorcar manufacture and sale, and particularly tires." Due to the automobile many interurban trolley lines have disappeared. At first, he reports, things didn't look so bad. Owners of station wagons attached shafts to such conveyances and bought horses. The idea, obvious enough, was to hitch up the horses to the suburban and drive self and neighbors to the eight-fifteen. But concrete roads were not built for horses' hoofs. After a couple of days of 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway, the horse pulls up lame and the S.P.C.A. steps in. And yet, we're reliably informed, the populace is accepting these hardships problems with raw courage and resolute patriotism. These admirable qualities became more noticeable when Mr. Leon Henderson, boss of OPA, took back his warning that the government was thinking seriously of confiscating private motorcars. When Mr. Henderson broadcast that first threat, considerable seditious growling was overheard at our listening posts. We might as well cite a sample: "All I want to see," said a stockless merchant, oiling up his shotgun, "is some fat, brief-case-toting Army major or maybe this guy Henderson himself breezing by in my car. That's all. That's all." . . .

W. D.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

this lightning action which prevented the engine from falling out. But the vibration already set up had broken the gas lines. Too low to jump and with flames licking his hands and face, he put the fighter onto the field and leaped to safety with painful but not critical burns. The plane was destroyed by fire.

USEFUL information which might be good to have around:

Consideration is being given to using nylon in airplane tires because there is the possibility that a few pounds in tire weight can be saved.

The airlines overhaul their spark plugs, on an average, at the end of 70 hours of use in their 1,100-horsepower engines. The average life of an airline plug is 350 hours.

If dealt a heavy thump, an altimeter can develop an error of as much as 1,000 feet.

Warning lights on speedometers have a counterpart in cockpit instruments. As an example, normal cruising ranges on the dial are not colored. When the needles go into a yellow zone, that means normal maximum limits. Red areas are for absolute maximum. Beyond that, a wise pilot does not go.

Radio antennas on airplanes are of such variance in character and location that no one simple over-all method of de-icing has yet been devised.

When not used for starting, batteries in an airliner and in Army and Navy planes of comparable size are good for about 15 months.

It costs $78 and takes four hours to go from Fairbanks to Nome, Alaska, by airplane and $500 and 30 days by dog team.

THE Post Office Department last year paid Pan American Airways nearly $2,500,000 for hauling the mail in transatlantic air service. The department *received* nearly $3,500,000 from postage on this ocean air mail. So, for the first time since air transportation to foreign countries was inaugurated, income from the sale of stamps exceeded the payments to the air carrier.

F. R. N.

"Here comes Daddy... SCRAM!"

**They don't dare hint** for a movie tonight. Not while you're nursing *that* grouch! Want to snap out of it, and enjoy what can be the *Best Part of the Day . . . ?*

**Sink into a "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Bath.** Bo-o-oy, what a pleasure to massage your weary flesh with those fast-lathering, creamy velvet-suds. Rub away weariness with that big white floating cake of New Ivory Soap. Your nerves relax, muscles and mind pep up and cheer up to the tingling *lift* of that "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Bath. Great stuff! You step out to enjoy . . .

**The Best Part of the Day!** You're off with a Fresh Start . . . for fun on your own time . . . after your Ivory Bath! That fresh, clean-smelling Ivory Soap leaves *you* fresh and clean-smelling, too! And you'll like Ivory's *mildness.* Make this Ivory Fresh Start a happy habit!

99 44/100 % PURE . . . IT FLOATS

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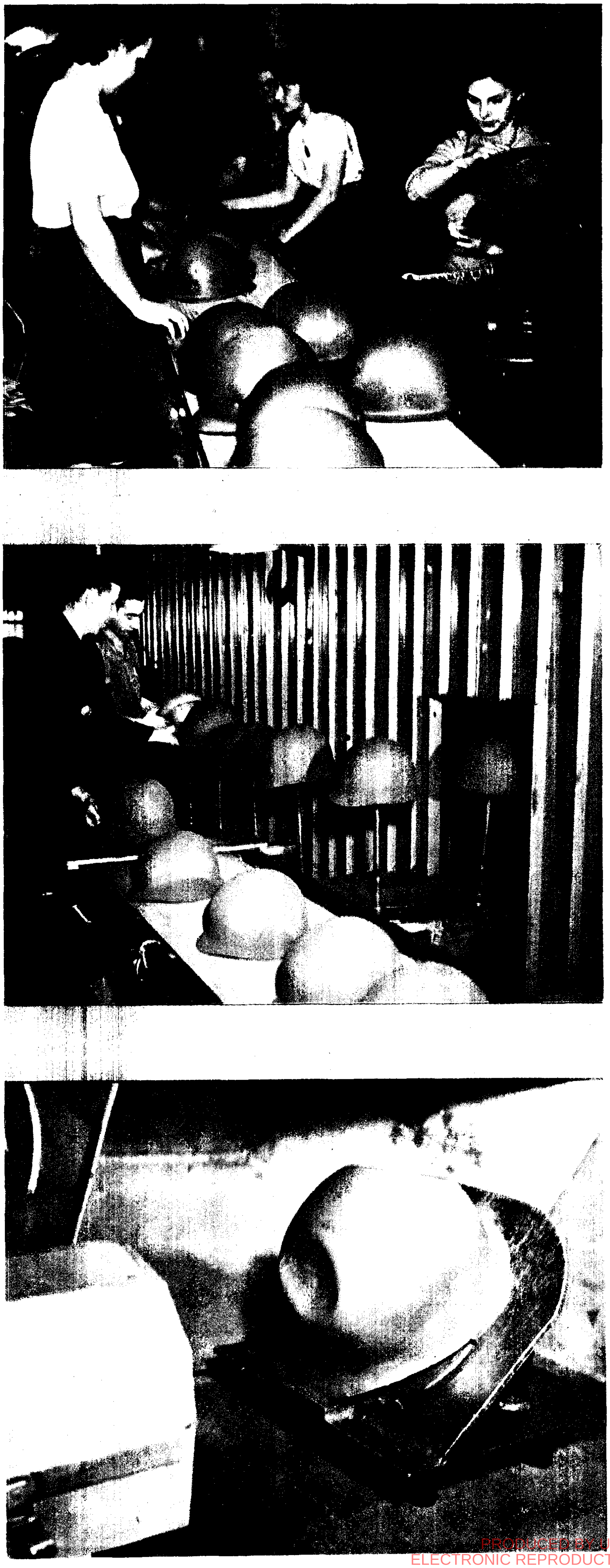
For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH



**NEW HELMET. 80 tough, new type two-piece "tin hats" were shipped last May to infantrymen at Fort Benning for a test. Others went to the Fourth Armored Division at Pine Camp, N. Y. Proved a success, they were put into mass production in December. Complete hat weighs only 3 oz. more than the old model**

# OUR FIGHTING MEN

HAVING made up its mind that every man in uniform is to be the best educated, best balanced fighter in today's warring world, the Army has embarked on the most extensive educational plan for enlisted personnel ever inaugurated anywhere. Visit any camp, talk to almost any soldier about his typical training day and he'll likely tell you: "They're making a college out of the Army. It used to be bad enough, with drilling and gunnery, but now they've got us studying. Yeah, studying. We get lectures on European history, military affairs, foreign policy—everything. Tomorrow I got a class on current events. Imagine!" But the grousing is traditional; actually, our 2,000,000 fighting men agree that the new lecture series, coupled with physical and technical training, gives them the best preparation for war they could possibly get, because it gives them an understanding of what's going on.

The man responsible for making the War Department feel that a soldier should know why and for what he's fighting is thin, bright-eyed, 50-year-old Col. Herman Beukema, until recently an instructor in economics, government and history to small classes of future MacArthurs at West Point. Last fall the government called Colonel Beukema to Washington to launch a trial balloon in the educational program, and General Ben Lear's Second Army was made the guinea pig for the new curriculum. Three hundred officers were chosen, on the basis of their teaching skill, to act as instructors; some 125,000 officers and men were ordered to attend three-hour weekly lectures devised by two Yale professors; and every chapel, day room, mess hall and movie theater in the Second Army area was soon jammed with students.

The experiment proved successful and the War Department quickly told Colonel Beukema to push the educational accelerator to the floorboards. With the co-operation of other educators the colonel in record time produced a program and the machinery and materials with which to carry it out. Presses rolled, duplicating machines turned, the mail trains moved. Early in January, headquarters officers in hundreds of Army posts were undoing packages, mumbling to themselves as they counted. Nine of this for this regiment, nine of that for that. Maps of every region in the world, lecture dope, booklets, pamphlets from the Foreign Policy Association. One of everything to each infantry company, artillery battery and cavalry troop in America.

Today the nation's soldiers attend a minimum of two lectures a week and daily talks on the activities of armies on half a dozen fronts. When they don't understand they ask questions—and the questions are answered. Officers are given source material for each lecture a week in advance, and while instruction for the most part is not brilliant, it's at least adequate. In the general scheme, each officer studies the material as it comes from Washington and makes his own interpretation. Come hell, high water or deep embarrassment there is no reading in muffled voice of printed handouts. Talks run about forty-five minutes and are followed by question-and-answer periods which last until the commanding officers can get them stopped.

Now and then a lowly private pops up who knows more about the subject under discussion than the instructor. One hapless lieutenant at Camp Jackson, S. C., stopped his routine training lecture on the chemical properties of chlorine to yap at a buck private asleep in the rear of the day room. "All right, soldier," he said. "Now that you've enjoyed your rest, suppose you come up here and tell us about the properties of chlorine." The private hesitated, then ambled up the aisle to the blackboard, where, with professional competence, he launched into a long and complex exposition on the element. For good measure he threw in bromine and fluorine. Turned out he was a chemistry Ph.D. from Harvard.

Fort Bragg, N. C., is pioneering the use of radio to deliver the talks. Instead of some 300 differing, on-the-spot lecturers, Bragg is substituting a specially written, thirty-minute address from a near-by station. This leaves plenty of time for group discussion and affords a tremendous saving of much-needed officer effort.

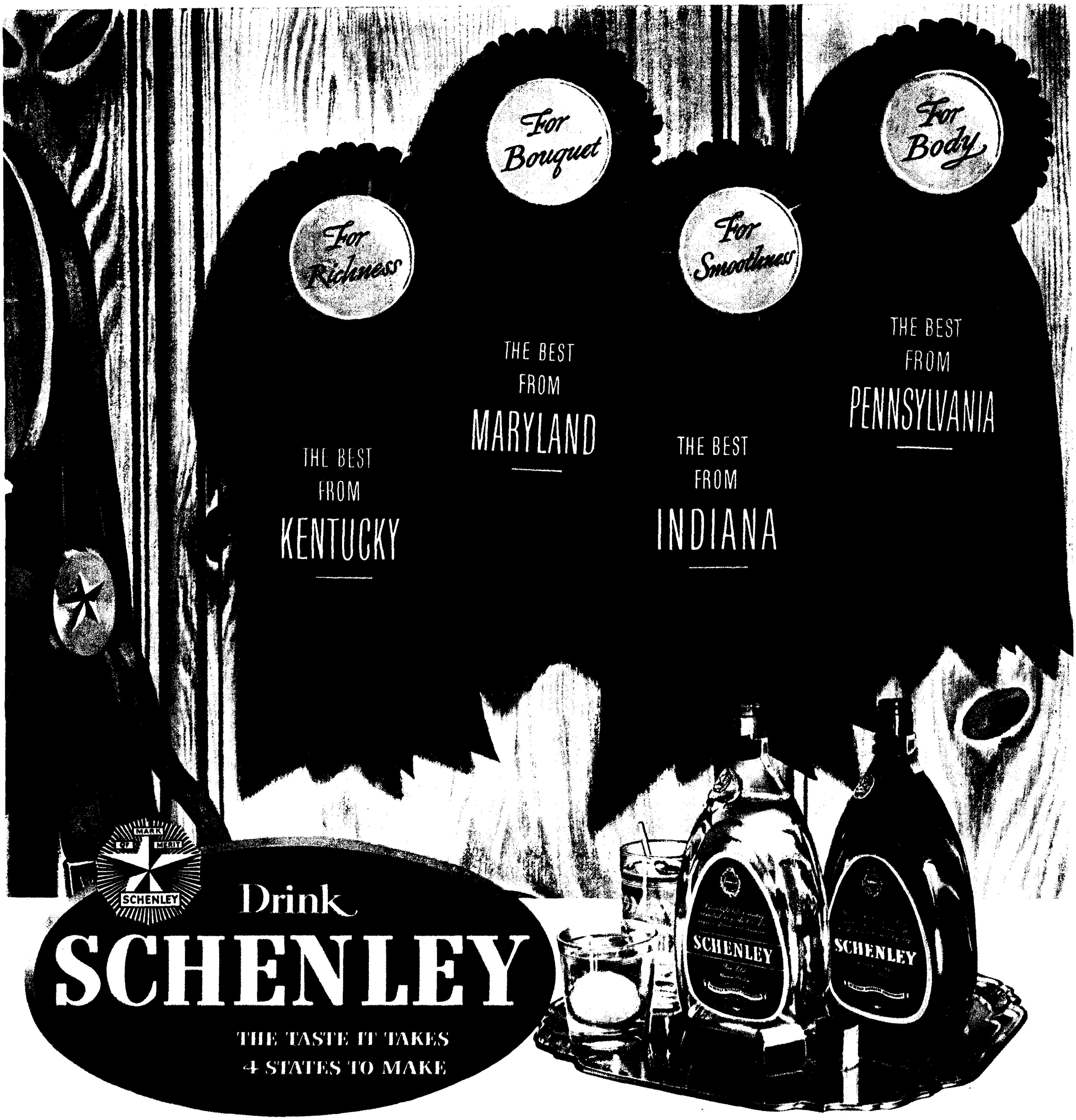
Parts of the Army are going to many of the many stages in the present theaters of war and the chances are the newest private recognizes his cue almost as soon and as well as his general does. Not only does he know what he's doing but he knows why he's doing it. Death-dealing automatons who know nothing else may be all right for Hitler and Hirohito but they aren't good enough for your old Uncle Sam.

### FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. You can't keep a good man down, or off the ground, either. Cadet Joseph H. Gentilini, Hazleton, Pa., was sailing along in formation, the other day, when another pilot got out of line and smacked into the tail of his plane, which folded. Gentilini bailed out and his chute unfolded according to Hoyle, but his abandoned plane made a perfect loop and headed straight for its former pilot. Gentilini couldn't get completely out of the way of the spinning prop. It took a slice out of his outstretched arm and cut several shrouds in the chute; but Gentilini finally landed standing up and began yelling. "Get me another plane," was what he yelled. "I'm taking off immediately.

CAMP BLANDING. Back in the early days of the draft the Army had a mess of World War I pants it palmed off on unsuspecting selectees to the delight of nobody but the taxpayers. It may perk up current income tax sufferers to learn that economy is still being practiced by at least part of the government. At Blanding the Quartermaster is operating a renovating plant which is now busily patching up 8,000 pairs of pants, 4,500 field jackets, 2,500 overcoats, 4,000 blouses, 1,250 mackinaws, 8,000 shirts, 1,200 pairs of gloves and a thousand field caps. Nobody's quite sure who'll draw the regalia but it's a good bet future selectees will be the goats because the average reconditioned garment can't

# A Sure Winner.. the Whiskey Taste it Takes 4 STATES to Make!*


For Richness
THE BEST FROM KENTUCKY
For Bouquet
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THE BEST FROM INDIANA
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***BLENDED WITH THE FINEST NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS FOR PERFECT MILDNESS!**

Schenley Black Label, 67% Neutral Grain Spirits. Schenley Red Label, 72½% Neutral Grain Spirits. Both 86 Proof. BLENDED WHISKEY. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Radiator SNIFFLES?
Rx Warner Liquid Solder
KEEPS YOUR RADIATOR HEALTHY!

*Your Car Will Have To Serve A Long Time... KEEP IT FIT!*

Leaky radiator—"radiator sniffles"—makes your cooling system sick. Invalid radiators waste power and may cause serious motor damage. Don't let your car's performance suffer... repair your leaky radiator with Warner Liquid Solder.

Today America must keep her cars rolling. Now, it's *repair and take care* so automobiles will last longer. Warner Liquid Solder *repairs* leaks quickly... safely... PERMANENTLY—in the radiator, or even in a cracked motor block.

**For Other Radiator Ailments Use THESE "Prescribed Services"**

WARNER *Cooling System Protector* prevents future formation of rust in your cooling system. WARNER *Radiator Cleaner* cleans out the rust and muck left by winter driving with anti-freeze. Keep it safe... keep it clean!

**WARNER-PATTERSON COMPANY**
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stand up under anything more than preliminary-training wear and tear.

### ALABAMA

MAXWELL FIELD. Our own and English flying cadets don't always see eye to eye on matters of morale. Take the two Britishers in training at this field who invented a new beef against their West Point officers. It's silly enough, they growled, to have to get up at 5:30 A. M. for a session of chilly close order drill ("Whyever do you need that to fly?") but their real complaint was that "the bloody officer gets up, too—when he could sleep." They just don't understand it.

FORT McCLELLAN, Anniston. A departing soldier with a fiendish sense of humor has left some unsettling marks over his bunk which may well baffle and disturb the recruit who moves into it. By putting a pair of dusty shoes on the ends of broom handles this jovial genius caused footprints to go up the wall and out to a ceiling ventilator and come back down again. What will go on in the mind of the next man who flops on the bunk and gazes idly at the ceiling is painful to contemplate.

### GEORGIA

WAKE and Midway islands have made it easier for local Marines to get along with gals. When the Marine Corps moved its Southern regional recruiting offices from New Orleans to Atlanta, two Georgia peaches in offices on the same floor gave the sergeant in charge soulful looks. "Ahhh," they breathed, "a Marine." The sergeant reports the Atlanta move an extremely wise one, but there was just one fly in the glamor ointment. On the day the new office officially opened, the local chapter of the Marine Corps League threw a parade with the recruiting staff and the Marine band from Parris Island; and the ex-Marines were the first ones to realize, with some embarrassment, that their expanded figures and bald heads didn't quite fit into the current picture of Marine heroics.

FORT BENNING. Maybe they aren't responsible for the idea, but what the men of one of the armored divisions here say the Army needs is a 70-minute hour and an 8-cent nickel. Don't we all?

### SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT. A medical detachment sergeant is watching the arriving contingents of rookies with more than professional interest these days. Seems a few dozen prospective soldiers, still civilians, arrived for medical examination and were put under the guidance of this sergeant. Some of the guys displayed very little haste in getting to the station hospital and the sergeant cut loose. "Hey, you fatheads," he shouted, "get a move on. Pick up your feet!" One of the group came right back at him. "We will," said he, "when we get good and ready. We aren't in the Army yet, you know." The sergeant rocked on his heels, choked and turned a sort of lavender, but there was nothing he could do—except try to memorize the prospective soldier's face, just in case he's assigned to Croft.

### MICHIGAN

FORT WAYNE, Detroit. In the heart of the city stands this century-old fort, now serving as Motor Supply Procurement Center. Here come trucks, jeeps, ambulances, motorcycles and motor supplies by the thousands of tons; and here come detachments of soldiers to take the rolling stock out to the Army. During the past year, soldier-drivers from twenty-two camps in Oklahoma, Alabama, Maryland, Kentucky, and seven other states have been Fort Wayne guests while on convoy duty. First thing a convoy soldier learns after he has been put up at the fort's barracks is that there are plenty of girls (in fact, they outnumber the officer and enlisted personnel) among the 1,200 civilian employees of the post, and that dances are held in a recreation room every noon, with an orchestra and more than enough gals to go around. Other attractive items are free tickets to off-post dances, sports events, shows and downtown parties, all within free bus ride of the barracks. You men wanting convoy duty please step one pace forward. . . . Company, halt!

The warehouse, built by the WPA and Army engineers, is filled to the brim with everything from truck frames to cotter pins, neatly classified and arranged in long aisles of bins and wire cages. For morale purposes, the warehouse boys who ship parts to the fighting and training fronts paint signs on the crates and boxes: Guam, Wake, Midway, Pearl Harbor. Prize gripe among the fort's personnel is any news picture showing an Army vehicle floating in midair, all wheels spinning. Every time one of these jumping jeep photos appears, air-minded truck drivers everywhere try to glide their motorized equipment from mountaintop to mountaintop—and motor part replacement orders pour into Detroit. The post, though, is proud of the fact that, of the tens of millions of truck miles driven by Quartermaster Corps soldiers on convoy duty, there has been only one accident resulting in a fatality. Read that and weep for the civilian record.

### OKLAHOMA

FORT SILL. His name is Pvt. William C. Massey and he has been in the Army eight and a half months and he has been a lot of places but got nowhere. From Btry. A, of the 26th Bn. of the 6th Tng. Regt. he has been transferred once to Fort Lewis, once to Camp Blanding, once to the 71st and twice to the 83d F. A. Bn. at Fort Sill, and once to Fort Bragg. During this shuttling process he has been paid only three times. But the pay-off on his woes is that he has been discharged for being over 28, and has never left his present outfit. "I am," says he, "getting tired of saying goodby to my buddies and not going anywhere for keeps."

### NORTHWEST DEFENSE SECTOR

THE men who man the defense posts in this closest-to-Japan area have all the inconveniences of life at the front and none of the action—so far. They're on the alert twenty-four hours a day; many of them sitting out in the bushes in lonely spots, huddled around a giant searchlight or a sandbagged antiaircraft gun, or chauffeuring such barrage balloons as Bessie, The Jap Pulverizer. Usual thing nowadays is for them to get only six hours leave every fifth day, which doesn't give them much time for horsing around. Every second or third day, an Army truck pulls up to an isolated gun emplacement and takes one or more soldiers into the nearest YMCA or school gym for a shower, which is considered almost as much of a treat as a leave pass.

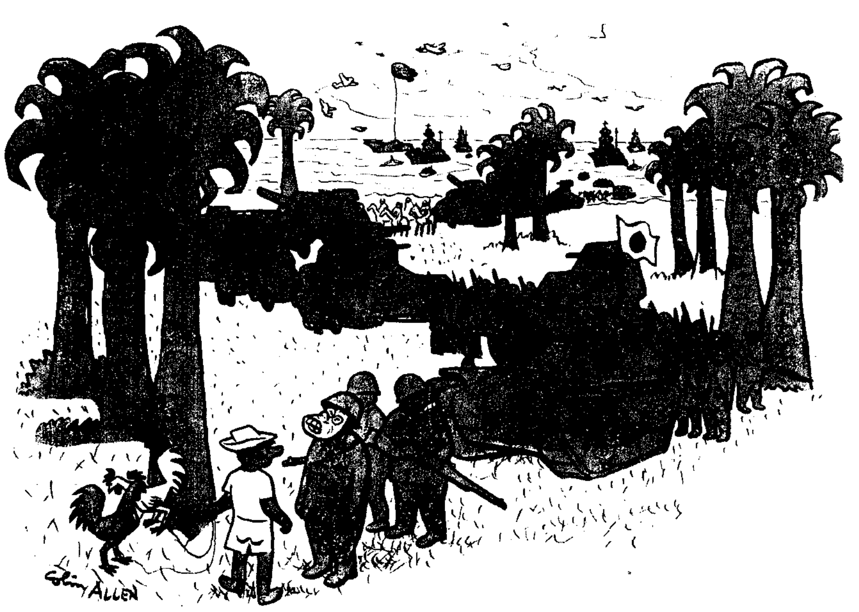
### GENERAL

SOLDIERS found training in combat maneuvers too tough on their OD service uniforms and took to wearing blue denims, which aren't sightly and rarely comfortable, so now the Army has started issuing a two-piece, dark gray-green work uniform of herringbone twill, to replace the blues. Jackets are built on about the same plan as the present field jacket except they have military-style patch—instead of slash—pockets on the chest. Trousers are straight and are tucked into leggings.

### RECOIL

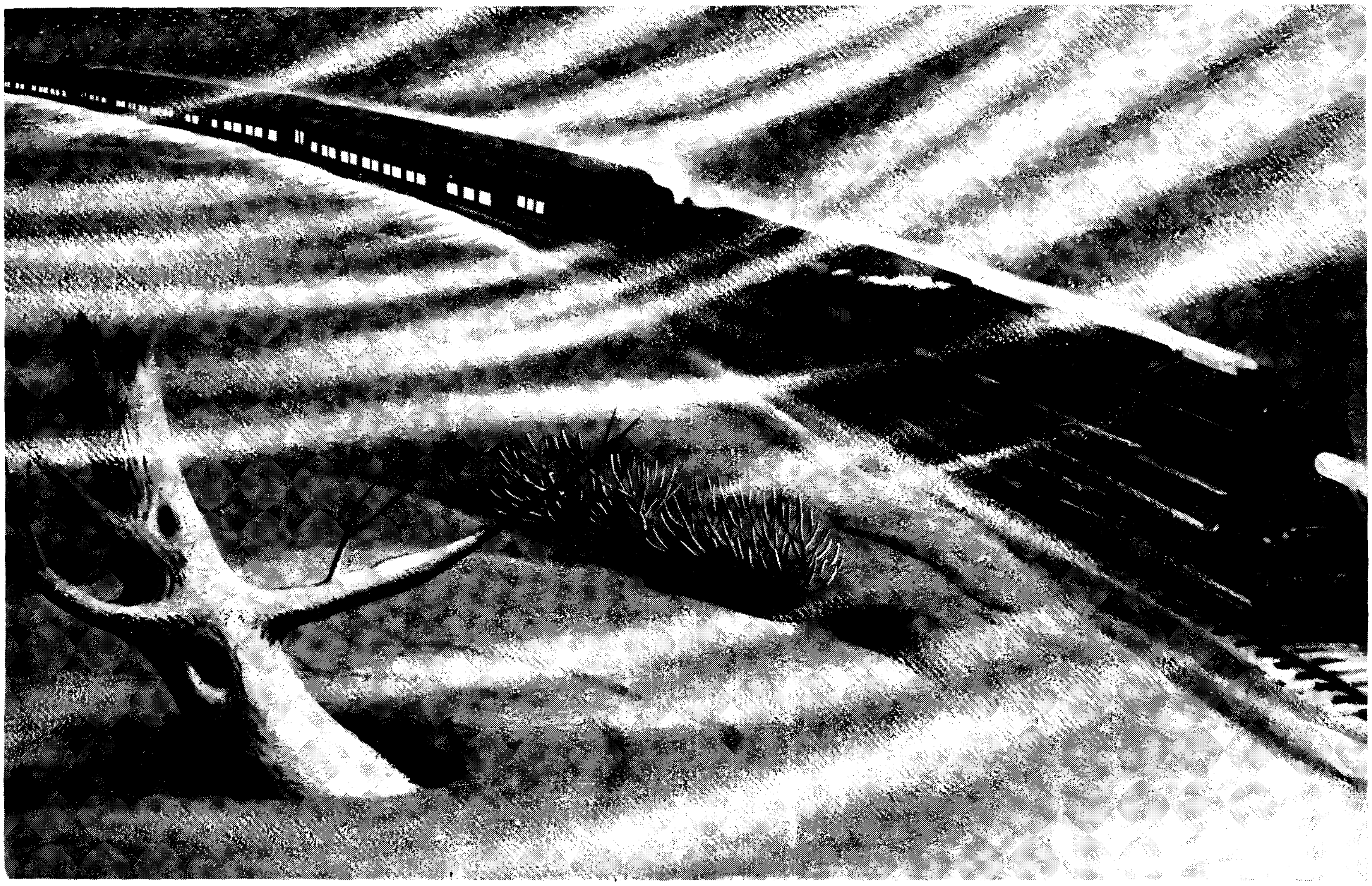
BEING a member in fairly good standing of the human race, we occasionally err in hammering together our military information. Happily, however, our discerning readers never permit our mistakes to enter their homes unchallenged. In this corner for January 31st we promulgated not one but two pieces of military nonsecret misinformation. (1) We called a Pratt & Whitney airplane engine a Cyclone. "Listen, brother," one of many gentlemen reminded us, "Wright builds the Cyclone. Pratt & Whitney name their engines after insects—Wasp and Hornet, for example. Did you ever hear of a General Motors Ford?" No, sir. (2) In almost the same breath we gave the 16th Engineers credit for ponton bridge work done at Fort Benning by the 17th Engineers. "Be more careful in the future," a member of the latter regiment admonished. Yes, sir.

THAT last air-raid drill must have thrown our typewriter-punching aim out of kilter. G. W.



"We are looking for a wounded American marine. Have seen?"

COLIN ALLEN



# Two people sleep when one goes Pullman

Dick Hill's lighted Pullman speeds swiftly through the night.

Snow whispers at the windows, tugs at the vestibules, swirls and eddies in the glow of the lights—silently mounts in feathery drifts over a hushed landscape.

In the warm cheer of the Lounge car, Dick Hill puts out his cigarette. He closes his book, says good night to the couple across the aisle, strolls slowly through the train to his berth. Toilet kit and dressing gown in hand, he enters the spacious dressing room—scrubs up for the night with piping-hot water and plenty of clean, white towels.

He says good night to the smiling porter and goes to his berth—hangs up his clothes, fastens his curtains, turns in between crispy-clean sheets in a bed as soft as his own at home.

A last, lingering look at the rush of snow past the window—a flick of the switch on the reading lights, a satisfying punch at the two fluffy pillows—then the last, shivery little snuggle before warm, dreamless sleep. Dick Hill *likes* Pullman travel. Tomorrow morning he'll be where he *expects* to be.

*But he's not the only one who's sleeping because of that snug, cozy Pullman berth.*

• • •

A hundred miles away, Dick Hill's wife puts away her knitting, shuts Spot in the kitchen, opens the front door and looks out.

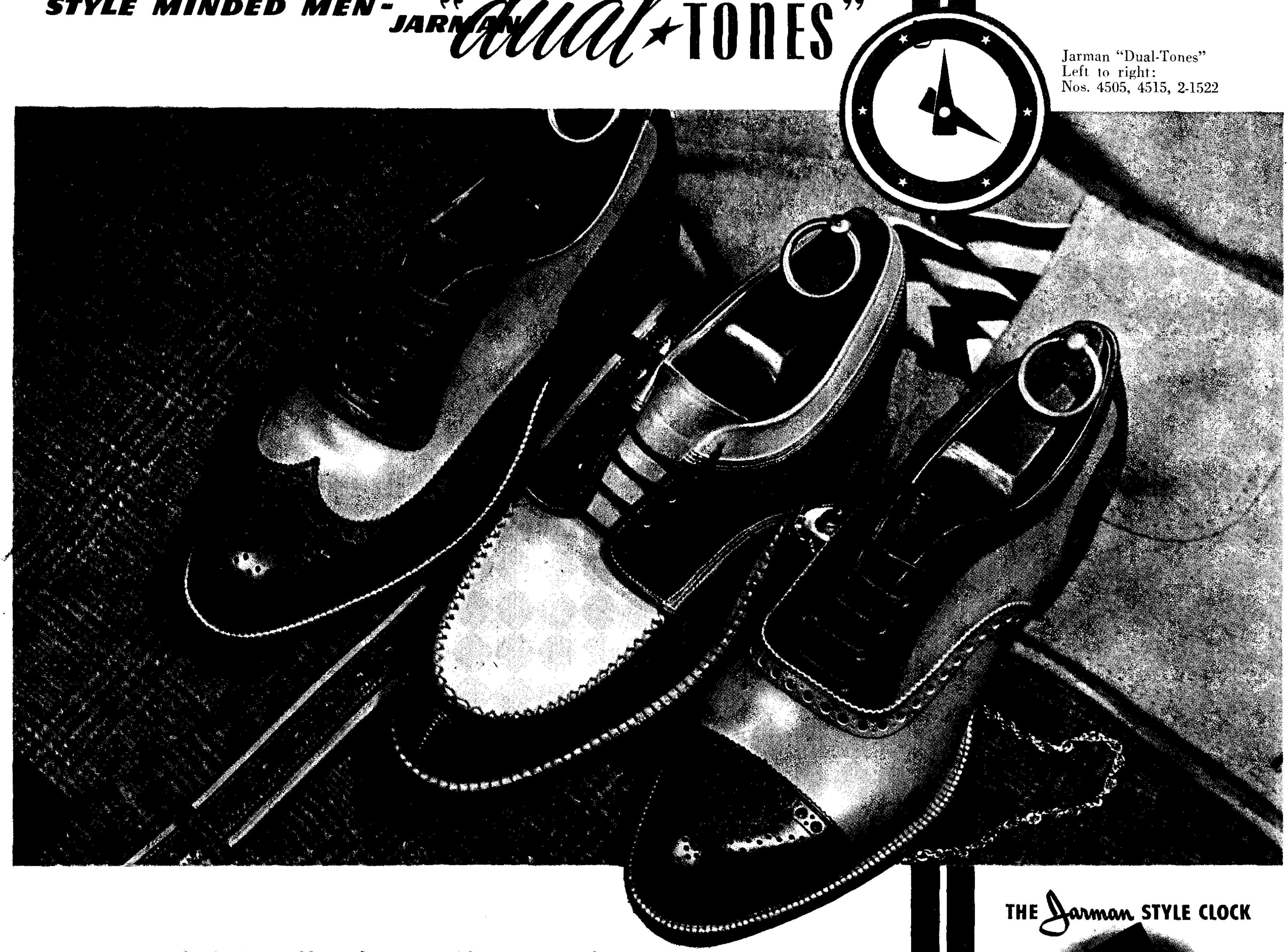
The snow is deeper, here—falling faster, from a sky that looks black and angry. A car inches its way along the street, plowing white furrows with its wheels.

Dick Hill's wife smiles a little—puts out the porch light, locks the door, tiptoes upstairs. She looks in on the children, undresses and goes to bed. Ten minutes later, she's fast asleep—with the same drowsy little smile playing around her lips.

*Dick's snug and safe in a Pullman—all's well!*

## For comfort, safety and dependability - *GO PULLMAN*

# FOR MARCH AND EARLY SPRING THE JARMAN STYLE CLOCK PRESENTS TO STYLE MINDED MEN—JARMAN "dual★TONES"

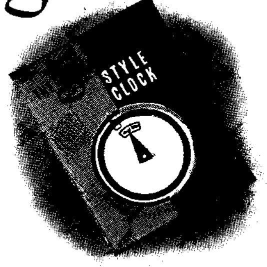


Jarman "Dual-Tones"
Left to right:
Nos. 4505, 4515, 2-1522

The Jarman Style Clock, dependable guide to authentic footwear fashions, turns to the first month of Spring . . . and immediately strikes four bells for the style of the hour—Jarman "Dual-Tones." Dual beauty, dual style, dual quality—that's the story of Jarman's famous two-tone styles, fast becoming the favorite type of shoe for the early Spring season among America's well dressed men.

The use of two color tones has been increasingly apparent in the field of color and design. Jarman "Dual-Tones," designed by color experts, represent the finest of the season's smart combinations of harmonizing colors. "Dual-Tones" will be featured by your Jarman dealer during the entire month of March. See these "blended beauties" and the many other new Jarman styles now on display. **$5.85 to $8.85** *MOST STYLES*

**THE Jarman STYLE CLOCK**

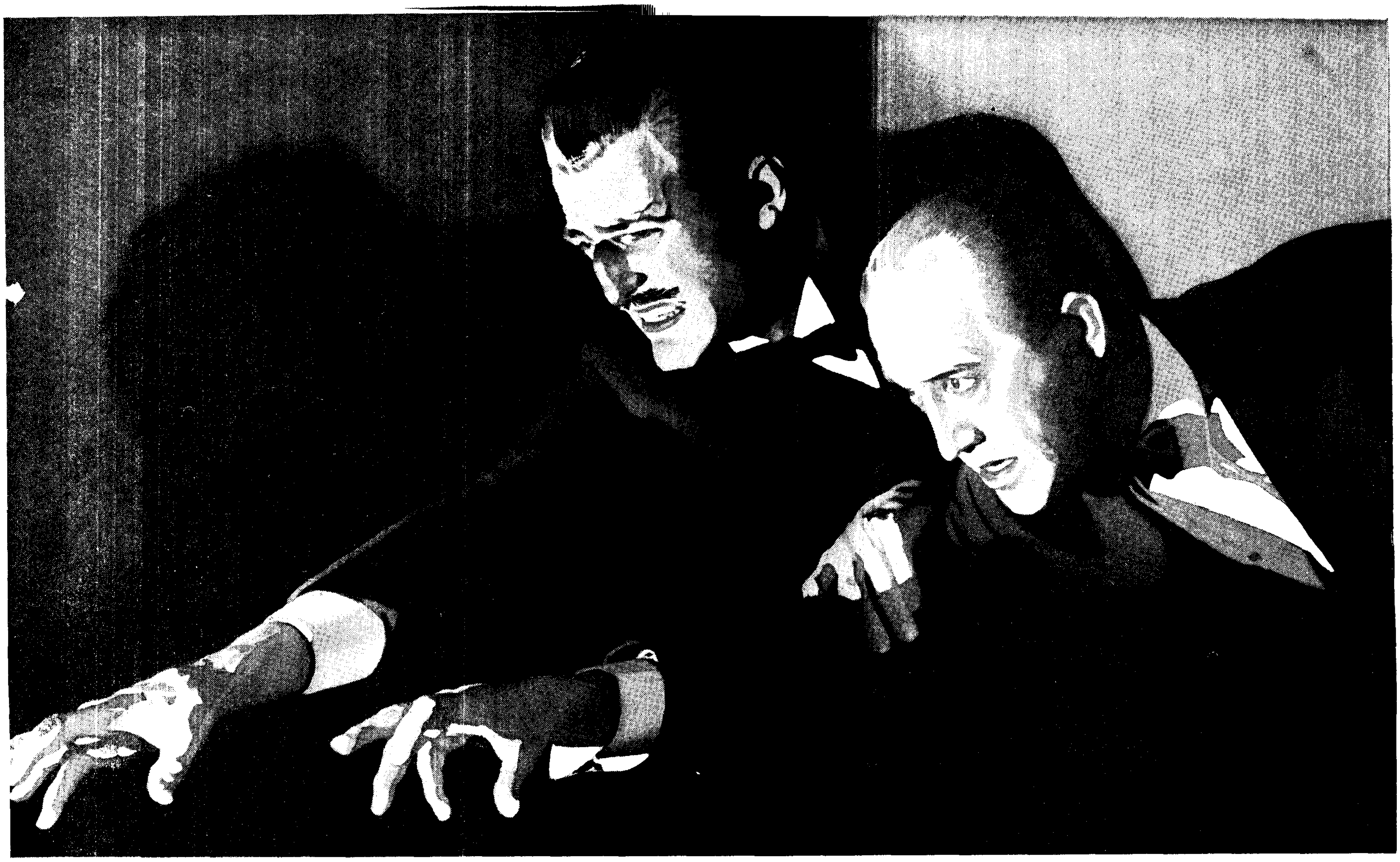


Your Jarman dealer has on display a copy of this source-book of authentic 1942 shoe styling. The newest Jarman styles are recommended for each month of the Spring and Summer season. See it before you make your selection.

*Jarman Shoe Co., Nashville, Tenn.*

**Jarman**
**SHOES FOR MEN**

*Division of General Shoe Corp.*



As the smaller man made his grab, Alan leaped in. **Their hands closed on the automatic** at the same instant

# Masquerade in Miami

## By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

*The Story Thus Far:*

"LEW" HARTLEY, an unscrupulous promoter, is on the verge of indictment in New York City. Cognizant of this, his lawyer—Wayne Hamilton—offers Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer, a hundred thousand dollars to go to Hartley's Miami Beach estate, submit to a facial operation that will make him almost identical with Hartley, and pretend to be the "great" promoter.

Convinced by the smooth-tongued lawyer that Hartley is merely trying to outslick some business rivals, Douglas (an honest man) accepts the offer. He promises to tell no one—*not even his fiancée, Gail Foster, a New York* girl—of what he is going to do; he leaves New York, goes to Miami Beach. There, a surgeon alters his face; and there, flanked by a one-man bodyguard ("Chuck" Williams) and "Sunny" Ralston, the promoter's beautiful mistress, he plays his perilous role. He is blissfully unaware that, once Hartley—*his face also altered*—is safe, in California, he, the poor dupe, will be murdered. . . .

Fortunately, Gail Foster is worried, suspicious. Wasting no time, when she receives no word from the man she loves, she does some clever sleuthing; and presently, in Miami, she finds a man—"Lew Hartley"—who, she feels sure, is Alan Douglas. Then, to facilitate her investigations, an old friend, Vance Crawford, helps her to get a job on a little society magazine as a reporter. . . .

Meanwhile, Wayne Hamilton has been doing some investigating, on his own. Having learned many things that alarm him, he wires to Hartley (who has slipped away to California) and tells him to come to Atlanta, for a conference. Frightened, Hartley goes to Atlanta, where Hamilton tells him something that startles him: Sunny Ralston has fallen in love with Alan Douglas, and Chuck Williams is (and has been for years) in love with Sunny; one or the other is sure to cause trouble, in time. What—Hartley wants to know—should they do? The answer (for Hamilton) is easy: Go to Miami and, as soon as possible, murder Douglas. . . .

Having succeeded in winning the friendship of Sunny Ralston, Gail Foster finally succeeds in wringing the truth from Douglas—after Douglas has pledged her to secrecy. The following morning, Gail (having made her plans) *telephones Sunny, asks her to meet her for* luncheon at 12:30, at the Seaspray Club. Sunny is delighted by the invitation. "I'll be there," she says, "on time—or slightly later."

### IX

THE Seaspray called itself a club, but wasn't. It was a cozy little restaurant with its own tiny section of beach front. It did a fair luncheon business, and had a heavy afternoon play—mostly feminine. At night it was usually filled.

Gail was there by 12:15.

Sunny was on time. She was clad in a pastel sports outfit which did no injustice to either her complexion or figure. She seated herself opposite Gail and said without preamble, "You look terrible."

Gail laughed. "I didn't get an awful lot of sleep last night."

"Miami getting under your skin?"

"It isn't that." Gail pulled herself together. "Cocktail?"

"Martini. But dry." They ordered the cocktails, and twin luncheons of chicken salad. "It's awfully good here," explained Sunny, "if you like tuna fish."

They ate lightly and chatted about nothing in particular. Then the waiter cleared the table, brought a pot of coffee and two tiny cups. Sunny lighted her cigarette and relaxed. She said quietly, "All right, Gail—let's have it."

Gail looked up in surprise. "Have what?"

"Your reason for all this." Sunny was smiling, but her eyes were steady and shrewd. "You've got something on that nifty little bosom of yours."

Gail gave an embarrassed little laugh. "This isn't easy, Sunny. And it's going to sound a bit sloppy."

"I can take it." Sunny leaned impulsively across the table and covered Gail's hand with hers.

"I figured we might talk straight," *said Gail Foster steadily, "because we're* both in love with Alan Douglas."

Sunny was startled. She said, "Wow! You sure hit hard."

"I'm sorry. But that's how it is."

"Maybe. I'm listening."

Gail went on, "I'm talking to you because I know you know. Alan came to *see me yesterday morning. He figured* the fairest thing was to trust me."

"So you immediately talk to me?"

Gail nodded. "That's one way of *looking at it. I wish we could take our* hair down, Sunny."

Sunny was tracing a pattern on the tablecloth with the tip of a crimson nail. "Where do you fit into the picture?" she asked abruptly.

"I'm engaged to Alan."

The eyes of the two girls met and held. Gail said, "And that goes back to my first statement. I know I'm in love with him, and I believe you are."

"Have I said that I don't know who you're talking about?"

"No. But it wouldn't matter if you did."

"What do you want from me?"

"I believe that Alan told me the truth as he knows it. But I have a feeling that he doesn't know the whole story."

"Where do I fit?"

"You know whatever there is to know. Maybe it's nothing, but I think different."

Sunny was toying with an ivory cigarette holder. Her face was inscrutable, her eyes shrouded.

"Okay, Gail. It's Alan Douglas."

It was a sudden, generous, friendly gesture. Gail said impulsively, "You're being awfully nice."

"Nerts! I'm hard as nails. But you *called one shot right: I'm overboard* about Alan."

"I certainly can't blame you . . ."

Sunny's voice was edgy. "How does *it hit you, knowing that? And knowing* what's happening out at the house?"

*(Continued on page 36)*

ALL SMOKERS INHALE—

BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T KNOW IT!

The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke . . . and *inhale.*

Look at the *difference* below. It was found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

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Call for PHILIP MORRIS
REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

*America's Finest Cigarette*

## Sugar Boy

Continued from page 17

future champion last summer when both were training at Greenwood Lake, New York. Crowds break down doors to go nuts over Robinson's dazzling speed and Fancy Dan style—he is the flashiest boxer since Kid Chocolate came out of Cuba a decade ago—but Louis was sold on more solid, down-to-earth qualities. He liked the kid's tremendous hand speed and he was impressed by his string of knockouts. Louis himself doesn't own a better batting average in the punching league.

Inevitably, an analogy will be drawn between Louis and Robinson and no straining for parallels is necessary. First of all, both learned the rudiments of the gentle art of beak-bashing at the Brewster Center Gym in Paradise Valley, Detroit's Harlem. Robinson was just another twelve-year-old with patches on the seat of his pants in 1932 when the hot shots of the neighborhood began to make frequent mention of a sleepy-eyed light heavyweight, name of Joe Barrow, who looked like quality folks down at the Brewster Gym. The full name was Joseph Louis Barrow, but he dropped the patronymic—along with all comers—in the ring.

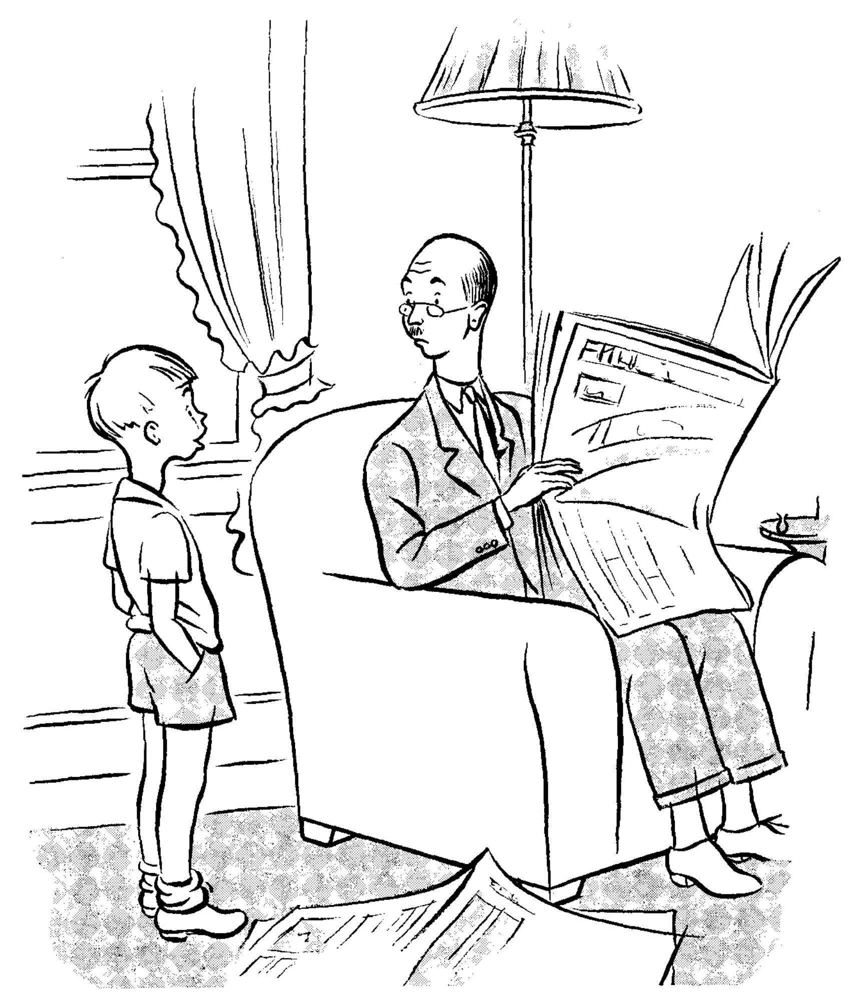
Robinson also changed his name. He was born Walker Smith and the story to the effect that his dancing ambition prompted him to adopt the surname of Bill Robinson, who makes such elegant pattycake with the feet, is eminently correct in every detail but one—the truth.

Walker Smith became Ray Robinson five years ago when a promoter of boot-leg, or unauthorized, amateur bouts needed another boy in a hurry to fill out a program. Smith, who was too young to get a license, volunteered for the vacant spot. The promoter had a fistful of spare licenses for such an emergency and he casually gave the kid the paper belonging to a certain Ray Robinson. There actually was an amateur with that name but he dropped out of sight, and it's just as well for him. He would be given large lumps and a quick brush-off as an impostor if he attempted to reclaim his heritage now.

The deadly parallel continues. Early in his career Louis was adopted by Messrs. Roxborough and Black, who had quantities of folding money and were not reluctant to spend same to develop their prize package. Robinson's angel was Curt Horrmann, who had inherited a nice piece of the family brewery. A fight nut from 'way back, Horrmann was scouting Buddy Moore, an amateur heavyweight, in the spring of 1939 when he saw Robinson in action at the Rockland Palace, a converted carbarn near the Polo Grounds. He saw enough in one round to forget Moore and sign Robinson to a contract.

Louis, strictly a synthetic fighter when he started, was taught the business by Jack Blackburn, a fine lightweight twenty years ago. Robinson, as natural as the five-two combination on a pair of dice, was given a once-over-lightly by George Gainford, who fought as a middleweight under the name of Kid Ford fifteen years ago. Off his record, this Gainford is the best coach of amateurs in America.

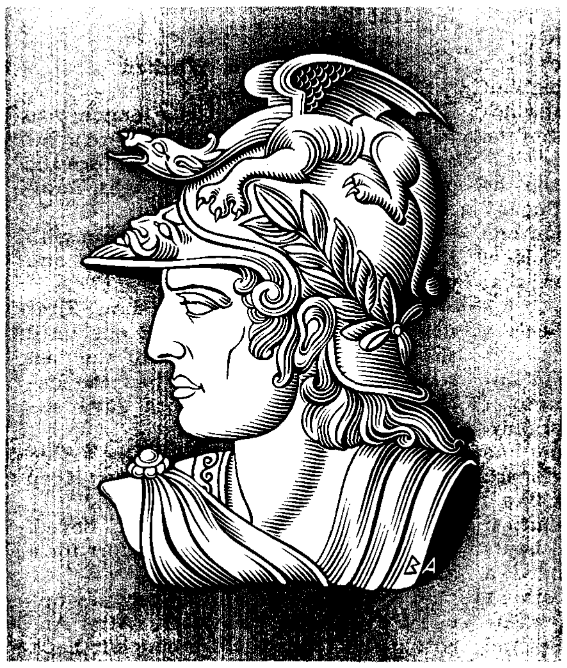
Young Robinson is unusually tall for a light man; he is a half-inch under six feet in height and he won't weigh much more than 140 pounds when he fights Cochrane. He'll be a 160-pound middleweight when he reaches physical maturity in a few years—and he'll win



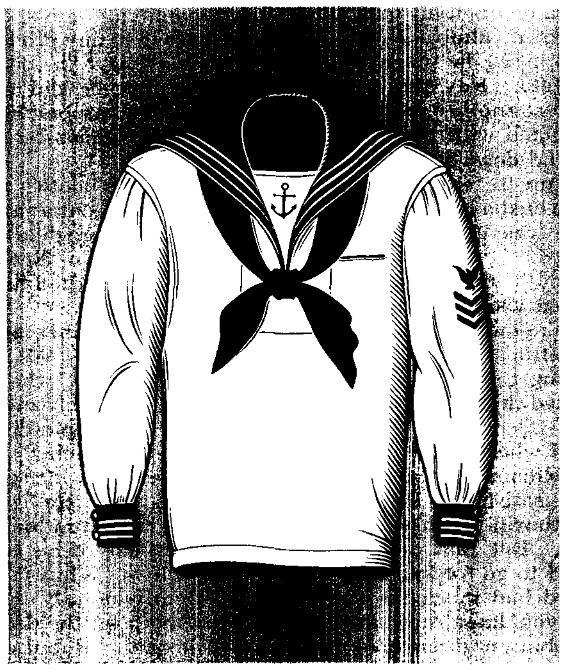
**"He was bragging about how tough his old man was, so just for fun I said you had a prison record, and, boy, did he fold up!"**

JOHN M. PRICE

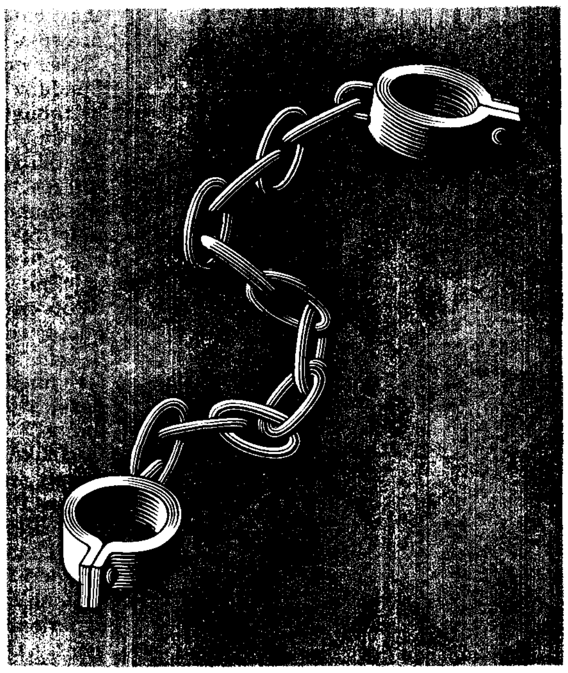
# Know your M's



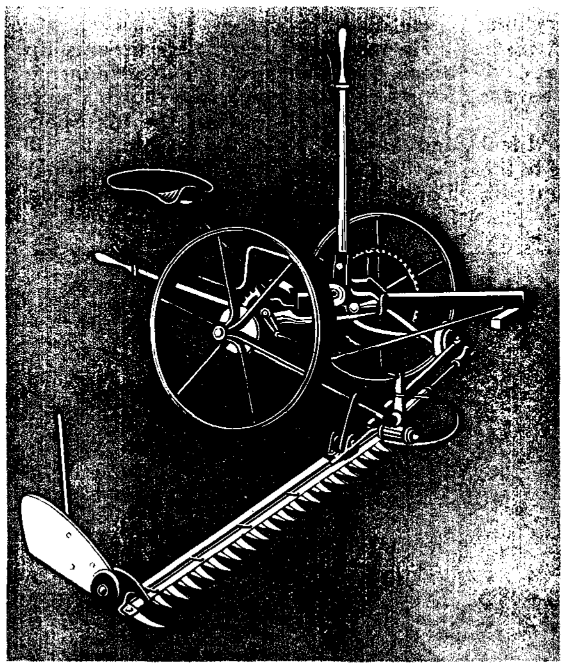
*1. This is M___*



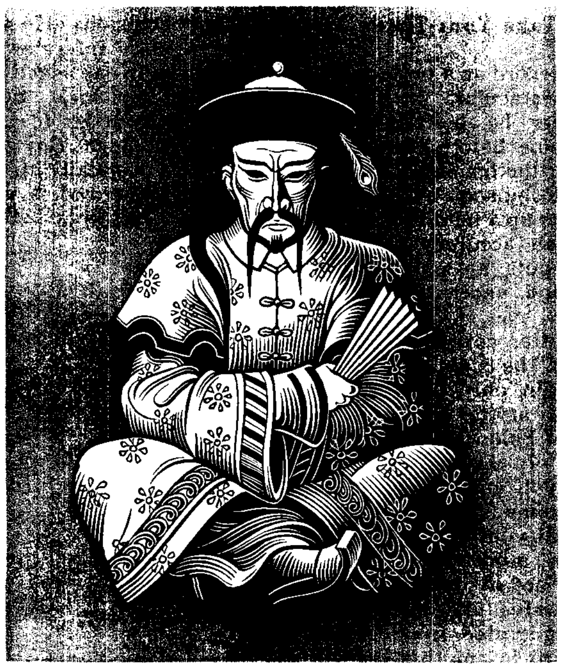
*2. This is a M_____*



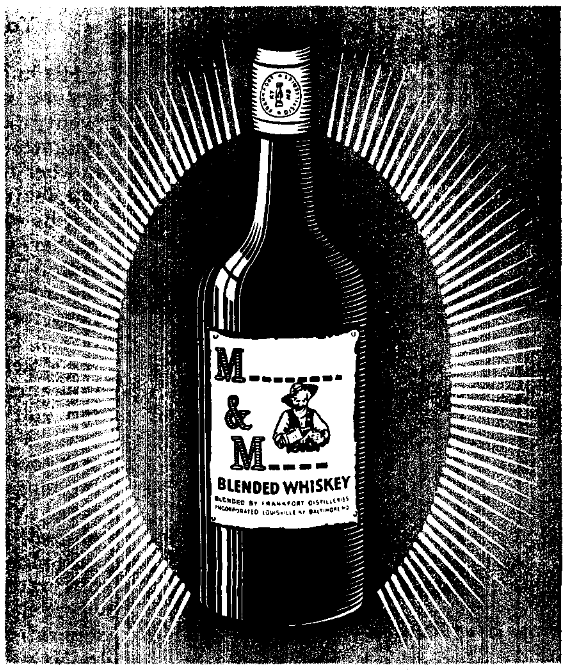
*3. These are M________*



*4. This is a M_____*



*5. This is a M________*



*6. This is M_________ & M____*
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

**ANSWERS:** 1, *Mars;* 2, *Middy;* 3, *Manacles;* 4, *Mower;* 5, *Mandarin;* 6, *Mild and Mellow Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

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**M&M**

## —Know Mattingly & Moore

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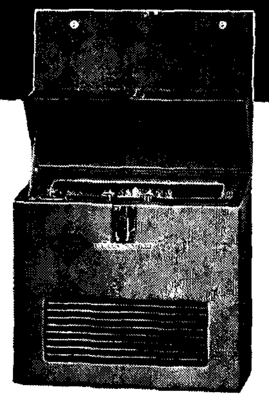

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

that title, too—but right now his midsection is negligible and his shoulders need padding to fill out the sharp, snazzy clothes he is fond of wearing. He is not particularly strong, yet he has a punch like the kick of a misanthropic mule.

The secret of his special stiffener lies in perfect co-ordination and the speed with which he unloads on a victim. At that, Robinson came upon his punching prowess by accident, almost as a gag.

One night late in '39, he fought Mike Spadaro in Buffalo. Ray threw what he thought was just another pretty good punch. It connected with the point of Spadaro's chin and down he went. The referee counted up to ten, and Robinson laughed fit to bust a lung. His shrill yelp of delight was so loud that it startled the crowd.

"Shut up, boy!" Gainford hissed. "You crazy? You want to make these people think you're outta your haid?"

"He ain't gettin' up!" Robinson screamed, pointing to the supine Spadaro. "I knocked him out with one punch!"

"I like to died when I saw that boy wasn't movin'," Robinson recalls. "Until that time I was satisfied to make guys look silly by outboxin' them with cute and clever stuff. But that punch felt so good I decided to go for knockouts."

Benny Leonard had much the same experience and you know how far he went. Once Robinson discovered his own strength, he began to bowl over people with regularity and precision. Although he fought as a lightweight in the 1940 Golden Gloves, he knocked out nine of his ten opponents, six in the first heat.

### You Just Take Your Time

His knockout record as a professional is even more spectacular. In his first twenty-five fights he belted twenty gladiators out, nine before they heard another bell after the opening gong. An odd feature of Robinson's punching is that he rarely cuts up a man. He throws leather with such accuracy that one wallop usually puts an opponent on Dream Street and another puts him away for keeps.

"I'm hittin' better as a pro because I've slowed down," he explains. "In the amateurs you fight only three rounds and you gotta go at top speed all the way. You're not balanced right to let go a good punch. In the pros, the fights are longer and you got more time to work. You can maneuver a guy and set yourself to get all your power into it."

Robinson was more interested in making his feet, not his hands, behave when he was twelve and his parents separated. He migrated from Detroit to New York with his mother, and he had nothing on his mind but dancing. Watching his fancy footwork in the ring, it's not difficult to envision him as a first-rate hoofer. To stretch his mother's income as a laundress, the boy hustled errands in a grocery store, shined shoes, danced for pennies on Broadway and Lindy-hopped like mad at rent parties in Harlem. He managed to squeeze in three years at De Witt Clinton High School.

When he was sixteen, Robinson wandered into the Salem-Crescent Club and tried to join the boxing class. Gainford told him to go home and fatten up. As an afterthought, he sternly admonished the kid to stay away from them poolrooms. Gainford happened to see the young squirt spar a few months later and immediately recognized the natural talent staring him in the face. So he gave Ray a set of boxing gloves, a pair of shoes and a head protector and told him to come around the next day.

Gainford belongs to the old school which believes a guy learns the fight trade by fighting. So Robinson jabbed and jolted at every grubby club which offered a watch or a few bucks under the bridge at midnight. His amateur record shows 89 bouts, but the truer number was closer to 125, all victories. The bootleg amateur circuit was flourishing a few years ago.

According to Robinson, a gent whose name, spelled by ear, comes out "Zavalavavitch," gave him a worse going-over than any pro he has met.

"He didn't have me on the floor," the kid says, "but he did everything but slug me with a baseball bat. I knew nobody could hurt me after I got out of the ring alive."

It was on the bootleg circuit that he also picked up his nickname of "Sugar." After lacing a Canadian champion one night in Watertown, New York, a local sports writer remarked to Gainford that he had a good boy.

"Yeah," the trainer agreed, "he's a sweet fighter."

"Sweet as sugar," the historian answered. He probably meant a lump of sugar dipped in triple distilled brandy.

From the beginning, Robinson had one characteristic which is the hallmark of a good fighter: He fights back like a fiend when the situation looks darkest for him. In one of his early pro bouts he and Oliver White each landed a bomb simultaneously on the other's chin, and both hit the deck at the same precise instant. Robinson got up and knocked out White with the next punch. In the first Zivic fight, Ray took charge of the brawl in the eighth round, just when the former champ appeared to be launching a winning rally.

And like every great fighter who ever lived, Robinson loves to go in there and try conclusions. He said everything during a mass interview a few weeks ago when someone asked him what gave him the biggest kick. Seeing a battler stretched out at his feet, maybe?

"Nah," the Sugar Boy grinned. "I feel best when I'm walkin' up the aisle to the ring, and the crowd is yellin' and I'm waitin' for that work bell."

Out of the ring Robinson is a personable youth; he is better-looking and more intelligent than most professional pugs and he laughs easily. He undergoes a startling and frightening metamorphosis as soon as the gong bongs. His kinky hair, smeared with stickum, actually stands on end. The red rubber mouthpiece distorts his face in a malevolent leer.

### Anyway, It Worked

If Ray has a fault, it is a tendency to go haywire and ignore Gainford's instructions from the corner. Before the opening bell in the first Zivic fight, Gainford shouted in his ear:

"Go out and hit him on the chin with the first punch. Take a chance and whop him a good one, you hear?"

Robinson proceeded to box Zivic dizzy; he didn't toss a good one until the third round. Going into the last round it was obvious he had the decision sewed up. Gainford gave another order:

"Stay away from him! Don't slug with him! Just stick and slide! Keep away from him, and you is home!"

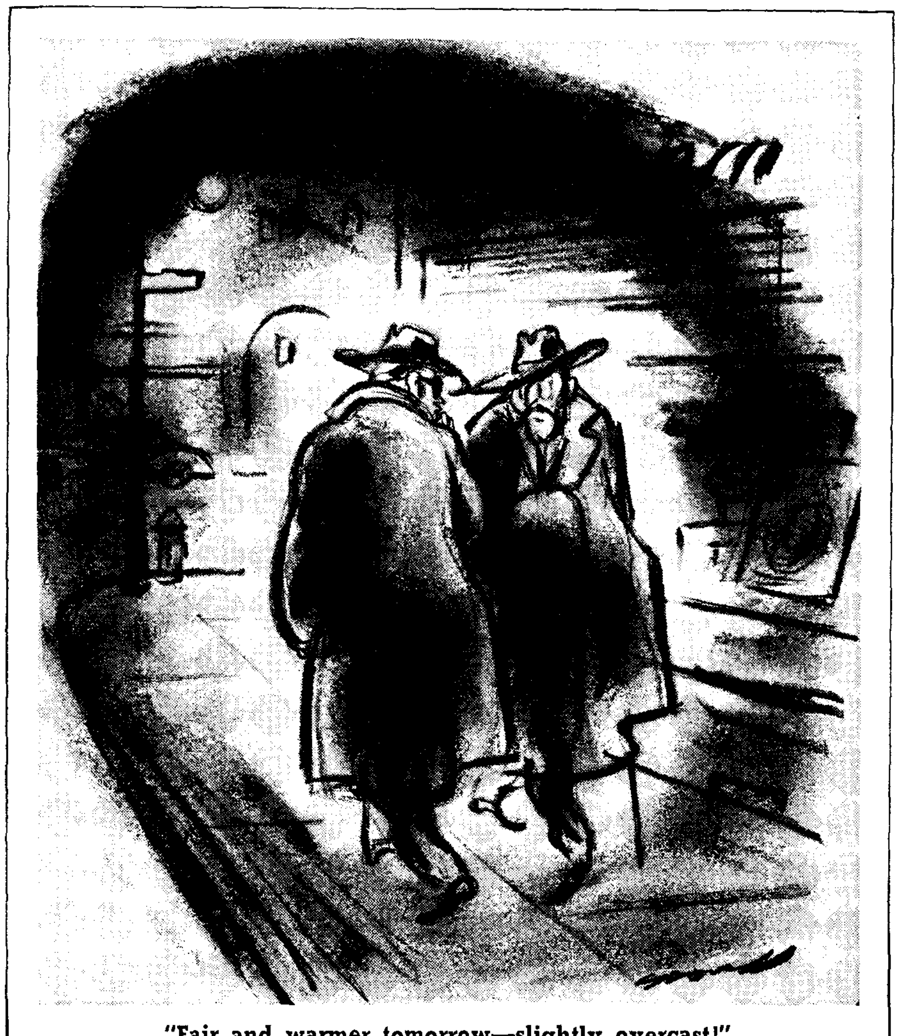
So Robinson knocked, not boxed, Zivic's ears off in an all-out effort for a knockout.

In spite of this trait, the boy has unusual poise for a youngster. After Angott nailed him with a good left hook and drove him to the ropes, Robinson returned to his corner and laughed off his handlers' anxious frowns.

"The guy is a sucker for throwin' that left hook," he said. "The next time he does it I'm gonna slap him silly with a right cross."

He did.

He has three vices. He dreams up break-neck dance routines (his dancing is first-rate, anyway), loves to sing with a quartet which imitates the Ink Spots and he bets furiously on himself. If that last one is a vice, the First National Bank is a den of iniquity. Robinson hasn't lost a decision or a dollar yet.



"Fair and warmer tomorrow—slightly overcast!" LEONARD DOVE

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● "Brother, if you're being blitzed by razor-burn, tell it to this Marine—and I'll tell you that your shaving tactics are obsolete! Modernize your method—with Ingram's quick-action, *cooling* cream!

● "Ingram's is as different as Radio City is from the Halls of Montezuma! It's planned cool—to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers.

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● "Ingram's is the stuff to give the troops! For this different cream is a facial refresher as well as a fast whisker-wilter. No lotions or tonics needed! An invigorating Ingram shave leaves your skin smooth and cool, more attractive and younger-looking for hours after! Get cool Ingram's Shaving Cream—today!"

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY

# Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 31

"If you mean: Am I jealous . . . the answer is No."

"Why not?" Sunny was almost brutal in her directness. "You know where I stand in Lew Hartley's life. You know that Alan is wearing Lew's clothes and Lew's face. What's to prove that he isn't playing Lew Hartley straight across the board?"

Gail said simply, "I'd never blame any man for liking you that much."

Sunny was silent for a moment. Then she said, "I ought to hate your insides . . . but I don't. I like you."

"That goes double."

"I figure it does, though I don't know why. You've got class with a capital K. I'm a good-looking tramp. We don't even talk the same language. I'm in love with this guy and he won't give me a tumble by any rules . . ."

Gail said suddenly, "I was right, wasn't I, Sunny?"

"About what?"

"There *is* more to it than Alan suspects, isn't there?"

"No."

Gail said quietly, "You say 'No' but you mean 'Yes.' "

"Have it your way."

Gail went on: "Just the same, I feel better."

"Why?"

"Because I know you'll do whatever you can to help Alan."

"You sure ride a hunch to death, don't you, Gail?"

"Perhaps."

"You understand that I'll take Alan any way I can get him?"

"Let's don't play that way, Sunny. For some reason I can't fathom, you've started punishing yourself. I came to you because I figure that Alan is lucky if you're in love with him. I don't want to get hurt—naturally—but I'm not crazy about seeing you hurt, either."

Sunny shoved her chair back from the table. She said abruptly, "I'm running along . . ." She tried to smile as she walked out of the restaurant.

She stepped into her coupé and swung violently onto the main highway. Her lips set in a hard, straight line. How could she help? What could she do?

Things had gone too far. Too much was involved.

*"They've got him," she said bitterly.* "They've got Alan so tight nobody can shake him loose."

THAT same afternoon two gentlemen arrived in Miami. They traveled separately and gave no indication of knowing each other.

The taller of the two, a man who might have been anywhere between thirty and forty, taxied to the Beachfair Hotel, demanded a suite without inquiring the daily tariff, and registered as Charles B. Harrison of Chicago.

This was the man who had been born Lew Hartley and face-lifted into the role of Joel Kent.

The second of the two men arriving in Miami that day was Wayne Hamilton: immaculate, well-groomed, distinguished looking and slightly nervous under a calm exterior. Mr. Hamilton went immediately to the home of Lew Hartley in Miami Beach where he was greeted by Chuck Williams who said, with more than usual emotion, "Am I glad to see you!"

Chuck followed Hamilton up to his room, closed the door and stood regarding the iron-gray attorney with lackluster eyes. Wayne Hamilton, never entirely comfortable in Chuck's presence, seated himself and asked, "Why are you so glad to see me?"

Chuck said, "Everything's busted loose."

"So-o? Let's have it."

Chuck talked. Flatly and impersonally. He told of the brief excursion on the Blue Gull and of the girl who had smuggled herself aboard.

"Who was she?" inquired Hamilton.

"Some babe who works for a magazine here. She and Sunny have been thick as *that.*" *He held up two fingers,* very close together.

"Do you know her name?"

"Yeah. I met her a coupla times. Her name's Foster: Gail Foster."

Wayne Hamilton winced, but his voice remained steady: "You're sure of that, Chuck?"

"Sure I'm sure." Chuck's eyes narrowed. "Does it add up to anything?"

"Yes . . ." Wayne Hamilton probed for further details before committing himself. "You say you've met this girl a couple of times?"

"Yeah."

"Where—and how?"

"Night clubs. Parties. Like I said, she and Sunny seem to go for each other."

"Would you say," asked Hamilton carefully, "that she has been cultivating *Sunny deliberately?"*

"I wouldn't be knowing that. They been together: That's all I know."

"Has Douglas been present at any of their meetings?"

"Yes."

"How did he act?"

"Okay." Chuck made the statement grudgingly. "He was all right."

"How did you find out she was on the yacht?"

"Douglas. He let out a yip for Swanson. The captain and me both showed up. Douglas said she busted into his cabin and we should turn around and set her ashore."

"He was still playing his part?"

"Yeah. He was doin' that, all right."

"Did you get a chance to talk to her while you were sailing back to the dock?"

"I had a chance. But I let her alone."

"How did she act?"

"She didn't. Just sat there."

"Was she angry?" asked Hamilton.

"You tell me. Maybe she was mad; maybe just scared." Chuck leaned forward. "Where does she fit in?"

Wayne Hamilton said, "She's Alan Douglas' fiancée."

Chuck whistled softly and said, "That's a hot one." Then his opaque eyes narrowed. "Did Sunny know that?"

"No. We never figured the Foster girl in, so we didn't mention the name to either you or Sunny. Queer setup. Gail Foster working for a Miami Beach magazine, cultivating Sunny's friendship when they're as far apart as the poles, chasing Alan on board the yacht. It spells trouble."

"I think," stated Chuck softly, "that she's got the lowdown by now."

"What gives you that idea?"

"Yesterday Douglas slipped off from here. I tailed him. He went to this Foster dame's apartment and stayed there about an hour."

HAMILTON was thinking of the real Lew Hartley who was now in Miami. He was thinking that time was growing short and that he was glad he didn't have the responsibility of making decisions. He said, "How soon can you put Douglas out of the way?"

"What do you mean: How soon?"

"I mean just exactly that. Time is important. Can you do it tonight?"

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"Why the uncertainty?"

"I ain't figuring to stick my neck out. I was supposed to get plenty of notice when you got ready to have the job done. It's got to look like an accident."

"What's on for tonight?"

"Usual stuff. Dinner out. Couple jernts afterward. Doesn't look like any chance to get the guy off by himself."

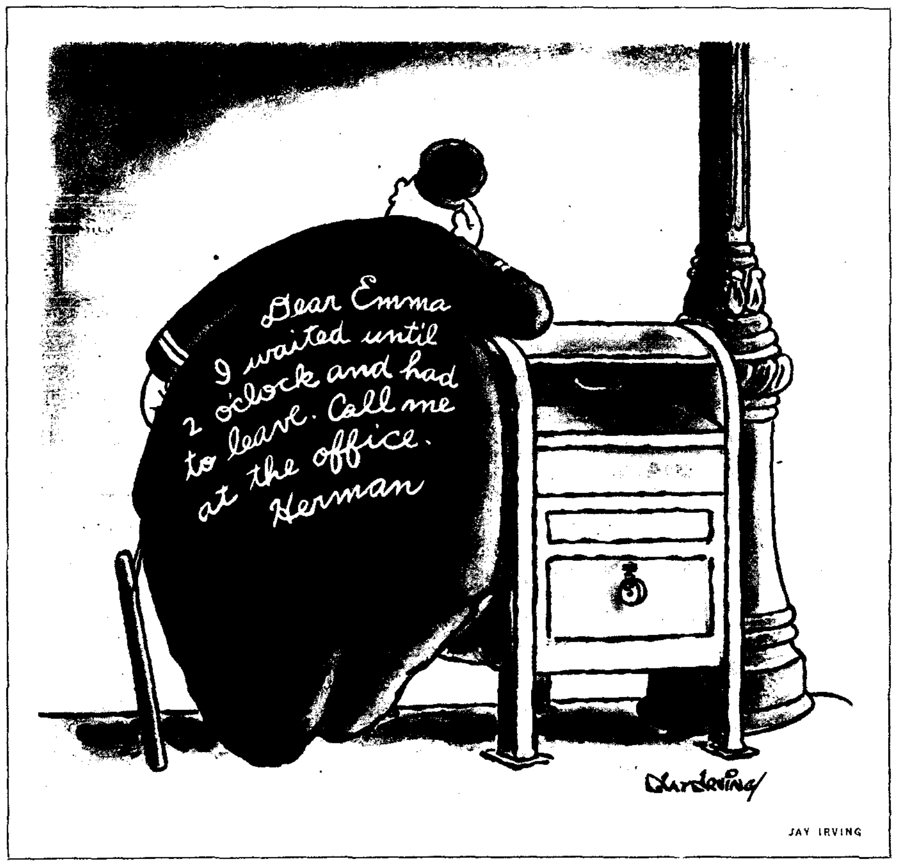
"Tomorrow night?"

"That's different. Gives me time to angle my way out."

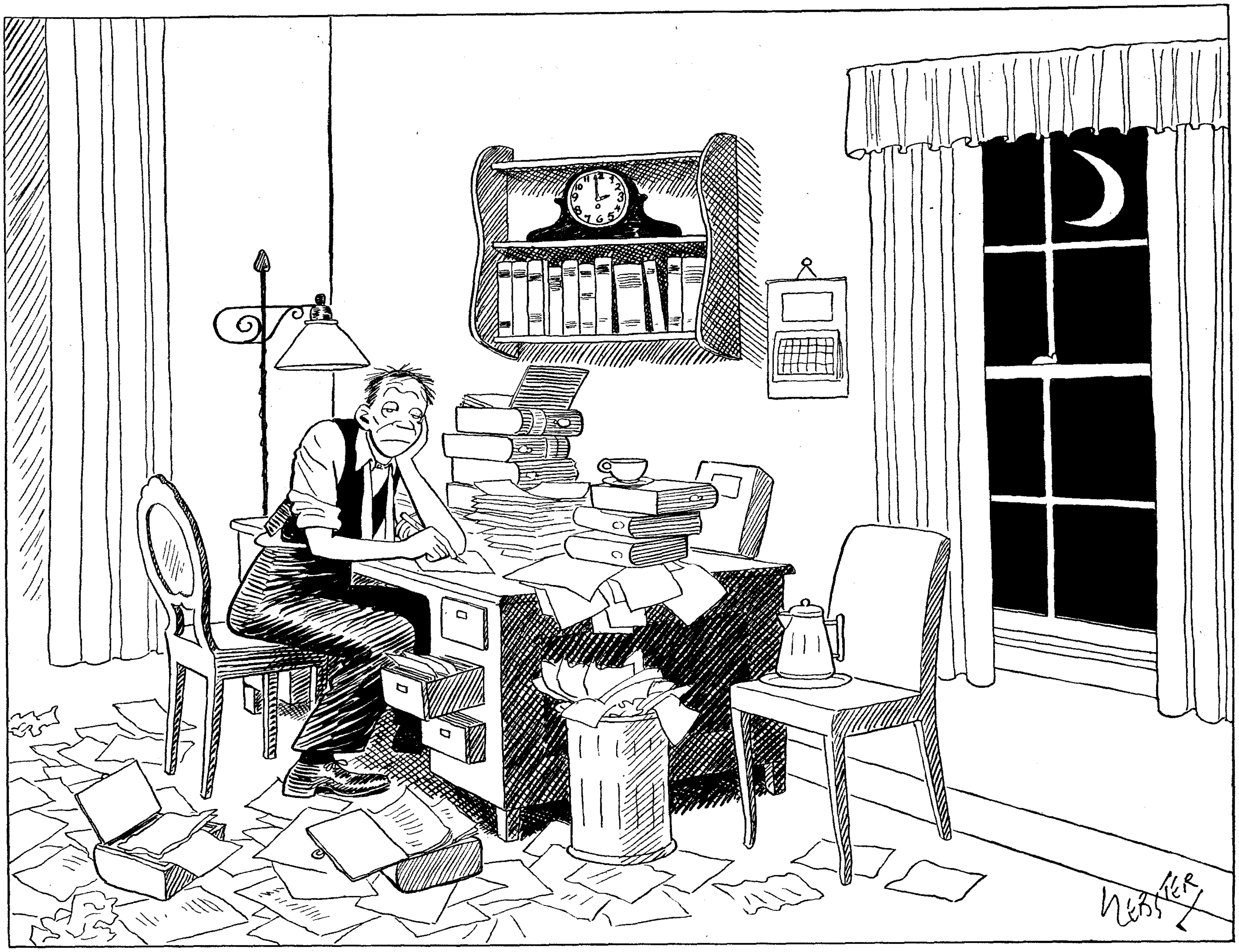
Hamilton's voice was sharp: "Getting squeamish, Chuck?"

"You know better. But people think this guy is Hartley. Hartley's big stuff. It looks like a murder, and the cops raise a stink. I'm playing safe."

The lawyer was thinking that he



JAY IRVING



# The dilemma of C. Edward Lasher

**PITY THE PLIGHT OF** C. Edward Lasher. His discomfort is the result of having said to himself: "I won't ask an agent to help me plan my life insurance program. I'll do it myself!"

What steps would he have to take . . . what knowledge must he acquire in order to give himself the service and advice he would ordinarily get from an agent?

▶ First, of course, it is necessary to consider his needs . . . determine how each of these needs, such as family protection, education of children, debt retirement, and so on, can best be met by life insurance. He could do this by analyzing, just as an agent would, how life insurance has met similar problems in thousands of other cases.

Then, he must study the various kinds of life insurance to see which are best suited to his personal and family requirements. He would learn that there are three basic types of life insurance—Whole Life, Endowment, and Term, each with features especially fitting it for certain purposes, and each more or less interchangeable with the others. He would learn that within these three basic types there are many different kinds of policies, each designed to help meet some specific situation.

▶ Which can contribute most to his family's security? Which will best meet his children's educational needs? Which will build him an adequate retirement income? How much is necessary? Maybe by using the optional modes of settlement available under the various forms of life insurance, one particular policy answers all his problems.

So, he would want to study these methods of settlement. Also, before determining costs, it is necessary to find out the class of risk in which his occupation places him. He should study the various methods of premium payment to learn how he could most conveniently keep his life insurance in force.

▶ If Mr. Lasher did all these things, he might arrive, at length, at some answer to his personal problem. We think that the deeper he delved, the more likely he would be to seek some expert guidance as to the kind and amount of life insurance he should have . . . *advice which requires the knowledge and experience of a trained life insurance agent.*

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*This is Number 47 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker,*
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

*Leroy A. Lincoln,*
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# America must be *first in the*

**YOU'LL SEE THESE NEXT ON BOMBERS**
*Final inspection of tail fins, made by Goodyear Aircraft Corporation for Martin B-26 bombers.*

THE conviction that this nation must be mistress of the skies is no new thing here at Goodyear. For more than thirty years we have been intimately associated with the advancement of *all* branches of aeronautics — in the belief that aerial transportation was destined to play a commanding part in world affairs.

This is being emphatically confirmed wherever war is waged today. From the events since December 7th one solemn fact stands out as a warning to us all. *Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.*

Today as our country builds toward unchallengeable might in the air, Goodyear is proud that its long years of aeronautical experience fit it for an important share of this great effort. Barrage balloons and airships are being built by Goodyear in quantity today. And from our huge aircraft parts factories an ever-increasing volume of airplane wings, tails, brakes, wheels, nacelles, ailerons and other metal alloy parts flows to airplane assembly lines.

Until America has achieved mastery in the air, this work has precedence over all our other activities. We think you would have it so.

P. W. Litchfield

*President,*
*Goodyear Aircraft Corporation*

GOOD YEAR

GOODYEAR

AIRCRAFT

## Tom's morning is a total loss

**TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE:** but he's going to call on a customer at 10.

Scared to risk interruption of a sale, he postpones taking anything—postpones needed relief.

**SO TOM HAS A TOUGH MORNING!** Symptoms of constipation make him dull and heavy-eyed.

He shows no enthusiasm in presenting his merchandise. Business is minus—and so is he!

## Business smiles on Dick!

**DICK NEEDS A LAXATIVE:** he's also calling on a customer around 10.

But Dick doesn't put off till tonight taking the laxative he needs this morning. He relies on speedy Sal Hepatica!

**SAL HEPATICA** brings gentle, thorough relief, before Dick leaves home.

Dick is ready for business—so business is ready for him. No wonder his order book fills up fast!

## Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEVER PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning. Discover speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica! Why is it the favorite laxative of millions? Because it acts fast—usually within an hour. Because it acts gently, thoroughly . . . by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract without discomfort or griping.

Sal Hepatica is a favorite, too, because it helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this sparkling saline.

Next time *you* need a laxative, take speedy Sal Hepatica!

**SAL HEPATICA**
Product of Bristol-Myers

**"TIME TO SMILE!"** Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

*didn't particularly care whether Chuck* was safe or not. But he couldn't tell the bodyguard that. He couldn't do anything except argue him into quick action, because time was pressing in on them.

This Gail Foster thing. He didn't know how it had happened, but that didn't matter. There it was. Alan had gone to see her the previous day: that *meant he must have gone* as Alan Douglas. There'd be no earthly reason for Lew Hartley to visit her. He asked sharply, "You're not figuring to back out, are you, Chuck?"

An expression which was part sardonic, part amused, flashed across Chuck's face. "Finishing that guy off suits me fine."

"That *makes everything all right* then," said Wayne Hamilton. "Do the job as soon as you can. Tonight, if possible. Tomorrow night at the latest."

Chuck walked to the window and stood motionless. He said, "I'll figure out something . . ."

Hamilton asked a pertinent question: "What will Sunny do?"

"Squawk like the devil!"

"Nothing more?"

"Not after he's out of the way. She'd be in up to her neck then, and she'd have sense enough to know it wouldn't do him any good. Beforehand—that's different."

"Then speed is more essential . . ."

"I know all that. But I'm looking out for Number One." Chuck walked back from the window and stood staring down at the distinguished figure of the attorney. "We got something else to think about, too."

"What?"

"This Foster girl. If Douglas spilled—and I think he did—then she'll yell when she hears something has happened to him."

Hamilton's eyes were cold. He said, "That figures out to be another job for you, Chuck."

"You mean I got to take care of her, too?"

"Certainly. Alan Douglas gets his first. Then you fix Gail Foster."

Chuck Williams shrugged.

"Checking it right up to me, ain't you? Well, that's okay. Inside thirty-six hours I'll have them both out of the way."

DINNER that night at the Cristobal Club was a bizarre affair.

At a ringside table sat Alan Douglas, Sunny Ralston, Chuck Williams and Wayne Hamilton. Of the four, Alan was the only one who actually was enjoying himself, and of the four he was the one who had the least justification.

Glancing at him across the table, Wayne Hamilton was moved to reflect upon the soundness of classic proverbs: Ignorance being bliss, for example. Accustomed to acting the role of Lew Hartley in public—no longer worried about Gail Foster—Alan actually was having a good time. The atmosphere of the club was gay, the music good and the floor show fine. Hamilton wondered what would happen if Alan had the faintest suspicion that this would probably be the last floor show he would ever see, the last dinner he would ever eat. The handsome, iron-gray attorney was nervous. Having helped to plan what was going to happen he now found himself entirely too dangerously involved. Only the fact that the real Lew Hartley was close at hand to assume ultimate responsibility made the evening bearable.

Chuck was no different from his usual self. He was no more laconic than usual, and no less. By not so much as a single word or gesture did he betray what he might be thinking or feeling.

As for Sunny, she was too gay, too bright, too scintillant. She had selected from her lavish wardrobe the most daring gown she possessed. Her voice was a trifle higher than usual, her eyes brighter, her laughter so gay that a keen observer might detect more than a trace of hysteria.

It was that kind of party.

Marcia and Tony Saxon finished their encore amid a thunder of applause and drifted over to the table. Tony was in *fine fettle*. He brought with him a supply of new jokes which he told with considerable finesse, but after he'd finished there was an awkward silence. It was Marcia Saxon, dark and dynamic, who looked at Sunny and said, "What goes on here? Have we crashed a private party?"

Sunny shook her head: "Don't be silly, Marcia."

AFTER a while the Saxons left and the conversation at the table died down. At ten o'clock Wayne Hamilton said, "I've got to leave you . . ." and Sunny said, "Give her my regards," but it didn't seem very funny. As a matter of fact, Wayne Hamilton didn't even hear her. *He was thinking, "Tonight would be better than tomorrow night. I'd better get away so I won't crab Chuck's style if he thinks of something"*

After he'd gone, Alan asked for suggestions. To his astonishment Sunny said, "How's about going home? I'm weary."

Alan paid the check and they drove out along Collins Avenue to the Hartley estate. The downstairs light was on as usual, but the servants had all been dismissed. Alan said, "I think I'll stay out here and grab a chunk of moonlight." Chuck's eyes narrowed speculatively as he walked inside with Sunny. She said, "I want to talk to you, Chuck."

His face was expressionless. He said, "Go ahead. Talk."

"Not here. Mind coming up to my room?"

"I don't mind."

They walked upstairs together, and she stopped at her door. "Give me five minutes, Chuck. I'll do a strip-tease."

Sunny closed her door and ripped off the evening gown. She slipped into a robe which clung intimately to her luxurious figure. She kicked off her evening slippers and put on white mules with absurd little white pompons. She took a quick glance into the mirror, touched fingers to hair and eyes, and found the effect satisfactory.

She felt tight inside. She had a job to do: a tough job. She scarcely heard Chuck's knock, but she was smiling when the door opened.

She motioned to a silly little flowered armchair and when he had eased his wiry figure into it, she pulled up another so that she sat very close. She was carefully negligent of her hostess gown.

Chuck looked straight at her. He did not know that his eyes were not icy, that his face was expressive. Sunny had the power to affect him that way, and she turned it on full force. She put her hand on his knee.

She said, "When does it happen, Chuck?"

His voice was flat: "I expected something like this."

"Sure. I want to know."

"Why?"

"I'm in as deep as you are."

He said, "Deeper—maybe."

"I caught it at dinner," she persisted. "Hamilton must have given you the word."

"So what? You knew it was coming."

"I want to know when. Tonight or tomorrow night?"

He made no effort to soften it. "That depends."

"Why the hurry, Chuck?"

"Things been happening."

"*I thought it* was supposed to look accidental."

"Maybe it will. But no matter what, it'll be complete."

There was a desperate urgency in her voice: "You're leading with your chin."

"It's my chin."

"Hartley gets killed . . ." It was easier to say "Hartley" than to say "Alan." "Hartley gets killed," she went on. "You get picked up. You're out of luck."

He said, "Let's have it, Sunny. You ain't worried about me."

She said steadily, "You know the answer."

"Yeah. You've fallen for this Douglas. You figure it'd be better not to go through with it."

"That's about it."

He shrugged. "The chips are down. There's no other way."

She said, "You're in love with me, Chuck."

"I'm in love with you," he admitted, punishing himself. "But it doesn't get me anywhere."

"It will—if you want."

She saw that she had startled him. "Lay off Alan and you can call the shots from now on."

"Let's have that so I understand it."

"All right." She leaned forward so that he caught the fragrance of her body. "I'm playing straight with you—maybe because you're too smart to fall for anything else. I've gone off the deep end about Alan. I don't want to see things wind up like they're planned. I'm willing to pay my share."

"With what?"

"Myself. Straight across the board. Lay off and I'll do whatever you say. I'll marry you, if you want. If that doesn't suit—I'll live with you."

"You hate me."

"That's not true. I'm not in love with you, but I like you. I like you more than I ever liked Lew Hartley . . ." That was plausible enough for her to hope he'd believe it. "We'll go where you say, do what you want, and live your way. I'll never squawk, no matter what happens. You know I'll play square."

"I suppose you would . . ." He shook his head. "But there ain't a chance."

"Why?"

"Dope it out for yourself, Sunny. You ain't dumb. We double-cross Hartley: What happens to us?"

"They'd never find us."

"Don't kid yourself. No matter what we did, the finger would be on us—but good."

She said, "There's one way out."

"Name it."

"Suppose we disappear? You and me—we take a powder together. We write two notes; one to Alan and the other to the police. We just set 'em straight that Alan isn't Lew Hartley, and once they suspect that, it's simple enough to prove. The D.A. in New York clamps down on Lew right away . . . and nobody's hunting too hard for us."

Chuck said, "You want this thing so bad, you ain't even thinking clear. Hartley sees that somebody gets us. Hamilton arranges it for him. Maybe we're picked up for conspiracy to commit murder, or to defraud . . . I ain't a lawyer, I wouldn't be knowing the words. But they'd grab us for something."

She took another tack. "You'd be taking chances, Chuck—sure you would. But I'd be with you. I'd stick close. I'd be everything you wanted. Doesn't that total up to something?"

"More than you got any idea. But not enough."

SHE leaned back in her chair, so that the velvet houserobe lay close against her figure. Her gesture was not consciously seductive. It just happened that way. Her eyes were half closed and she was thinking fast. She said, "I'm coming clean with you, Chuck. I'm not going to let it go through."

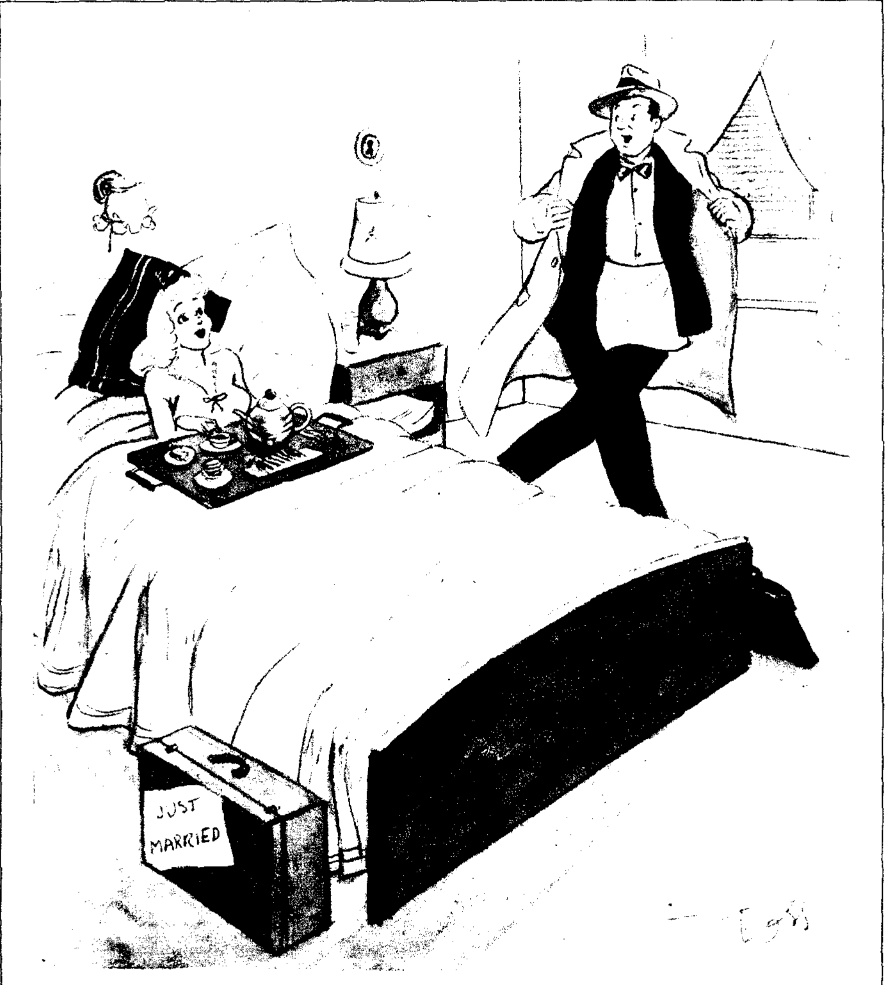
He was on guard now: cautious, reserved, watchful. She went on: "I can stop it."

"How?"

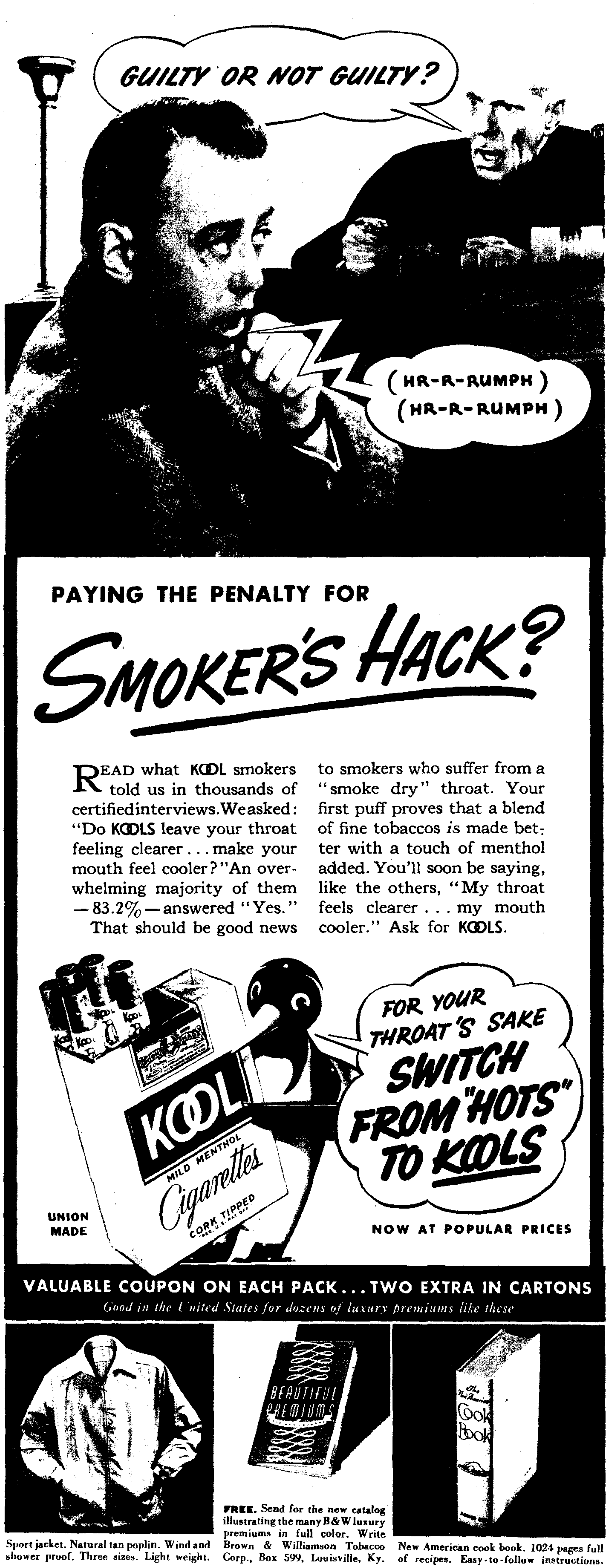
"This way. If anything happens to Alan, I'm going to spill the whole story to the police."

He said, "Now you're talking funny." "What'll stop me?"

"You will, yourself. Alan gets washed



"I'll have to run now, dear, or they'll kid me at the office" AL ROSS


GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?
(HR-R-RUMPH)
(HR-R-RUMPH)
KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes CORK TIPPED
FOR YOUR THROAT'S SAKE SWITCH FROM "HOTS" TO KOOLS
BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS
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READ what KOOL smokers told us in thousands of certified interviews. We asked: "Do KOOLS leave your throat feeling clearer . . . make your mouth feel cooler?" An overwhelming majority of them—83.2%—answered "Yes." That should be good news to smokers who suffer from a "smoke dry" throat. Your first puff proves that a blend of fine tobaccos *is* made better with a touch of menthol added. You'll soon be saying, like the others, "My throat feels clearer . . . my mouth cooler." Ask for KOOLS.

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# Wine—as friendly as a letter from home

## People nowadays find contentment and relaxation in a moderate glass of wine

It's good to find a custom that helps us drop the day's tensions, and draw closer together. Maybe that is one reason more and more people like to share wine.

Raise a glass of wine to your lips. The glamour of fascinating color and bouquet meets you. You discover a taste well blessed with interest. But more important, as you sip wine you come to know it is made on purpose for friendship. Made for the kind of moderate relaxation that most of us want today.

To enjoy wine most, serve it as simply as you would tea or coffee. A new booklet about wine serving is yours free if you write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco. The board represents all the wine growers of California.

What kind of wine to choose? Those who know wine best declare the wines of California are excellent today by any standard in the world. Your wine dealer will help you select among them.

**The world's most *famous all-occasion* wine — nutlike Sherry — is tops as an appetizer before dinner, or as a refreshment in the evening. At meals, the light table wines are best. Red Claret or Burgundy with meats. White Sauterne or Rhine wine with sea food or chicken**

up. You talk. So what? So you're an accessory."

"You know what would happen to you?"

"I still wouldn't be worrying. Get this, Sunny: Maybe you'd do a lot for this guy while he's alive. Once he's rubbed out, you won't want to do anything, because there wouldn't be any percentage in it for you. You're soft for him now—you'll play noble to help him. But you ain't kidding me: You got common sense. You're tough. Once you knew you couldn't help him, you'd start looking out for yourself again. So don't try to rib me about yelling to the cops after it's finished."

"You know me pretty well, don't you, Chuck?"

"Well enough."

"All right then—try to figure whether I'm levelling now—I've made a proposition to you. It's a better deal than you know, Chuck. Because if you did this thing for me, I could come awfully close to loving you . . . so close that you'd never know the difference."

He said, "I'd do 'most anything for you, Sunny. But not that."

"You know where that puts me, don't you?"

"Behind the eight ball."

"No. It puts me where I've got to handle things my own way." She rose and walked across the room to the little ivory telephone table that stood beside her bed. "If the answer is still no, Chuck—I'm telephoning the police."

He rose. It was a smooth, effortless motion. He said, "You better not play that way, Sunny."

"I don't want to. But that's how it is. Do you promise to lay off Alan, or do I telephone?"

"Neither."

"You asked for it, Chuck. . . ." She lifted the receiver.

His voice came steadily: "Don't do that, Sunny."

There was a tense instant. Then she spun the dial.

She never saw Chuck move. It came suddenly, and with incredible speed.

His right hand snapped under his dinner jacket as he leaped forward. It came out holding the vicious little automatic which he always carried. He drew back his hand and reversed the gun with a single deft motion.

He struck hard with the butt of the gun. It crashed against the wonderful hair which was the color of new pennies.

Chuck Williams tossed the gun on the bed, and caught Sunny's sagging body.

Then he disengaged one hand and gently replaced the telephone on its stand.

THE cigarette case which Alan pulled from his pocket was inscribed with initials L. H.; the face which was limned briefly by the flare of a match was the sinister countenance of Lew Hartley, but the young man who sauntered toward the beach wasn't feeling at all like the man who owned the name.

He stretched out in a beach chair and relaxed; mentally and physically. The rich fragrance of cape jasmine and of roses came to him and helped to create a sensation of supreme well-being.

Throughout the evening, Alan had been feeling tops. The apprehension which had haunted him since his first encounter with Gail had been dissipated, and it was good to know that she now understood the strange state of affairs.

He was giving that angle of it some mighty careful thought. He wondered whether he should tell Wayne Hamilton. The decision was not a simple one. He had done what seemed the sensible and proper thing under the circumstances. Yet he wasn't sure whether it would be wise to let Hamilton know.

The night was hypnotic. Alan's thoughts wandered lazily. He was in love with Gail, and what she had done in these past six weeks made him feel humble and grateful. She had worried about him, had changed her whole mode of life.

Yes, it looked good now. Gail was no longer worried about him, and her father had been extricated from the nasty jam which had necessitated this masquerade. Alan had been paid an astonishing sum for a thoroughly pleasant chore, and—looking at it from Hartley's angle—he felt that he had earned the money.

He didn't care for the cash, as such, but what it represented meant a good deal: a long honeymoon with Gail, for instance. And then the sort of apartment they wanted.

It would be pleasant, too, to rid himself of this face he'd been carrying around. They'd remove the scar from over his left eye and they'd carve on his nose again. He remembered the banter of Dr. Sherman Greer: "I can't make it look exactly like it did before . . . but I can promise you a much better-looking nose." Well, that was all right, too. His own nose had been definitely on the flat side since a certain hectic football afternoon in his undergraduate days.

He had other thoughts as he relaxed in the fragrant night: thoughts of Sunny Ralston and of Chuck Williams. He felt a sense of embarrassment when he thought of Sunny: Not because she so obviously was what she was, but because he had no ego at all where women were concerned and never had quite sold himself the idea that Sunny was in love with him.

He hoisted himself from the chair and rambled toward the house. He went in through the front door, and walked upstairs to his room. He snapped on the light and reached mechanically for the jeweled cigarette case.

Then he stood motionless, the unopened case in one hand, the other hand poised in the air. He heard sounds from beyond the door leading to Sunny Ralston's bedroom and the sounds were harsh and unpleasant.

He edged closer to the door. Voices: tight and strained, Sunny's and Chuck Williams'. He caught only a few words here and there, but there was no mistaking the tension. He heard Sunny:

"You asked for it, Chuck . . ." and then the dangerous voice of the man, "Don't do that, Sunny."

ALAN heard something which sounded like a telephone dial. And then another sound.

He couldn't distinguish what that other sound was. Not at first. Not until he realized that it had been followed by what might have been a groan.

Alan flung the door open.

Sunny was in Chuck's arms. She was wearing some sort of intimate, rich-looking robe, which had fallen open. Her eyes were closed, her head sagged unnaturally.

Chuck was easing her onto the bed. Slowly. Gently. Alan looked at the bed.

On top of the absurdly gay coverlet there was a stubby, ugly, black object. A gun.

The room was alive with danger. Chuck's eyes flashed to the open door, to the tall figure of Alan, still clad in his dinner clothes.

Alan saw something in Chuck's eyes that he had never seen before. The eyes which stared across that room from over Sunny's limp figure were the eyes of a killer.

Alan moved forward and asked, "What happened?"

Chuck released the girl and she

'What are you staring at—haven't you ever seen these pink gloves before?'

FRITZ WILKINSON

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BUCKLE on this boot-toe JODHPUR and full-speed ahead! Designed for, and worn by, Army and Navy officers since 1935. Today's authentic military style for all men of action.

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4 OUT OF 5 may have trouble ahead!

At this very moment—Gingivitis may be creeping up on *you* without any warning. Some of the first signs are tender gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth.

This condition, if neglected, may often lead to Pyorrhea, with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. And at home here is—

**One Best Way to Help Guard Against Gingivitis**

Massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Forhan's is unexcelled for both massaging gums to be firmer and cleaning even *dingy* teeth to their natural brilliance.

Forhan's actually helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Forhan's is free from harsh abrasives. Yet Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. Enjoy its *advantages!* All drug and dept. stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

dropped heavily onto the bed. He straightened and for one interminable instant the men looked at each other.

Alan saw Chuck's eyes move to the gun. And as the smaller man made his grab, Alan leaped in. Their hands closed on the automatic at the same instant. Chuck tried to jerk away and Alan hung on. He knew what would happen if Chuck got that gun free.

They struggled desperately. Alan was astounded by Chuck's strength. The man seemed to be made of steel. Then Chuck brought his knee up and it crashed into Alan's groin. The taller man experienced a wave of agony, but he did not relax his hold on the gun. He knew now that he was fighting for his life.

That single desperate kick had made the combat about even; had perhaps tipped the scales slightly in favor of the smaller man. Chuck threshed about, using every trick of barroom fighting he knew: head, shoulders, elbows, feet, knees. Alan crowded close, using his superior weight, feeling the agonizing impacts of the butts and kicks that came with rapid-fire frequency.

IT WAS a grotesque scene; a fantastic climax to a fantastic situation. Two men battling silently and desperately for a gun. An unconscious woman sprawled out on the bed: a seductive figure in filmy lingerie and chiffon velvet.

You find yourself locked in combat with a killer, and you forget the rules. You tolerate agony that would render you helpless under other circumstances. You find yourself employing tactics which come to you instinctively because you know you never learned them anywhere. You butt with your head and kick viciously with your knees. You stretch out your one free arm for a squirming, dangerous figure which is strong as a coiled spring and elusive as an eel. You catch an occasional glimpse of eyes which are filled with deadly hatred. You know that if you ever let go that gun the end will have come.

Alan forced Chuck back against the silly, mirrored dressing table. They crashed into it, and a perfume bottle spilled, filling the room with a too sweet, too pungent odor. Chuck had his back to the dressing table, and Alan took advantage of that. He bent his own bruised but powerful body forward, shoving his forehead into Chuck's face; arching Chuck's body backward . . .

He felt a sudden desperate lunge of Chuck's body. There was fresh strength, amazing new power. Chuck's hand tore the gun loose. Just for an instant . . . and in that instant Alan grabbed for it again.

He caught the hand, caught the gun. He bent the arm down and down. . . . He crowded Chuck tight against the dresser . . .

The explosion seemed to come from nowhere. It was sudden and deafening. Alan felt Chuck's body relax. The acrid smell of powder came to his nostrils.

Chuck Williams dropped slowly to the floor. There was nothing dramatic about it; no crash. He settled down like an empty sack and then sprawled out.

Alan stood looking at the gun in his own hand. He looked at the inert figure, not knowing what had happened

The hall door opened.

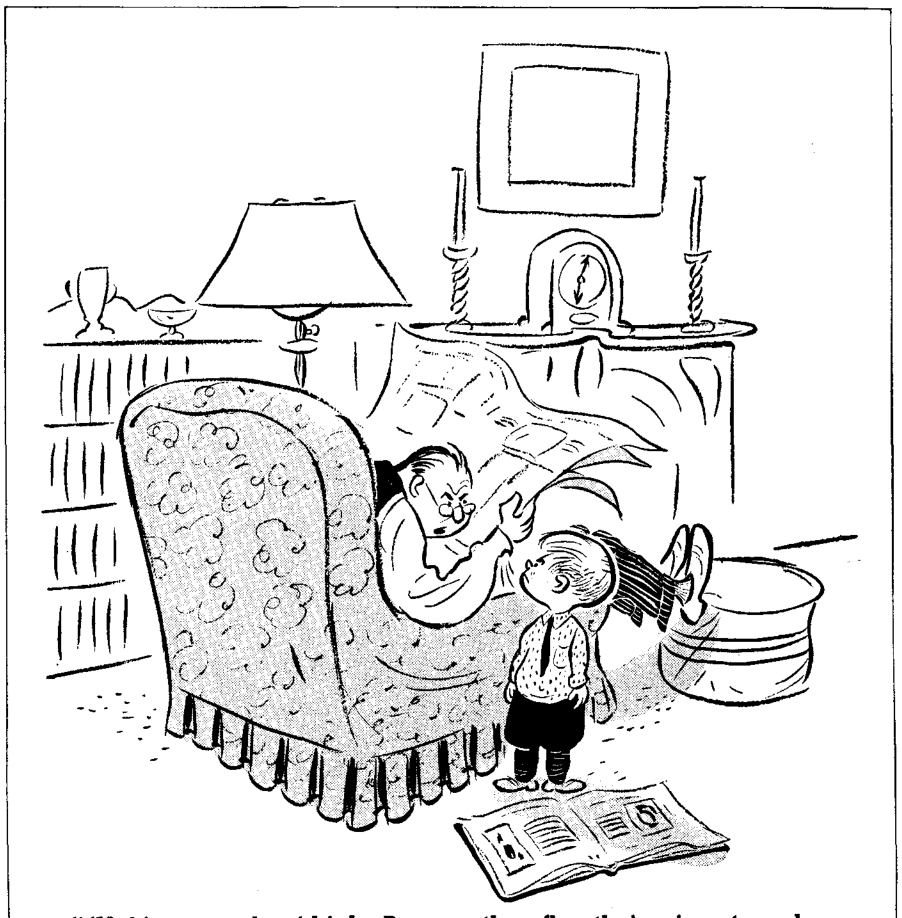
Wayne Hamilton walked into the room. His face was gray. He looked at Alan who stood there—face and shirt front covered with blood—Chuck's gun in his right hand, Chuck's form on the floor.

Wayne Hamilton crossed the room. He bent over the prostrate figure of the pasty-faced bodyguard. He turned him over and felt for his pulse.

Then he rose and looked at Alan Douglas.

"Chuck is dead," he said quietly. "You killed him."

*(To be continued next week)*



**" 'Up' is pretty darn' high. Because they flap their wings to make them fly. It's wet for the same reason that anything without water is dry. Sunday just happens to follow Saturday, that's all. And he couldn't tell a lie because his father saw him cut the tree down. Now, do you think that will hold you till bedtime?"**

DAVID C. GERARD

# China Gold

**Continued from page 16**

and without a trace of anger. "Now when you did not send for me, what could I do but come? I have still no one but you in the world, Elton."

He understood that she did not mean to let him go and the veins thickened in his neck. "What I said to you goes. I'm through!"

She put up her long pale hand and touched her smooth hair. "But you have not the girl. She went away. I said to myself, 'He is too old, and she has gone away.' So I thought, 'Then he will want me again.' Forgive me if I am wrong."

He threw himself down in a chair opposite her. "You didn't live up to your end of the bargain," he said sullenly. "You were to have kept her here."

She shook her lovely tragic head. "No one could keep her here. She went away quickly, telling no one. Where is she? I do not know."

"I know," he said shortly.

"Where?"

He grunted and did not answer. She continued to gaze at him while she sat motionless, waiting. She could sit thus as long as he liked.

Her stillness tonight drove him mad. He was uneasy with desire—with desire, he told himself, for Elaine. He wanted to find Elaine and tell her that he loved her and that she must be his wife. He simply would not allow himself, now that he knew who she was, to go on with this—this Eurasian. It would have been different if Elaine had been merely anybody. But now that he knew who she was, he must do nothing to imperil himself. If she should hear—he rose abruptly and went to his desk and took his checkbook out of a drawer.

"To show you what I mean," he said harshly, as he wrote, "here is a check for a quarter of what I said I'd give you. The rest of it I shall give you when I am married."

He signed his name, and she watched his hand, a square, powerful, cruel hand—ah, she knew it could be a cruel hand! When he wrote his name the pen seemed to stab through the paper. Then he held out the check to her.

"Here—take this and get out."

But she did not move. "What about my monthly expenses?" she asked. "Tomorrow the rent is due."

"There are no more monthly expenses," he retorted. "You will live on this until I send you the rest. Any Chinese could live the rest of her life on this and open up a business to boot!"

"I am not quite Chinese," she said gently.

"You're Chinese enough when you want to be," he snorted. He was still holding the check and he threw it on the desk. "Take it or leave it," he said. He saw her held in that strange stubbornness which he had never understood and he leaped up furiously and strode out of the room.

She waited until he was gone before

# "Hey, Joe!

# ...Wonder what we're worth on the hoof?"

Just in case Joe doesn't know, it cost his country $211 to equip him. Multiply that by an army, and you have a tidy sum of money.

We ought to know. Over *2,400,000 Joes* could be completely outfitted with the $510,000,000 which America's electric power companies paid in taxes last year.

A little mental arithmetic will show you that that's *much more than a million dollars a day!*

We're *glad* our stake in Democracy is so large. The freedom America's fighting for is worth *whatever* it costs.

Even though our taxes have been going up, our rates have been going *down!*

Today, the average household electric user gets about *twice as much electricity for his money* as he did 15 years ago . . . and we're trying hard to maintain the present low levels, in spite of rising costs.

This record of rate reduction is directly due to the careful planning of the business men who manage the nation's electric companies. They were *ready* when the war emergency came. Ready to power shipyards, arsenals and plane plants. **Ready to meet new needs with new construction.**

*And they'll stay right on the job of making America* POWERFUL *until a couple of million Joes go back to* ***civilian*** *clothes again!*

---

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**54 ELECTRIC COMPANIES***

*ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.* *NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

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YOU WERE RIGHT! PAZO RELIEVED THE PAIN, PROMPTLY

There's good reason why PAZO ointment has been used by so many millions of sufferers from simple Piles. First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. PAZO ointment gives you just the welcome, soothing relief you want—makes you feel like a new person. Don't put up with the torment of simple Piles. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist, today.

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Gentlemen: I want PAZO, FREE! (Mailed in a plain wrapper)
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"Freedom Back"

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Ideal, all-weather, all-purpose jacket. Gives freedom from rain . . . freedom from wind . . . freedom for action! *Shoulder, back and sleeve cut in one piece.* No break or binding . . . no seams to give way! Zelan-processed poplin, woven from extra-long staple cotton. Snug elastic waist, invisible Waldes Kover-Zip. 2 roomy pockets, double-snap cuffs. Tan. If your favorite store hasn't "Freedom Back," order direct, stating size.

Revere
SMART SPORTSWEAR
*Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.*
*Malden, Mass.*

she rose and took the check and thrust it into her bosom. Then she opened one of the long French windows and let herself out into the garden. It was not a large garden—land here was too valuable, and only the very old houses in the French Concession had large gardens. This was not an old house. It had been built fewer than a dozen years ago by a war lord who found his millions of loot difficult to keep in Chinese territory and so he had come to the International Settlement where he could be protected by British and French and Japanese police. But they had not been able to protect him, though around his land he had built a ten-foot wall spiked with broken glass. Someone inside the wall had stabbed him one night. And who could tell among the scores of his servants which one it was?

She stole among the shrubberies, her feet noiseless upon the earth. So might she steal in and stab that white man as he slept. The jade ornament in her black hair had a steel dagger under its silver hairpin. She had bought it in Amoy when she was a young girl. It was an old Fukien hair ornament, a weapon which some Fukien woman had worn in the days when strange conquerors had taken the land, and men could no longer protect their women.

She lingered in the darkness, fingering that small, fierce dagger with its jade oval for a handle. Then she thrust it back into the ball of her hair. No, she would not kill him. It was too soon. She could not afford it. She had better wait until she had all her money. Without that money she would have to find another man, and that might be impossible now, when the mask of youth upon her face must soon break.

She stole along the shrubbery at the base of the wall until she reached the gate. The gateman would be asleep at this hour and the night watchman would be making his rounds. She waited, hidden, until she heard the clat-clat of his bamboo slab, struck with a stick. It was far off, at the other side of the house, and she slipped to the gate, drew the bar and let herself out. Later the nightwatchman would discover that open gate but he would be too terrified to tell. It was his duty to keep it locked after darkness.

She was out, she was safe, and she walked until she was sure no wandering ricksha man could know her. Then she hired a ricksha and went straight to her flat and let herself in and locked the door behind her, and sat down before her mirror and leaned her chin upon her hands. She stared into the mirror, but she was not thinking about herself. She was planning, planning.

An hour passed and the telephone rang. She did not heed it and it rang again and again. But she did not answer it. Let him wonder where she was—let him be afraid! As soon as it was dawn she would go to the Japanese headquarters and apply for a permit to go to Ta-ming—no, if she could get it, for a passage by Japanese military plane. She would get there before him.

ELTON in his pajamas and dressing robe rang for his boy. In a moment he heard a knock at his door.

"Come in!" he shouted, and when the sleepy-faced boy appeared, he shouted at him again: "You go my study side and find out if that—that Kung Missie still belong there. Suppose she there, you talkee her masta say chop-chop get out. My no wanchee her this side!"

"All—li—" the boy murmured. Not a flicker of intelligence appeared on his smooth yellow face. He shut the door softly and then heard Elton's shout and opened it again.

"Boy! Bring me a whisky-soda!"

"Can do, masta."

He closed the door again and Elton leaped to his feet and strode about the room, frowning. He ought to have waited until Helen was out of the house. A rejected woman was dangerous enough anywhere, but this one, bitter with her mixed blood—"I won't sleep easy all night if I know she's in the house!" he thought.

The door opened with a soft introductory knock and his boy was back again with the bottles of whisky and soda and a glass on a silver tray.

"Missie no got," he said, pouring the drink.

"No got!" Elton shouted. "What side she go?"

"My no savvy," the boy replied.

Elton was suddenly choked with terror. "You go outside and ask gateman, ask night watchman, see missie have go out big gate."

"Can do," the boy said. He went out noiseless upon his velvet-shod feet, and Elton gulped down his drink. "She must have got up and gone away as soon as I left, the stubborn wench!" he thought.

The boy was back again almost immediately. "Night watchee he talkee no have see missie. Gateman, he go home, no b'long this side."

"Is the gate locked?" Elton bellowed.

"All locked," the boy replied.

"Then the silly fool is here somewhere in the house!" Elton shouted. He considered a moment, and seized the telephone and dialed her number. It might be that somehow she had got out and was at her flat. He listened while the telephone rang and rang, unanswered. She was not in her flat. He hung up the receiver, and felt his blood run cold. It would not be enough to lock the door. The windows gave on to the verandas, and a catlike woman could creep in upon him while he slept. All right, then he would not sleep.

"Get out!" he said to the boy.

When the boy was gone Elton locked the doors and windows, drew the curtains and lay sleepless in his bed. In the morning, he told himself, he'd charter a plane and fly to Ta-ming and bring Elaine back with him. He'd bring her back and marry her—by storm, by force, by love, by reason, he'd marry her somehow! He would overwhelm her with his passion and turn her head with his adoration.

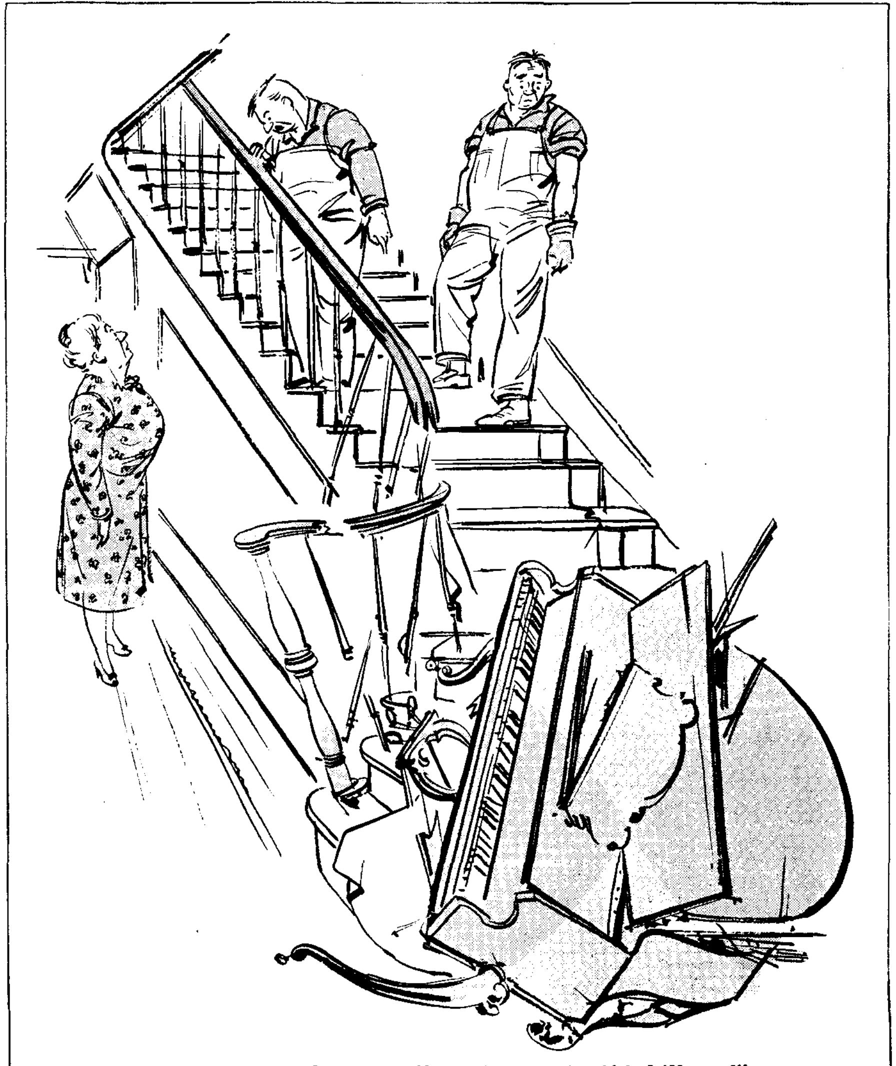
He slept for a few moments just before dawn and woke in a sweat, terrified. But the room was silent about him and he was still alone. The air was stifling and he got up and opened a window. He could sleep no more. Over the half-ruined city the light was beginning to creep out of a gray sky. If he could not get a permit from the American authorities to fly to Ta-ming he would go to the Japanese consul. The Japanese were his friends. He had done them enough good turns for them to do one for him. He rang the bell and when the boy had come he bellowed: "Get my breakfast ready in half an hour! And pack a bag for airplane."

"How many days masta go?"

"Not many—two, three," Elton said.

THE boy disappeared and Elton went into the huge marbled bathroom which had been the war lord's toy. He'd feel better when he was bathed and shaved and dressed. He was relieved the night was over. "I'm not going to worry where Helen is," he thought, "that hag," he added, and wondered with shame that he had kept her as long as he had. "I'm going to be a better man," he thought, lying in the long marble tub. "I'm going to be the sort of fellow an American ought to be, married to a pure little girl!"

He pondered the question of whether he and Elaine ought not to live in the good old States. But he thought reluctantly of the luxury of his life, of the power he wielded here which would be

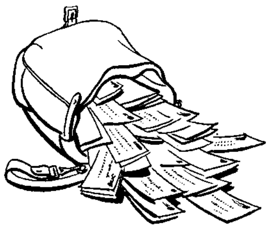


"Don't worry, lady, we'll get it upstairs if it kills us!"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

# *Tender regards from women in love..*

## with their Westinghouse Appliances



Westinghouse holds fast to bonds of friendship. We make it a point to know a great many of the women who use our electric appliances . . . how they like them . . . if the service given is all they think it should be.

This intimate knowledge is important.

Out of our study of homemakers' problems have come countless Westinghouse contributions to better living. The first automatic iron, "True-Temp" refrigeration, the convenient "Look-in" Roaster-Oven are but a few.

How do we get to know our users so intimately? How do we get their frank opinions and ideas? By ringing doorbells and writing letters. Just lately, for instance, Julia Kiene, our Director of Home Economics, sent a letter asking women what they thought of their Westinghouse Appliances.

Then the deluge . . . thousands of replies. Space permits only a random handful of quotations from a mail pouch full of *tender regards from women in love with their Westinghouse Appliances.*

★ ★ ★

### *For* THRIFTY ELECTRICAL LIVING

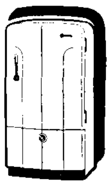
- Use *all* your appliances, but learn to do it with economy.
- Keep your appliances in first-class order.
- Replace worn-out, wasteful appliances with *best quality* new ones.

YOUR WESTINGHOUSE DEALER WILL HELP YOU.

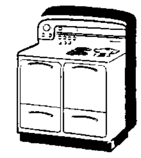
Ask him for your free copy of our new 32-page booklet, "The Care and Use of Electric Appliances in the Home." It's full of helpful suggestions to make your appliances do more and last longer.

And be sure to see him for all repairs, or new appliances. You can count on him to give you valuable pointers on thrifty electrical living.

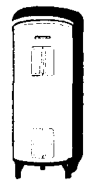
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., MANSFIELD, OHIO



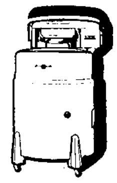
About her REFRIGERATOR, Mrs. H. R. L., Detroit, Mich., writes: "It's the very best. I recommend it to everybody. Find it very saving in electricity."



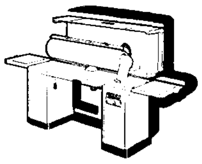
Mrs. J. O. S., Pottstown, Pa., is enthusiastic about her RANGE: "It is wonderful to place your dinner in the oven and know it will be cooked, ready to serve, without further attention."



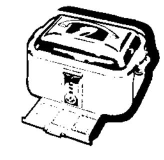
Mrs. T. B., Chicago, Ill., appreciates her WATER HEATER: "I cannot praise this heater enough. Hot water is always there on tap."



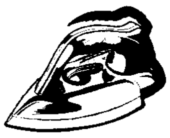
"Excellent!" exclaims Mrs. V. C., Savannah, Mo., about her WASHER: "Do average of 12 washings a week and no repairs. I've used several makes and would not exchange it for any of them."



"A joy forever!" is the report of Mrs. A. W. K., Taft, California, commenting on her IRONER. "An excellent machine."



Mrs. B. S., Evansville, Ind., is in love with her ROASTER: "Completely satisfied. Couldn't hope for any better."



An expression of tender regards for her IRON comes from Mrs. W. S., Portland, Oregon: "The performance of my iron has been perfect. I am satisfied in every way."

P. S. *You, too, will fall in love with Westinghouse Appliances. So make a date with your dealer.*

# Westinghouse

ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES

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**"Look! He's Johnnie Walker, Too!"**

Righto! For Johnnie Walker has so many friends it takes a duet to satisfy all . . .

There's Black Label (12 years old) . . . and Red Label (8 years old).

Whichever age you like, you're bound to like Johnnie Walker. There's smoothness and mellowness in every sip.

*WHEREVER YOU ARE IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH*

**JOHNNIE WALKER**

*BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY*

BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

86.8 proof

BORN 1820 . . . *still going strong*

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

cut easily into half, in New York. "There're lots of fellows in New York like me," he thought. "I wouldn't be any sort of big shot there." He crawled out of the tub and stepped upon his bathroom scales and saw that he had lost four pounds. Immediately he felt cheerful. "I'll let little Elaine decide," he told himself.

"IT IS only for business that I go to Ta-ming," Helen said. Having made her plans she had slept well until noon, and the telephone had not rung again to waken her. She looked very beautiful as she sat before the little Japanese consul.

"What business?" he asked her. He had a small high voice which he tried to make more impressive by constantly clearing his throat. He cleared his throat now, coughed and spat carefully into a square of tissue which he then folded and threw into a metal jar at his side.

"I wish to open a modern café," Helen said. They spoke Japanese. She had learned Japanese when she was a taxi-dancer years before in Amoy. There had been many Japanese in Amoy. So also she could speak French and German, not as well as English and Chinese, in which she was native, but well enough to carry on the limited conversation of men who wanted to make love.

"A café!" the Japanese repeated, astonished. "But it is a very small place, this Ta-ming." He fumbled among some papers, found one and read off the facts about Ta-ming: "A walled city, very ancient, but never large, now some hundred thousand—no, now only fifty thousand, regrettably, many refugees and dead—the citizens resisted very strongly, in spite of all our warnings."

"I go there not to make a café for the Chinese," Helen said, smiling prettily, "but for your soldiers. I am told there is a regiment in Ta-ming, and a captain."

"That is true," the consul replied. "But as soon as the region is subdued they will be withdrawn. Just at present the guerrillas are very unruly. But we have the means to subdue them shortly."

"I can come away when the regiment is withdrawn," she said.

"Are you taking girls with you?" the consul asked. He was plainly doubtful.

"No, I go alone first, to see what house I can rent and what the outlook is. Then I will return, or if you will be so good, I will ask your protection over the first contingent of girls. Or it may be that I may find some girls there in the native houses who may be taught modern ways."

"Our men are not accustomed to women who are too modern," the consul said, leering a little.

"All the better," she replied.

So after a while, during which she sat gracefully silent and waiting, he gave her a permit to go to Ta-ming. She thanked him, rose and then she hesitated. "I dare not ask further favor," she said, "but I am a woman and the train travel is difficult. Could it be that a military plane might be going toward Ta-ming?"

He shook his head. "Our plane did leave this morning," he said. "You are too late. But in any case it would have been impossible. There was but one seat extra and we took a passenger—a friend of mine, an American."

She felt a stab of deep intuition. "Ah, Elton Field," she said pleasantly.

He shot her a look. "How did you know?"

She laughed. "He is a patron of mine," she said pleasantly. "He sent for me last night, you understand—and he told me."

"Ah!" the Japanese said. "Is that perhaps why you go to Ta-ming?"

She smiled, looked shy, and said nothing.

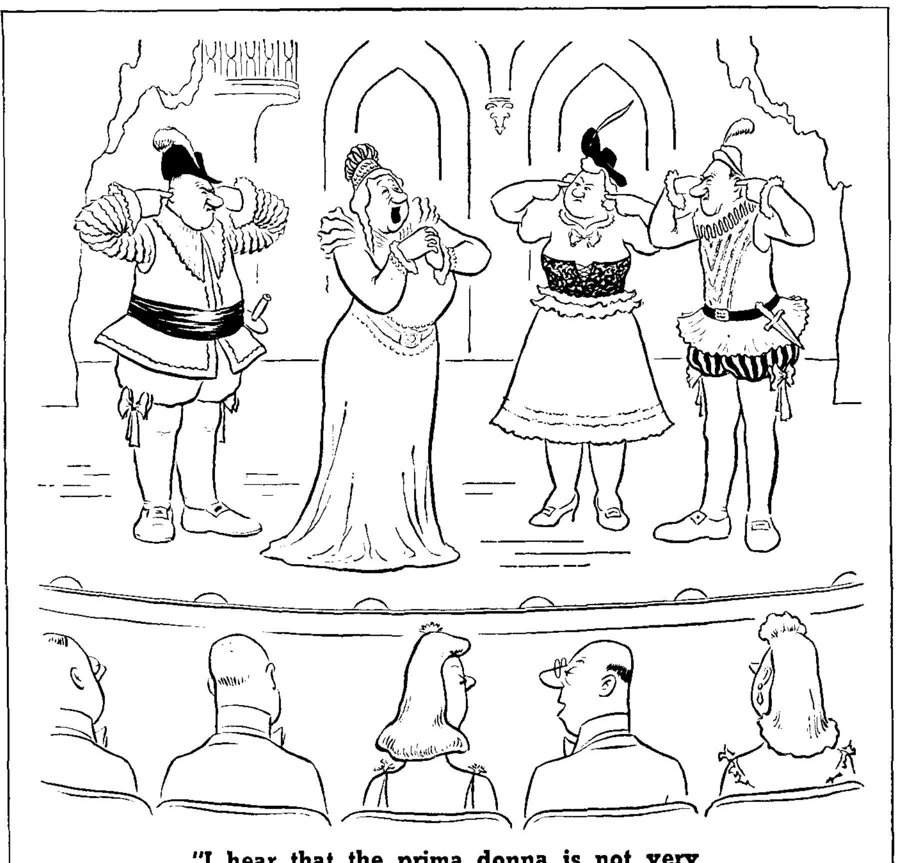
A thick red crept to the consul's high cheekbones and he laughed.

"I might come to Ta-ming myself," he said.

She paused, her hand on the door. "You will be welcome," she said gracefully and smiled. She threw a peculiar meaning into her smile, and saw a look leap to his eyes. Then she closed the door softly between them.

"THE hospital is always full," Rudolf said to Elaine. He was showing everything to her. "A bed is empty but a few minutes before someone else is in it."

They were all improvised beds, she



**"I hear that the prima donna is not very popular with the other members of the cast"**

F. HUMFREVILLE

could see. But everything in the hospital was an improvisation, and most of them were Rudolf's. He was proud of them.

"It is not a hospital from the beginning, but we took the school and made it a hospital. All the pupils are gone—" he shrugged his sturdy shoulders, "but there are many wounded, so, it is good sense only. We have nothing to make hospital, so we make all things. Here is beds, as good as the peasants are used, and the quilts we make and is easy for washing. Here is the disinfecting room—you see, boiling is our only way, because the carbolics we must keep for the humans. Vinegar we spray everywhere, the strong Chinese vinegar. Alas, only that we have not enough of the anesthetics! It is so hard to cut a human being without this sleep, even though it is to save his life."

"Do you mean—you perform operations without ether?"

ELAINE'S blue eyes were unbelieving as she fastened them upon the German's red, honest face. But he nodded, pressing his lips together. Then he said:

"It is not easy at first. But Father Valerian was already doing so when I came. I shall not forget that first time I helped him. He prayed hard all the time, the sweat was running down his body, down his face, down his neck. But his hands did not tremble."

She listened, those blue eyes steadily upon his face. He accepted their honesty and went on: "We have the ether sometimes, and a little chloroform just now. But we have only for a few days—ten at most."

"Why don't you buy more?"

He shrugged and looked patient. "There is none, my dear young lady. It is made altogether abroad and is sent too slowly here. Ah, anesthetic—it is needed everywhere today. And the white man—when they need in Europe will they send to Chinese?"

She cried out, "Then I will buy it!" He threw her a quick glance. He had not yet comprehended who she was, but that she was rich anyone could see. When he had told her that it was not safe to wear such rings in this poor city where there was scarcely one well fed or clothed, she had only refused, with a quick shake of her blond head, to take them off.

"They were my mother's," she said. "Besides, I am not afraid."

He had learned in the few days since she came that she was afraid of nothing. She ate the Chinese food as though it were native to her, and put aside the single fork which Father Valerian owned and used chopsticks. She had yielded once and it was to obey the priest when he told her that she might have only her midday meal with the two men, not breakfast, not supper.

"I have your good repute in this city to consider, my child," Father Valerian said. When she laughed at him for this command he had let her laugh and then had said, "But you will obey me."

So she had obeyed him.

They went back to the wards and through them she followed the German. Faces turned to watch them, sick faces, pallid and yellow as dying leaves, sick eyes, trying to be hopeful. "But why are there so many wounded when here the war is over?" she cried at last. "These are all wounded men."

"The war is not over even here," Rudolf answered grimly. "It goes on every day and every night. These are the Chinese who go on fighting. They come to us one by one straggling over the hills. See!"

He paused by a window that looked down into the court by the front gate. A handful of gaunt, ragged men, all wounded, stood patiently waiting—waiting, it could be seen, for Father Valerian. He came out from the chapel at once, his robe flying back from his long legs, and led them into the hospital.

"Let us go," Rudolf said, "we are needed."

They went down the brick-laid steps and through the waiting room into a small inner room and there was Father Valerian, his robe off, his sleeves rolled back, already examining the first man.

"This man is very bad," he said to them in a low voice. "A chest wound, and he has walked forty miles! Rudolf, we must operate. Will you or shall I?"

"How near to the heart?" Rudolf asked anxiously. "I am so much afraid of the heart yet."

"Then this one I will attend," Father Valerian said. He glanced at Elaine. "My child, I shall ask your help today. It will be a good time for you to begin."

For her life she could not keep from asking, "But chloroform?"

"We must use it here," he replied, "although there is so little, and that is why I say this is the time for you. Where is Chen?"

"Chen!" Rudolf shouted. A slender, tall Chinese came into the room. He was in priest's robes shaped something like Father Valerian's, but modified to be something, too, like an ordinary Chinese gown. Elaine had seen this man everywhere about the mission, but nowhere close until now. He was much with Father Valerian but when she came in he always rose, bowed and went away. "Chen speaks no English though he understands it remarkably well," Father Valerian had told her. "He makes a good priest but were he not a priest, he ought to be a doctor. He is gifted in healing."

Now as he came in, Father Valerian turned to him: "Chen, we must operate on this man's left side. It is, I fear, a bullet still lodged there. I shall need your help with the chloroform."

"Hao," Chen assented. He spoke to the wounded man in Chinese, and the anxious, terrified look on the man's face gave way to eagerness. He poured out his story but Father Valerian interrupted it quickly in Chinese, and Chen led the man away.

"I had better examine the others," Rudolf said. "They are doubtless all wounded in the same cause."

HE HURRIED away and now Father Valerian directed her gently how to prepare herself and how to help him.

"First we must cover ourselves with these large aprons," he said, and drew from a drawer in a cupboard some folded, roughly dried, cotton aprons. "Then we must wash our hands clean. I have two pairs of rubber gloves—very precious—when they are gone, where will I find more? You do not need gloves. I use them only where the man's life is likely to escape me, and I must take all precautions."

"Do you think this man will—die?" She tied the apron about herself. It was much too large and she folded it around her and brought the strings to the front.

"You have seen death?" He put the question to her from under his grizzled eyebrows.

"Only my mother."

She saw him wince. "Death is always the same," he said gently.

He was very fastidious about his hands, scrubbing them patiently for many minutes. When he dried them the skin was red with scrubbing.

"Now," he said, looking at her, "are we ready?"

"Yes," she replied, and swallowed her dread.

But if he perceived that dread he said nothing. He strode ahead of her to a door which he opened with a foot pedal. "That is Rudolf's invention," he said with a half-smile. "It was so hard for

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*Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!*

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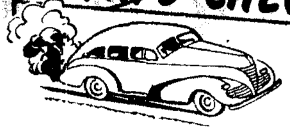

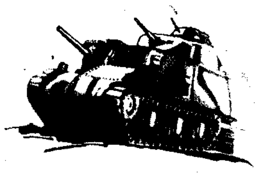

him to remember to touch nothing. This is the operating room."

A long wooden table had been painted white, and a semicircle large enough for Father Valerian's body had been cut into its side. Upon this table the wounded man now lay. He had been washed and covered with a clean sheet. Chen stood beside him.

Elaine waited, while Father Valerian's deep, kind voice spoke syllables she could not understand. The small room was very still except for that voice. It was bare, the walls whitewashed, no furniture except this painted table and the tray of instruments. They were not the shining instruments she had seen in doctors' rooms. They were of iron, very clean, but crude, as though they had been forged. The tin tray had been made from a discarded oil can. She could see the trademark shining out. Chen stood motionless, his pale face neither kind nor unkind. At his side were the funnel and the anesthetic. He was waiting Father Valerian's command.

Then she looked at the face of the wounded man, and forgot the bare room, in that face. It was so naked, so afraid, so eager for comfort and courage. She felt the tears jump into her throat. This wounded Chinese, this ignorant man whom she had never seen before, whose name she did not know, suddenly from him she learned what no teacher and no school had ever taught her—the reality of life, the reality of death. She bit her lips, and the tears overflowed her cheeks. A sob, scarcely more than a gasp, escaped her. But it was enough for the man to hear. He lifted his suffering eyes to her face and asked a question. Father Valerian turned to her:

"My child, he asks why you weep."

She shook the tears out of her eyes and forced herself to speak: "Tell him—I am so sorry!"

SHE heard the words put into that softly voweled speech that the man could understand, and a flicker of a smile came over his face. The edge of terror passed from his eyes. He said something, then he drew a deep breath and closed his eyes.

"God gave you those words, dear child," Father Valerian said to her gratefully. "The poor fellow says that if you can weep for him whom you never saw, we must be good. He is not so afraid."

She tried to smile, and then stood with beating heart while Chen adjusted the funnel over the man's face. Father Valerian was watching her. "Let us be thankful for the chloroform," he said.

"I am," she whispered.

"Now if you will hold this tray at my right hand," he said. "See that each instrument as I put it down is placed so that I see it quickly when I need it again."

"I will," she said unsteadily.

He looked at her, seemed about to speak to her and again he did not. They waited until Chen's calm voice spoke: "He is asleep."

Now Father Valerian forgot them all. He forgot all except that which he must do. He lifted his head and prayed aloud.

"Almighty Father, whose power alone can guide my poor hand aright, give me that power!"

He waited, his head lifted, his eyes open. The silence in the room grew intense. There was only the man's heavy breathing. Even the breathing grew more quiet, more steady. Something was filling the silence. She felt it no longer empty. Father Valerian took up the scalpel.

"HOW are you?" Rudolf was waiting for her at noon in the mission house.

"I am very well," she said. "The man will live."

"Yes, Father Valerian told me."

She sat down and longed for a cigarette. But there were no cigarettes in the city. It was one of the strange things about living in Ta-ming, that one put out one's hand for a common thing and it was not there. Rudolf smoked raw Chinese tobacco in a small bamboo pipe with a brass bowl.

"HE was wonderful," she said, putting the thought of a cigarette away from her. It was so small a thing not to have. "Has he really never had any medical training?"

"He has plenty, but like that you saw today."

"He knew exactly where to cut," she exclaimed. "At first—I felt sick. Then I forgot. He cut so exactly, so delicately—"

"He memorizes whole pages of anatomy, I think, like the Lord's Prayer."

"Does he? And then he found the bullet, just by touch. He felt the tissues very delicately, then put down the point of the knife, and there it was—of course the pus—"

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She turned her head away and he said very quickly:

"Do you not wonder at the instruments? He had them made here at a blacksmith shop. He drew the pictures and then the blacksmith, who had only made plows for oxen and butcher knives, made these somehow. I have seen Father Valerian standing at the forge while the man holds down a bit of iron, red hot, and listens to the Father tell him how to shape it. And then he spends hours polishing the rough iron and sharpening the edges. He says, especially when there is no anesthetic to be had, the edge must be sharp and clean."

"There is going to be anesthetic, " she said. "I shall tell Barney to send it by clipper."

"Ah, but how to get it by clipper here!" Rudolf exclaimed. "It is more precious than diamonds to everybody. The enemy also, if they know what it is, they will take it before ever we get it."

"Then I will go to the Coast and fetch it myself," she said.

Father Valerian entered with his quiet swiftness.

"You will fetch what, my child?"

"Ether, chloroform, novocain—every anesthetic there is—"

"God sent you here, that I begin to know," he said heartily.

Rudolf laughed. "Now you may stay, *perhaps, Miss Brian!*" he cried. "Whenever this good man can be sure God is responsible, he withdraws his disapproval."

They laughed, while Father Valerian smiled into his beard. Lao Ling grinned as he brought in the bowls of food. These two men had never laughed so often before the young white woman came.

Who she was, no one in Ta-ming knew nor why she had come. At first people gossiping about the streets had thought she must have come to marry the German. But no, she was an American, and it now seemed she had come to marry no one. There was no truth to any gossip. Ying Ma, the matron of the women's ward in the hospital, said she slept in her own room every night, and that the German did not come near her.

The priest, of course, was a man of God, and God filled him so full there was no room for a thought of woman. It could be seen by anyone the difference in the two white men. Lao Ling watched them as they ate. The priest looked at the young white woman as a father looks upon a child. That she was female was accident and meant nothing to him. But the German looked upon her as man looks upon woman anywhere when she is young and beautiful.

As a matter of truth, Lao Ling knew more about Elaine Brian than either of the white men. He had picked up an acquaintance at a tea shop, an elderly man from Shanghai who, he said, was here on business. This man Li, by surname, had been cook to a woman in Shanghai who had as her big-man a white man, whose friend this white girl was. How could a man and woman be friends?

LAO LING stopped his pondering to close his eyes and cross himself as Father Valerian said grace over the rice and cabbage and bean curd. Meat was no longer to be had anywhere in Ta-ming unless one were a Japanese.

Rudolf never closed his eyes during grace, for he would not be a hypocrite. He had spent many of his evenings in this house listening to Father Valerian's reasons for faith, but he made no pretense. He had no faith. "My dear priest," he had replied to Father Valerian with vast good-humored skepticism, "I, who struggle so hard and long to have a little faith in my fellow man whom daily I see, must I also struggle to have faith in a Being whom I have never seen?"

"Rudolf, God's goodness is in you, whether you know it or not," Father Valerian had replied.

"Then He will forgive me if I do not believe Him," Rudolf said. "Surely He will, if He is good, for I, who am only a man, would easily forgive another man if he did not believe in me, especially if he had never seen me. Why should he believe in me, I would say heartily. If God is so good He also will ask Himself this question."

Therefore Rudolf did not close his eyes. Instead he found himself looking at Elaine's lashes upon her cheeks. It was at this moment while he was watching her face that he felt sick and faint with the suddenness of his knowledge. He loved this girl.

"Amen!" Father Valerian murmured.

Elaine opened her eyes upon Rudolf's face opposite her. He was staring at her so strangely that she cried out:

"What is wrong, Rudolf?"

At the sound of his name upon her lips he went ashy. He pushed himself back from the table and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Excuse me," he muttered. "I do not feel—myself," he hurried out of the room.

But Father Valerian followed hard upon him. He had not closed the door of his room behind him before Father Valerian opened it again and closing it, stood against it.

"Rudolf," he said gently, "what is the matter with you? You were perfectly well a moment ago. I thought you had never looked better than when I came in and you were talking to her."

IT DID not occur to this honest German to hide anything from his friend. He stared at Father Valerian as dazed as though a piece of heaven had fallen upon his head and stunned him. "While you prayed, Father, I kept my eyes upon her face. Her eyes were closed, and I saw her as I had never seen her before. I had a revelation."

The priest's high brow broke out into a slight perspiration. "You should have kept your eyes closed during prayer," he murmured.

"It would have been only to postpone the revelation," Rudolf retorted. "I love her—I have loved her ever since the first moment I saw her."

"Oh dear God!" Father Valerian muttered and crossed himself.

"Do not cross yourself," Rudolf said. "It happens everywhere that a man loves a woman. And remember—you loved this girl's mother."

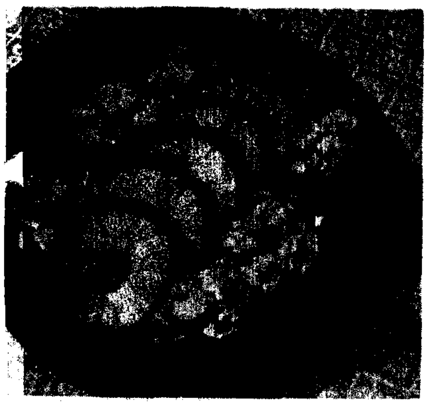
"To God and to me, she is what she is," Father Valerian said hastily. "But before men—Rudolf, she is—Rudolf, the reason I did not—here is the trouble—her mother was the richest woman in the world. This is her only child. She came here to find me. I do not doubt, if we only know it, that elsewhere in the world people are distracted because she is lost. She must go back, Rudolf. She does not belong here—not to me, not to you. God in his goodness let her come. But she must go back. She must, of a surety, go back."

The two men stared at each other, hard, for a moment. Then Rudolf said very quietly, "Of course—she must go back."

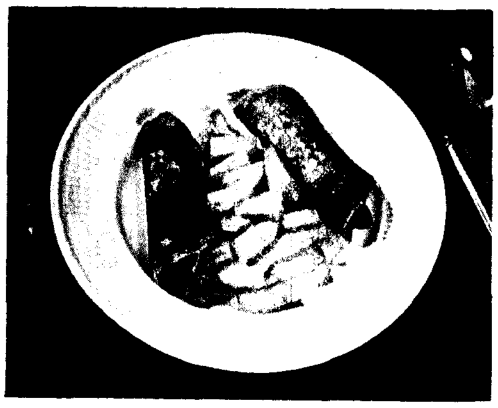
Father Valerian put out his hand and took Rudolf's and clasped it in both of his. "How good a man you are, God knows," he said, and went back to Elaine.

*(To be continued next week)*

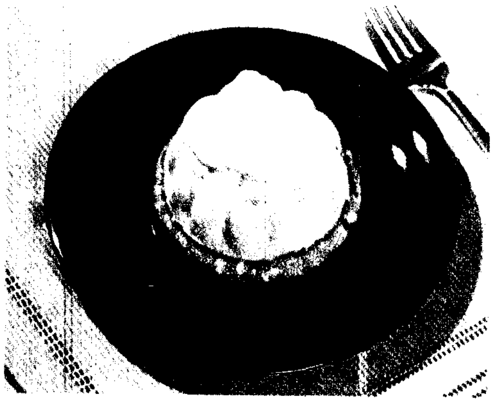
**Up With The Sun**—thrills with a surfboard . . . Ah! Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice . . . true, undiluted juice from field-ripened pineapples . . . that tastes so good at breakfast or *any time!*



**Dole Hawaiian Sliced Pineapple** surrounded with lettuce leaves filled with shrimps makes an unusual Lenten salad plate.



● **Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Tidbits** sautéed and served with sausage wrapped in thin griddle cakes . . . a tasty breakfast dish.



● **Dole Hawaiian Crushed Pineapple** is a luscious addition to Spanish Cream, cake fillings, and frozen desserts.

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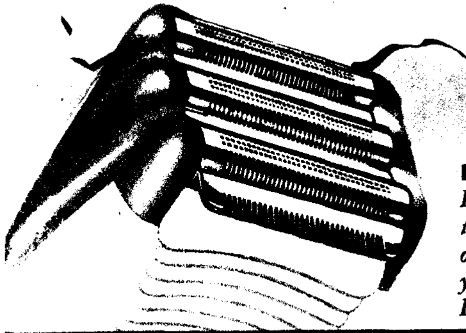

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REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS
AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING

# Pilot's Choice

*Continued from page 18*

instructor's room and donned flying togs, smarting mad. Dignan tried to placate them:

"New broom, lads. He's seen the elephant and heard the owl. You birds will be just the same one of these days. You hear one archie go 'whoof' and you're a veteran. It—"

"What gets me," growled Stegg, a pilot officer, as he clicked his chute catch savagely, "is why we have to stand for this patronage stuff. Forfar is the kind of an American that gives the rest of us a bad name. He was in the class behind me at Borden and we both come from Los Angeles. He doesn't know me now because he's had six months on operations and I've been instructing for a year. If he ever tries to pour the coal to me on that count I'll sock him one!"

"Six months is quite a time, war flying." Dignan adjusted his harness carefully. "Just treat him white, boys, and he'll come around. He's young yet—like the rest of us."

IN THE days to come, Dignan had cause to doubt his own advice. Forfar bade fair to develop into a tyrannical martinet, and the tempo, as he had prophesied, speeded up. Feverishly so. He frowned on the easy familiarity between instructors and their students. He discouraged the lack of reserve between commissioned officers and the lads who wore sergeants' chevrons but did the same work. He brought the rumble book out and mulcted instructors and students impartially for minor infractions of rules, both written and unwritten, that had hitherto been regarded as the merest of peccadilloes. And he put Dignan on the mat for smoking in the air.

"Do I understand,"—Forfar was very much the officer commanding A Flight, crisp with authority—"Flying Officer Dignan, that you were smoking in a plane while on an instructional flight with a student?"

They were alone in Forfar's office.

"Sure." Dignan nodded agreeably. "I smoke, when I feel like it. It gives me a lift. You know what the ad says. Reach for a—"

"That will do." Forfar checked him curtly. "You will hear more of this. You may go."

"Very good, sir." Dignan clicked his heels and saluted formally. He spoiled the effect by adding conversationally, "Got a student waiting, one of the new Aussies. Collingwood Woolett. I just call him Wooly for short. Good nickname for a mutton eater, eh?"

Forfar grabbed a pen and began industriously signing week-end passes. But Dignan noted the anger spreading redly on his cheeks and was somewhat mollified thereby.

The squadron commander was very nice about it. He reminded Dignan that there was such a thing as discipline to be maintained and he neglected to sign the book for Dignan's forty-eight hours bi-monthly leave. Dignan spent the week end flying, thereby relieving Stegg who took the opportunity of enjoying the afternoon movie at the village of O'Ryan with a young lady. It was just his bad luck, he later remarked ruefully, that Forfar was driving down the main street as they came out.

Forfar had Stegg and Dignan up before him the following morning.

"In future," he stated briskly, "whenever anyone in this flight forfeits his forty-eight it does not mean that he relieves one of the pilots on duty. Might be just as well, Stegg, if you skipped your next forty-eight."

"Hey, wait," protested Stegg. "This week end I've promised to go to—"

"Have you?" Forfar grinned thinly. "I'm *in charge here*. And you might remember what they taught you in the initial training school, Mr. Stegg, when addressing your flight commander."

THE erstwhile camaraderie of A Flight was practically a memory by the time the wind settled into the west and really began to blow. It started at dawn and Dignan, on duty at daybreak, told the flight crew to roll the Ansons inside again. Five minutes later the washout flag flew from the control tower.

When a man could lean up against the wind without falling over, it was a washout, even at O'Ryan.

Forfar bustled in at eight-thirty where the instructors watched vagrant tumbleweeds hurtle down the east-west runways and the air was hazy with a mixture of dust and dry snow. He said brightly:

"Washout, eh? What would you do if you were over the North Sea in a Wellington and you had one hour's fuel left? This is pretty soft, to washout for a breeze like this. Why, we flew in. . . . Okay, put the students to work cleaning up."

"They are studying, sir," Dignan explained. "Ground-school exams coming up next week and—"

He stopped because Forfar was staring meaningly at him. Most meaningly. Dignan reacted abruptly to the austere reminder of authority. The authority of senior rank with which there is no argument.

"Very good, sir. We'll put the students to work."

Forfar went out. Dignan grinned mirthlessly at the other instructors, and what he saw on their faces was what he felt himself. It was about time someone told Forfar something.

"For two pins," breathed Mr. Stegg, "I'd hang one on that guy. What'd they do to a fella for that, hey? Send him overseas? If I thought so I'd try it."

"Rash experiment," dissuaded Dignan. "And listen to that wind! It's working up to a peak now after blowing a steady thirty day and night for a week. Maybe it's the wind that's getting Forfar down. I think I'll go and chin with him. Wind used to bother me a bit when I first came."

"How diverting!" Stegg shrugged, pantomiming disgust. "Go ahead. I'll organize the fatigues if you tell him what I think of him. Don't pull any punches either. But you will, of course."

FORFAR was facing the window to the field when Dignan entered and clicked his heels.

"Morning, sir. May I have a word with you?"

"Shoot." Forfar didn't move.

Dignan waited . . . waited until Forfar finally turned and he saw the misery in the young man's eyes. Forfar looked at him impersonally for a moment before he recovered with a perceptible start.

"Oh—sorry, Dignan. Didn't mean to be rude but I was . . . thinking."

"Okay," said Dignan, uncomfortable because he had caught Forfar with his guard down and the man had troubles. He had actually forgotten Dignan was in the room! "Just wondering if you'd like a bottle of pop. Sending up to the canteen for some."

Forfar said, "No, thanks," absently and turned to the window again. Dignan went back to the instructors' room where he settled in a chair and dozed until Stegg pulled his arm.

"Hey, wake up, Grampa. Forfar wants you on the double."

Dignan yawned, and shook himself. He was still yawning when he met Forfar in the passage between the offices. But it was a different Forfar—a smiling, happy-eyed Forfar.

"Hi, Dignan, I have to get to Calgary in the devil of a hurry. C.O. says I can fly up if you have a navigation flight on. Just drop me off there. Wind at Calgary is only normal. Take that Aussie, Woolett. Give him a cross-country and instruments check. I'll be ready as soon as I can get my bags."

Dignan turned back into the room and reached for his flying suit. Stegg caught his arm. Fuming Mr. Stegg.

"Messenger boy, eh? Just because Big Shot Forfar wants to get to Calgary in a hurry to keep a heavy date. Know what the wind is?"

"Between fifty and sixty," said Dignan, unperturbed. "We'll be out of it soon and—"

"Yeah," grinned the skeptical Stegg. "And two yeahs. You tell Forfar to hire a hack and you stay on the ground. There's bad weather coming!"

"Cautious old man," accused Dignan. "What you trying to do, scare me? Or don't you want Forfar to keep his date?"

"No kidding. Bad weather coming. You stall him off for an hour and I'll bet you won't go."

"Hi, Wooly." Dignan thrust his head through the wicket to the students' room. "We aviate. Get organized and hop down to the control tower and file a flight plan to Calgary and return. We'll take seven, seven, eight. And get a weather report."

"Right, sir." A stocky, apple-cheeked, bristle-haired Australian youth dropped the handle of his heavy floor polisher with a clatter. "Here worms—somebody drag this. The men fly!"

FORFAR handed Dignan a Gladstone and a handbag before climbing aboard. Dignan leaned out of the door to speak to the corporal in charge of the ground crew. The wind had a feeling of eerie solidity even in the partial shelter of the hangar. No time to waste as the weather report corroborated Stegg's gloomy prediction. Dignan said:

"Tell the lads to hold me while I swing on to the parking strip. I won't try to make the runway. She'll go up like a kite in this wind."

The corporal nodded.

The motors snarled, the air screws bit, and the Anson was snatched off the ground in twice its own length. They hurtled aloft.

Dignan, frowning, stared ahead. The cloud bank before them stretched from the summits of the Rockies, thirty miles westward, to the limit of the eastern visibility. He glanced down at the railroad off their port bow and it seemed almost closer; certainly no farther away. That meant their drift had lessened.

"Now, Wooly," he warned, "in about ten seconds you'll see . . . Ooomph!"

They were squashed into their seats. The Anson went up vertically, level. The vertical speed indicator spun around the dial. The altimeter needle jerked and jumped. Dignan said, "Hold her, son. We're in the daddy of all the updrafts. Steer ten more east. Make it fifteen."

THE altimeter settled at nine thousand, two hundred feet. Ahead and below was a world of diverse clouding. Rolling puffs of white, gray scuds of flying mist and filmy draperies whose hues were somber. Dignan's eyes tightened. Streaks of gray and dark gray went past them to the east, beneath. The plane was drifting west! Thin wisps of vapor curled around them.

Forfar's hand on his shoulder. Forfar's voice at his ear: "I'll take it."

"No!" Dignan shook his head violently. Forfar went back to his seat and the headset:

"Maybe you didn't hear me, Dignan. I want to take over. Please change seats with me."

"I never turned over control of any plane yet that I was flying," Dignan said heavily. "I'm flying this crate with my pupil and you're a passenger. When we land I will turn it over to you, if you insist. But not now. Not here. Not while we are in flight. Is that clear, sir?"

"Don't be a fool," snapped Forfar. "This is a bad-looking mess underneath and I want to get to Calgary. Let me have control."

"No."

"That's an order, Dignan!"

"Not in this plane. Don't bother me! Unless I'm a liar we're drifting west over the mountains. We'd best go back to O'Ryan."

"Turn, sir?" asked Woolett.

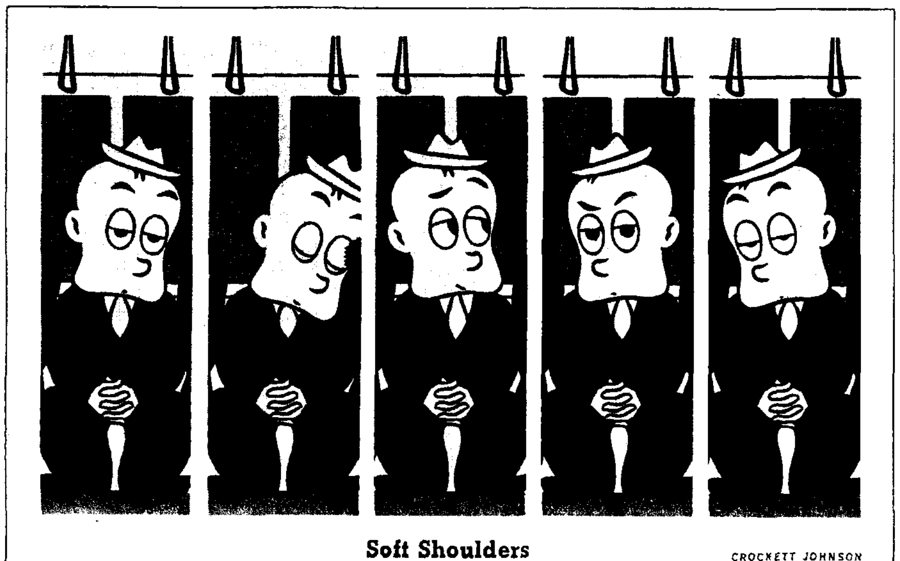
"Yes," said Dignan, "and—Coooooo! Look what comes! Another front on top of this one! The whole works have gone blaaaa! And us in a doggoned old Anson!"

Out of the east a precipice of cotton wool bore down upon them. Dignan watched it anxiously as Woolett turned the plane back toward O'Ryan. Forfar craned his neck as they both stared out of the side windows.

The new front was coming fast. Too fast! They could not evade it by heading for O'Ryan. And Dignan could feel the clammy touch of disaster, dire and imminent, because he knew what that wall of vapor probably meant. It would be a cold front.

Ice!

Clear ice that would coat wing surfaces, ailerons and rudder with a locking grip no less than steel. It would render the controls useless. The Anson


Soft Shoulders

CROCKETT JOHNSON

WHENEVER
√ YOUR THROAT IS DRY-PARCHED
√ YOU HAVE A COLD OR SORE THROAT (Don't take chances)
√ YOUR VOICE IS HOARSE
√ YOU DEVELOP SMOKER'S COUGH
√ YOU HAVE "MORNING-AFTER MOUTH"
√ YOU'RE TIRED OF OTHER CIGARETTES
Spud
Imperials
ACTUAL SIZE
20% More Length—equal to 4 extra cigarettes per pack!

Got a Cold?

It's Time to Give Your Throat a Rest!

Change to Spuds

Enjoy Their Soothing Coolness!

Never let a cold or a sore throat spoil your smoking pleasure. Change to Spud Imperials—the *mildly mentholated* cigarette. They're *specially designed* to protect your throat from the irritation caused by ordinary cigarettes. Spud Imperials give you:

**MILDER MENTHOL**—Because *just enough* soothing menthol is distributed evenly throughout the cigarette by an exclusive patented process. *No menthol overdosing!*

**GREATER SAFETY**—Because the special moisture-retaining agent used in Spuds does not produce the common throat irritant present in the smoke of nearly *all other* cigarettes. And, because Spuds are 20% longer, you get a still cooler and better-filtered smoke.

**EXTRA QUALITY**—Because only finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness—are used in Spud Imperials. No coupons—*just fine tobaccos.*

Try new improved Spud Imperials for a few days. Or smoke them regularly, as thousands do—purely for pleasure. But *by all means* change to Spuds whenever your throat is irritated. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc.

New Improved SPUD Imperials

THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE

I'm just nuts about my Lady Buxton— it's so utterly useful!
Lady Buxton
A Calendar of Gifts
by Buxton

***Isn't the removable Magic Purse grand?*** I love it because it's a gay little purse and has an intriguing shape. I use it "solo" when I want to carry small change only. And when I want to carry my change *with* my notes, I lock the purse back into the billfold—and it becomes *part* of the billfold.

**$5.** *"Three-Way" in selected Goatskin with Magic Purse —others from $3.50 to $7.50.*

**(Below)**
**$3.50** *zipper model with Magic Purse.*

**(Left)**
**$2.00** *Magic Purse model with open window.*

**Other Lady Buxtons from $1.00**

*Free!*
**GIFT SUGGESTIONS GALORE FOR EVERY OCCASION**

From small remembrances at 75¢ and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25.00. Tells about leather. Gives directions for attractive gift wrappings. Write Buxton, Inc., 4272 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass., or Dept. C, 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

**It's the one billfold that really keeps that "just-bought" look. Do you know why?**

It's made in a unique and patented way that prevents bulges and buckles which so soon mar the looks of ordinary billfolds. For there's a "give and take" tailored into a Lady Buxton that lets it expand smoothly when you cram it full, eases it into snug fit when you lighten the load. So insist on Lady Buxton by name.

***When I'm on a trip,*** I like a secret hideout for my important bills and papers. So I lift out the inner partition of the billfold, reverse it, put it back. It locks itself into place . . . keeps contents well out of sight.

***When I'm buying up the town!*** I want a billfold that keeps everything in apple-pie order. My Lady Buxton has three full-length compartments and half a dozen small ones just for that. Neat as a filing case.

***When I go in for Glamour!*** For evening wear, I remove the inner partition entirely. What does Lady Buxton give me? A complete, streamlined wafer-thin billfold, to add a dash of color to my ensemble.

***With sweaters, slacks and ski togs***..the Magic Purse is grand for odd change! I lift out the "flaplock," get a smart, roomy purse. I reverse the motions. In a jiffy the Magic Purse is doubly locked in!

was a training plane. A fair-weather training plane. It had no de-icers.

Or rime ice, that might blow off in the slip-stream. Might. Or it could build up on the leading edges of the airfoils, upset the lift and—

"Turn due west," Dignan told Woolett, quietly, because he was afraid. "Open her full out. Bust those throttles right through the gate. We've got to outrun it—over B.C."

"You're crazy," said Forfar crisply. "Turn east and let down through it. Dive. We're over the prairie yet. I'm due in Calgary."

"Calgary! Let me do this or you'll finish in a warmer place than Calgary." The motors screamed as Woolett wrenched the plane westward and pushed the throttles deliberately forward to their very limit. The emergency limit, past the wires that normally held them to the makers' fastest guaranteed speed. Dignan caught himself and moderated his further reply: "Daren't do it, skipper. We're drifted too far already. Hold tight and we'll outrun it and get organized again over B.C. I know these mountains east and west and north and south. Maybe you'll keep that date yet."

"*You* settle down." Forfar's voice grinned. "You sound scared."

"Well, I am." Dignan bristled again. "I'm plenty scared right now."

THE new front rode their tail and gained on the Anson. The old front boiled upward and they were trapped between. The sky danced. Their limited world went insane as broken battlements of fleece fought with jagged ramparts of spiky mists, applauded by whirling wraiths in frilly white. They were alternately glued to their seats and then left seemingly without support as the seats dropped away from them.

"Climb," said Dignan desperately, baffled. An occlusion! A meeting of opposing fronts whose turbulences no man could gauge or foresee. All he could do was say his prayers. "Climb. We'll get above it . . . maybe."

The floor tilted. The frantic instruments on the panel jiggled and spun. They clawed for altitude while the mist reached for them. The formless writhing tentacles whose clutch was ice.

Barely twelve thousand feet on the altimeter. Vertical speed zero! The over-revving motors were giving up the last atom of their might and yet the fog surged closer around them. The vertical speed needle drooped below the zero mark. They were losing height with full power!

"Okay, Old Man Dignan." Forfar seemed to sigh. "You know all the answers even if meteorology was my pet subject. Look—ice on the windows. Wouldn't let down over the prairie, eh? Now you'll let down in a chute."

"Yuh," grunted Dignan, not trying to hide his worry. "I dunno. You jump in these B.C. mountains in the winter and you're a goner anyhow. It's ice all right. Nose down, Woolett."

"My fourth jump," announced Forfar lightly. "But I hate to lose my best civvies. Wonder if I could hang on to this grip on the way down. Could do if I put the straps through my harness. I paid ninety bucks for that suit alone."

Too cool, Dignan thought with a pang. So was Woolett. Young fellows didn't scare. Life was a game with them. A grand game. Only old men got fussed. Ice on the wings. How much? The windows were coated. He smashed his gloved fist through the glasstex and his heart almost stopped.

He saw something worse than ice.

Dignan stiffened in his seat. A wink, a flash, a glimpse of a bulk through the swirling mists. It was terrifying and enormous. A gigantic pyramid edged toward them as he seized his dual wheel in both hands and threw his weight on the rudder bar.

"I have control." His throat was in a vise as he banked. "It's a jump! We're below the peaks—and going down. Jump now. I know this place. We are over Elk Lake. Follow the shore to the river and a mile down there is a trapper's cabin. I'll let down as slowly as I can in a rate-and-a-half turn while you bail out."

"You jumping, sir?" asked Woolett quietly. Too quietly.

"No," said Dignan. "I got you here and I'll try to land this crate. There's a mile-long field of ice below us and I'm going to put it down. Don't bother me. Jump—both of you."

"I'm riding," said Woolett grimly. "Out home any cove that would bail out and let—"

"Shut up," gritted Dignan. "I saw a hill I know. I know the height of it. I know the height of this lake below us. I know how wide the valley is. I've got room to turn if there is no wind drift. I don't need any help. Jump!"

"I'll ride," Woolett said between his teeth. Forfar stood at their backs, gripping their seats against the pitch of the Anson's floor, tilted down and sideways. His head was between them.

"I'm letting down." Dignan hauled the throttles back and speech was easy without the phones. "Jump now or forget it. I've got to watch the clock, the compass, the air speed, rate of turn, altimeter. Shut up and jump!"

"It can't be done," Forfar insisted. "One chance in a million. Come on, Dignan. Let's not play being heroes. We'll all jump. Be nice now. I don't want to get all smeared over the hills. I've got a date in Calgary that I want to keep—sometime."

"No!" Dignan barked. "This lake is forty-seven hundred and thirty-two feet. I'm leveling fifty feet above that and stalling in. Either jump or strap yourself in, Forfar. Please!"

Silence. Rate of descent three hundred feet a minute. Air speed ninety. The altimeter needle went slowly down . . . down . . . down.

"It's been nice knowing you, Dignan," said Forfar bitterly. "You stupid, conceited, cross-grained, bughouse old relic of yesterday!"

The altimeter crept to forty-seven hundred and eighty feet. The floor leveled. Air speed eighty, seventy, sixty-five. They lurched, staggered, shuddered . . . on the stalling point, mushing down and forward.

Dignan cut the switches, and silence stabbed them. He was a rigid statue as he pulled the wheel all the way back and held it. The silence was tremendous with the motors off. They had no sense of time, or depth, or space, or distance. Somewhere below was the earth. Below and around them. They could see nothing. Could feel nothing—except disaster.

Abruptly the Anson fell from under them. Fell—bumped, slewed and skidded to a dead stop in the loneliness of fog.

"WELL"—Forfar breathed deeply—"you got us here, Dignan. We seem to be down and in one piece. But I say we were fools not to jump. Just blind luck that we lost the wind. Horseshoes to you, fella!"

"To right, sir." Woolett jerked his belt free. "I was in a fair funk—even if we were out of the bumps."

Dignan drew his glove across his wet forehead. "I never bragged much," he said harshly. "And no man on God's earth could have put this Anson down here today but me. And I should be on ground duties, hey?"

"You were lucky," insisted Forfar. "Just plain lucky. Where are we?"

"On Elk Lake. After a while we'll

look for that cabin. I don't think I was ever so scared before. And I'm just lucky, am I?"

"Yes. A wise man would have jumped."

"Lucky!" Dignan took out his cigarettes. "Here's another chance to discipline me for smoking in a plane with a pupil. Lucky! I saw a mountain I knew because I built a cairn on it once. I camped overnight on the part I could see through the fog. Why we could see it at all through all that mist I don't know. But I did, and I located myself and I made a letdown on instruments. You call that lucky! Wait until you see the mountains all around us when this stuff lifts. Lucky? Bah!"

Forfar grinned and Dignan's control shredded.

"We stuck our heads in a noose because you had a date—an important date—in Calgary. Why, you—"

Forfar's smile fled. His face twitched. His eyes grew bleak.

"Don't get hysterical, Dignan. Yes, I had a date in Calgary. I married a girl in England. She wouldn't come out with me because her mother got wounded in one of the smaller blitzes. When her mother died she didn't want me to be worried so she didn't tell me when she got a passage. Wanted to surprise me, I guess. Sent me a telegram today. Now first thing she will hear is that I am lost somewhere."

Dignan pinched out his smoke before he reached out and jerked the compass loose from its fittings, turned and started off abruptly.

"Let's go, you guys," he said.

THE snow was powdery and knee-deep. For twenty minutes they plodded silently in single file, until Dignan stopped.

"Tough mushing in this stuff without snowshoes," he panted. "Here's the river. About a mile to the cabin. Hope there is somebody home. It's a fifty-mile walk to civilization but if the fog lifts we can fly out. Tomorrow or the next day."

"Ummm." Forfar slipped past him, walking strongly, without effort. Woolett paused by him.

"My first snow, sir, and I'm enjoying it. That was a bonzer landing."

"Not bad." Dignan fell in behind. He was tiring. That business of the Anson had taken it out of him. His knees ached. He wanted to sleep. He bumped against Woolett, who steadied him with a hand.

"Clearing a bit, sir. See, the trees. Hold my belt and I'll give you a tow."

"I'm all right," Dignan said firmly, but his hand found the belt and held it. "Oh, I won't argue. Go on then. Be a horse if you insist."

"What's wrong?" Forfar came back to them, his coat on his arm. "Getting tired?"

"Yes," said Dignan. "This deep snow makes me tired."

Forfar and Woolett had him by the arms, walking abreast, when they came upon the cabin with a beaten path to the waterhole and smoke standing from the chimney, black against the mist that still kept visibility to a matter of fifty yards. Forfar called:

"Hello. Anybody home?"

The door opened. A shirt-sleeved man peered out and then ran to meet them.

"Fliers! I heard your plane. Anybody hurt?"

"Nobody hurt." Forfar picked Dignan up in his arms. "Just a little bit weary. We fliers don't get enough walking these days to keep in shape."

The savory odor of mingled heat and stew inside the cabin straightened Dignan when Forfar set him on his feet. He said: "Hello, Pete. Don't you remember me? You guided me on enough hunting trips in this country."

"Mister Dignan!" A grin spread across Pete's bristly, grizzled face. "Well, this is good. I heard you had gone to be a flier again. I was thinking of you when I heard that plane up above the peaks. And it was you!"

"Yes." Dignan wabbled to the bunk where he slumped with a sigh and leaned back against the wall. "That was us. Ah—that stew smells good. Boy—am I tired! Not the man I used to be when we . . . How long ago was that, Pete? Never mind. It doesn't matter."

"Sit down, sit down, folks." Pete remembered he was host. "Get you some dry socks and some grub quick. Ho—won't I have something to tell the wife *this* time!" He glanced at an alarm clock on a shelf. "I'm going to call her in just seven minutes."

"Call your wife!" Forfar's shout jarred the cabin. "How? Telephone?"

"No," said Pete. "I work for the forest patrol, summers. I got the loan of one of their little two-way talking sets. This is my top cabin. When I get here I call the wife and tell her I'm okay."

"Has your wife got a telephone at home?"

"Sure, she lives right in town and—"

"Seven minutes!" The sun shone on Forfar. "You'll send a message for us? Your wife can phone or telegraph it to O'Ryan Field."

"Sure. Sure! She'll get a kick out of this. Just write out what you want to say and . . . Hey, Mr. Dignan. Some grub before you go to sleep?"

Forfar brought an envelope from his pocket as he glanced at Dignan who lay back with his jaw sagging and thin snores rasping from him. Woolett leaned over, took his shoulders and laid him flat. He unbuckled Dignan's flying boots and swung his legs up on the bunk.

Forfar said, "The old boy's all in."

"Yes, sir," agreed Woolett. "I'm a spot tired myself."

"Are you?" Forfar did not miss the ready defense. "You're a liar, my lad. You and I could go on for a week and not be as tired as he is. He's old, that's his trouble."

"Not very old," put in Pete. "Don't think he is much over fifty. Maybe fifty-five. I heard he had to lie some about his age to get back flying again. He's just a little out of shape, I guess."

"Over fifty!" Forfar grinned unbelievingly. "Maybe fifty-five! Why, that's a lot of time. A lot of time!"

He laid the envelope on a corner of the table, unscrewed his fountain pen, and printed firmly. He read aloud:

*Commanding Officer, R.C.A.F., O'Ryan Field, Alberta. Landed safely at Elk Lake, British Columbia. Return by air tomorrow if visibility permits.*

HE HELD the pen poised and caught Woolett's eyes. Then he turned to stare at the man who snored from the bed, the tired man who lied about his age.

"Who signs this?"

"Why, you, sir." Woolett was surprised. "The senior officer of the party."

"Says you." Forfar's smile was twisted. "But somehow I don't feel like following the book today. I—how about this, Woolett?"

He printed the signature and Woolett's gaze followed the pen. Impulsively he caught Forfar's arm and his delighted fingers bit tightly.

"Good-oh! That's dinkum, sir. Very dinkum!"

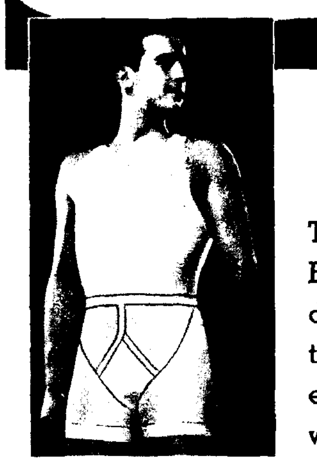
"We live and learn," said Forfar carelessly, but savoring the warmth in the Australian's face as much as in his voice. "Sometimes it pays to humor these old coots."

Superfluously he underlined the name he had written, with a thick stroke of the pen. The two words:

*Dignan, pilot.*

Keep Smiling
WE'RE NOT RIDING FOR A FALL
Jockey UNDERWEAR-"MASCULINE SUPPORT"

NO. 5 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES


Jockey Midway

## Want a Lift?

The Jockey dog is supporting his master. But, then, Jockey underwear itself introduced the idea of support in 1934—and, today, millions of active men who have experienced the comfort of Jockey support will wear no other kind of underwear. They tell us that Jockey helps them carry through a busy day and feel less tired.

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The whole secret of Jockey comfort is the patented *Y-front construction. You'll like the mild, masculine support provided from the belt—the angled opening that will not gap—the freedom from bulk, bind and creep which puts an end to squirming. For Jockey gives you "second skin" fit with "birthday suit" freedom of movement. You'll like buttonless Jockey's knitted fabric, too. It's cool, gives your skin a chance to breathe, is easy to launder, and needs no ironing.

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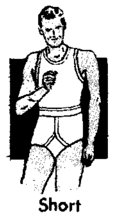
Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction. Look too in leading merchants' windows for the amusing dog statues, one of which is shown above.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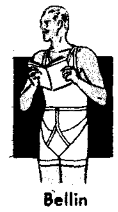
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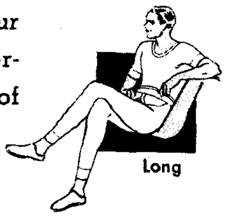
Over-Knee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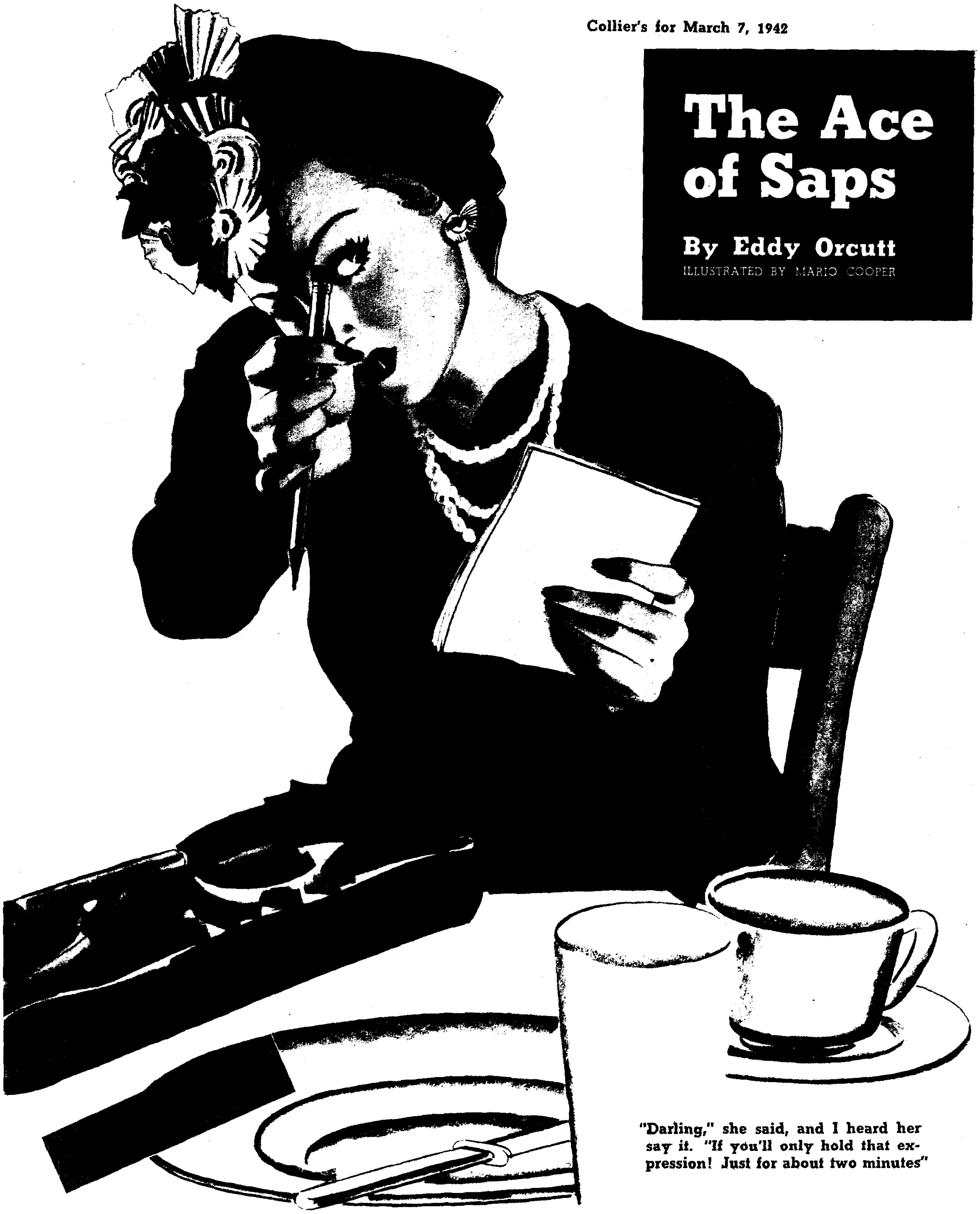
# The Ace of Saps

By Eddy Orcutt

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Darling," she said, and I heard her say it. "If you'll only hold that expression! Just for about two minutes"

EITHER I had to mask my feelings or I had to open my mouth and holler "Yippee!" to everybody within a block of 44th Street, so I masked my feelings. I had Madison's check in my pocket for those two stories, and they said they would take a dozen more, or twenty more, if I could do that many good ones about this same character, this Ace of Saps. The Ace of Saps was a swell character, they said, and they would go for a series.

"A simple soul, definitely, but quite ingratiating," Mr. Holyoke told me, and he is the editor of Madison's.

"Well," I said, masking my feelings, "thank you."

So I floated out of there, down the elevator, and hit the Avenue with a six-hundred-dollar check in my pocket. And that is not all the dough in the world, but for a year I had been on the shorts, not selling much, not living any too high, and this check made me feel like a new man.

I felt like taking a taxi and going someplace for no reason whatever, but I did not see a taxi. I felt like buying myself a drink, but it was not noon yet. I felt like going down to Kelly's barbershop and having a haircut and a manicure and a shine, which I more or less needed. But I was hungry, and I did not want to sit around a barbershop feeling hungry.

"Well, if hungry," I said to myself, "why not eat?"

And right there, two doors from 44th Street, was the Newport, all full of potted palms and fine linen and Swiss waiters. I walked right in and nodded for a table by the window, and the captain smiled and seated me, and my waiter gave me a pleasant good morning.

"It'll be breakfast," I said, as it was then 11:30, and I had had only a doughnut and two cups of coffee at 8 A. M.

I ordered grapefruit. I ordered eggs Nino stripped with ham. I ordered hot buttered toast, on white, and a side of wild-orange marmalade. . . .

And it made me smile to myself, when I finally leaned back with my coffee and cigarette, to think that such a character as the Ace of Saps was doing all this for me. As Mr. Holyoke said, the Ace is a simple-minded, witless type of guy, but he is too earnest and friendly and innocent to realize that he is kind of light on the I. Q.—hence his adventures. I felt full of warm feelings about him, naturally, but it did seem funny that such a lightweight would bring me fame and fortune and an Avenue table at the Newport. . . . I tried to act nonchalant still, as if such things were old stuff to me, but I had to smile, though in a general way.

And in this warm, happy mood of mine, it seemed entirely natural that a beautiful girl should answer my smile.

This girl, two tables away, was blond—and honey-colored and slender—and all of a sudden, just from one glance and her smile, I knew that her world was all right and shining, the same as mine. There was that aura, understand, and both of us were in it.

"Look, I hope you don't mind . . ."

It was like a miracle, her coming to my table, and there was this glow all around us. "Please sit down," I said. She was wearing a smart little smock of a dress and a short jacket, and her hair was done up in a reverse roll that made a halo of it. "I want to ask you a favor," she said. "I don't quite know why it seems all right, but it does."

"It's that kind of a day," I said.

She smiled across the table at me, with all the Avenue sunlight bright on her halo.

"I've been having the most amazing luck!" she said.

"I'm still having it!" I told her, and I felt sort of debonair and handsome, like a young rajah or something.

This girl was truly beautiful.

"But, look," she said, "I'm here on business. Really!"

Even then, though, the magic stayed bright.

"My darling," I said, and it seemed okay to say that, "an hour ago I had my big break, and I came in here to celebrate. So . . ."

"Why, that's just what I did!"

"So name the business," I cried, "and I'm a customer. Life insurance, dogs, hair tonic, charity tickets—I'm a man shot with luck and loaded with dough, and . . ."

"And I feel exactly that way!" she said. "And I came in for exactly that same reason! And here," she said, "I found you!"

"Me?" I inquired.

"I might have had to hunt around for days—but all of a sudden," the girl said, "here you were!"

BUT, of course, there common sense reared its ugly head—she was leaning toward me, bright-eyed and eager and excited, but I knew that I did not have that much of an aura, even with six hundred bucks on my person. I said, "Hold everything slightly . . ."

The girl said, "I'm Helen McLauren. I'm an artist—I do illustrations, and I've had pretty slim pickings. But just this morning Madison's gave me two stories to do—two at once, and there may be a series, and . . ."

I tried to interrupt, but I did not make it.

"And this character in the stories is funny, and really sweet, and I'm crazy about him, and so . . ."

Then suddenly the day seemed like magic again, and I reached across the table and grabbed her hand—grabbed it hard.

"But how did you know I was the author?" I demanded.

"The . . . the which?" Helen said.

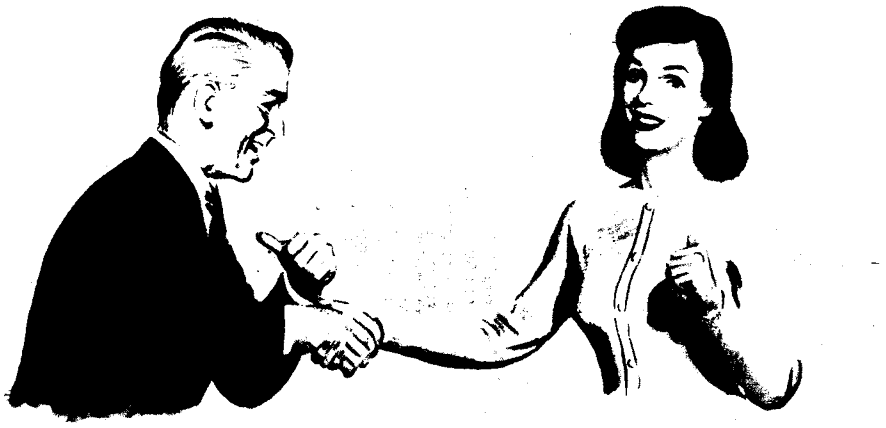
Then after a moment Helen said, "Oh." Then she said, "I didn't know you were the author." I then let go of her hand. Helen said, "I just wanted to ask if you'd sort of pose for me. I was looking for just the type, and you were here, and . . ."

Then it was my turn to say, "Oh."

"Please, though," Helen began . . .

She was fumbling a pad and pencil out of her bag. "Darling," she said, and I heard her say it. "If you'll only hold that expression! Just for about two minutes! Please! Pretty please!"

And all this, understand, was well-nigh a year ago, and sometimes, kidding, she still calls me the Ace. Or sometimes, when a new story of ours is out, Helen calls me her model husband.



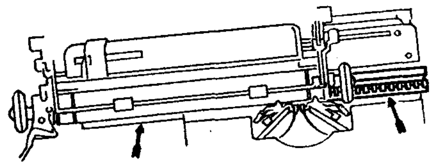
# My boss and I are in there pitching!

IN OUR BUSINESS, my boss and I need typewriters . . . but so does the Government. And right now, Uncle Sam comes first.

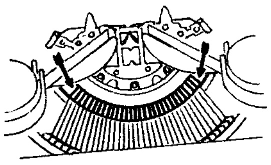
Our Armed Forces and Civilian Defense need thousands and thousands of typewriters. Uncle Sam is ordering typewriters so fast that it's hard for a man like my boss to buy a new machine. But that's all right—we'll just make the typewriters we have *last longer!*

My boss asked the Royal Typewriter Company how to make a typewriter last longer, and they sent us a few simple rules. I follow these rules every day, with the result that my machine *runs smoother* and *easier*, is more fun to work on. It will require *fewer repairs*, *less servicing*, and the boss won't have to worry about replacing it nearly so soon.

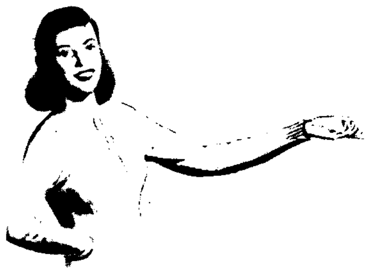
## Here's what I do every morning



**1.** Run carriage to the extreme left, and wipe carriage rails or "tracks" (upper and lower) with dry cloth. Repeat operation after running carriage to the extreme right. At the same time wipe carriage roll or rail, on the back of the machine.



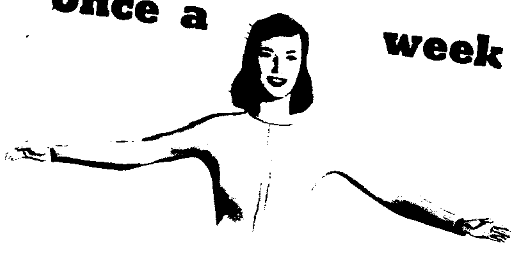
**2.** Wipe slots in segment (that's the curved metal frame work in which the type bars move) with dry cloth—wiping towards you so as to clean thoroughly.



**3.** Clean type, using bristle type-brush. If you do this daily you can keep your type perfectly clean without having to resort to gasoline or benzine. Should you find it necessary to clean type with a cleaning fluid use it very sparingly.

**P.S.—Don't forget it pays to buy the finest typewriter ribbons and carbon papers. Be sure to specify Roytype*—they're made by Royal.**

## Here's what I do once a week

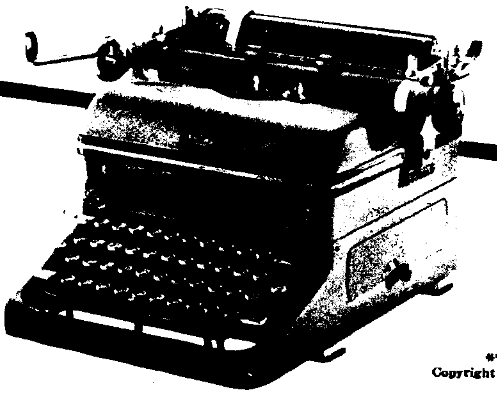


**1.** Hold paper table or paper deflector forward, and wipe off nickel rods with a cloth slightly moistened with a little oil.

**2.** Clean out carriage rails or "tracks" using same cloth slightly moistened with a little oil.

**3.** Clean cylinder or roller with a cloth moistened with a little denatured alcohol. (This is important as it will prevent paper from slipping.) Do not use benzine or gasoline for cleaning roller.

**MR. EXECUTIVE:** Have the stenographers and secretaries in *your* office follow the above simple rules. It is also to your advantage to sign a Maintenance, or Service Contract, with the Royal Typewriter Company, or its sales representative. Under these contracts, obtained on a 1, 2, or 3-year basis, Royal promises to inspect, clean, and adjust your typewriters four times a year, and to replace *free* all worn-out parts, other than rubber parts. Call your local Royal representative *today!*



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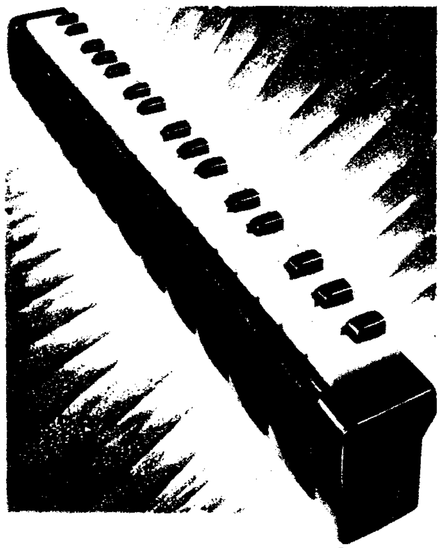

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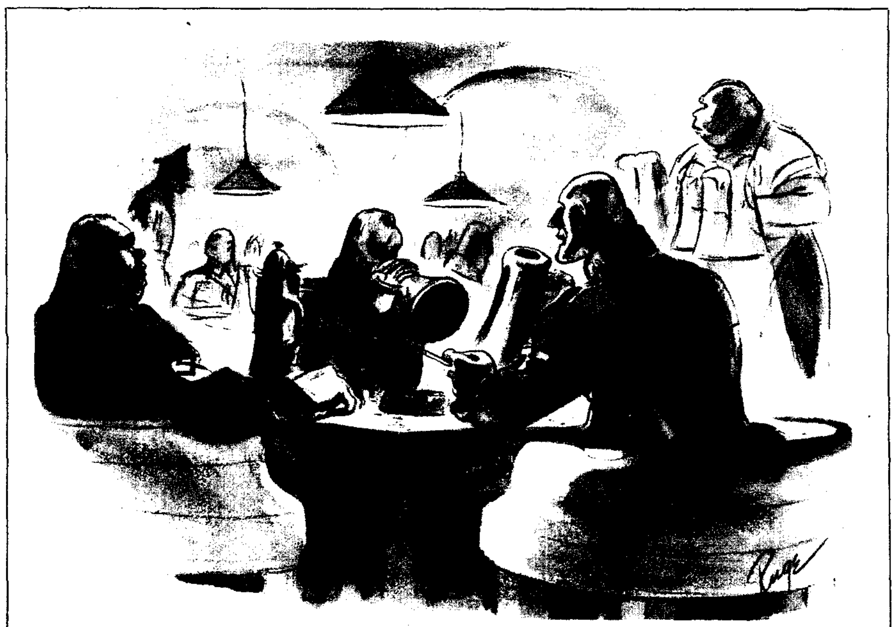
# First in the Sky

Continued from page 21



"Perhaps it's just as well—I was growing tired of vodka, anyhow"

JOHN A. RUGE

interest in TWA—and the new equipment was bought, including the Stratoliners, which, for two years now, have carried you over most of the weather.

But technical advance was going forward almost embarrassingly fast; and before the first Stratoliner flew it was clear to Messrs. Hughes and Frye that the time had come to think about going higher and faster and farther. Mr. Hughes, who had flown around the world in four days (and had been awarded the Collier Trophy for doing it), saw no reason why non-stop flight across the continent would not be a feasible and useful service for the airlines to perform.

So that's one of the things the new ship is designed to do—cross the continent non-stop in eight and a half hours with a large reserve of fuel so as to be able to fly to Canada or Mexico or halfway back again in case the weather's really thick at the destination.

### Some Long Steps Forward

Gradually the other specifications for performance took shape: a 30,000-foot cruising ceiling, a maximum speed of 350 miles an hour, a cruising speed of 283 m.p.h. at less than half power, superchargers for the cabin that will begin operation as soon as the ship leaves the ground (not at the 8,000-foot level as in the Stratoliners). Then came special safety features that Mr. Hughes' experience had suggested and upon which he insisted: double fuel lines throughout; a device by which the pilot can instantly drop out sections of the windshield in case there is sudden need of completely unobstructed vision (and this, please note, in a sealed-cabin ship), and automatic fire extinguishers in the cargo compartments.

As the plans progressed, it became increasingly clear that the new ship would be "revolutionary"—in the usual sense of being a long step forward. And it was then that the secrecy campaign was planned.

Up to that time it had been axiomatic in civil aviation that secrecy was impossible—that is, you couldn't start to build a new ship without almost all the details becoming general knowledge within a few days or, at most, weeks.

This time, Messrs. Hughes and Frye decided, it was going to be different. They surveyed a number of companies and finally settled on Lockheed to be the manufacturer. (It was Lockheed that had built the sealed-cabin plane for the Army.) But then their troubles began. Simply having control of the airline did not insure them against leaks in their own organization. The fewer people who knew about the project, of course, the better the chances for success. The need for secrecy was particularly important in order that designers in other countries should not learn of the development of this new plane and perhaps attempt to duplicate it. But when the time came for the signing of contracts it seemed absolutely necessary to let in, at the very least, all the directors of the company.

Finally, Jack Frye went to Howard Hughes and said in effect, "There's only one way we can work this. You'll have to sign the contract yourself and be personally responsible for it."

Hughes did not pause to ask questions. He said, "Okay," and signed.

And so the number of people who knew about the new project was kept very small indeed. When the ship was referred to, it was called by such a variety of names that no uninitiated person could have guessed what was being built in Burbank. There were no files kept except in Mr. Frye's home in Kansas City and in a house rented in Los Angeles where Mr. Frye and Mr. Hughes worked in complete secrecy on the plans for the plane.

If this suggests a fictional detective atmosphere of mystery, it does less than justice to the origins of the Constellation. The atmosphere was twice as thick as that. The designing and building of a huge transport plane are not things that can be compressed onto a slip of paper and smuggled about by a spy. Ordinarily the engineering staffs of the builder and the purchaser are in hourly conference. The company buying the ship moves into the builder's factory and supervises every detail.

In this case another way had to be found. And it was found. No member of TWA went near the Lockheed plant. Nevertheless, the supervision went on.

The contractors who supplied the materials did not know what it was for; the workmen and supervisor, as we have seen, were not told what they were working on. Meanwhile, Howard Hughes and Jack Frye worked overtime, and the secret was kept for two years.

The intention was to preserve secrecy until just before the first plane flew, and it would have been carried out if the war had not come along to slow things up. The scheduled date for the first flight was over a year ago.

### As Safe as a Seaplane

In addition to the ships for TWA the Lockheed Company has an order from Pan American Airways. Though the company has not released any details about these planes, it is reasonable to suppose that they are intended to tie us closer to South America. Their speed and range will bring Buenos Aires within 28 hours of New York, Rio within 25 and the Canal within 10. Moreover, their design and performance show that in the near future transoceanic travel will be carried on in planes with wheels.

If at first glance it seems risky to use what we call land planes for over-ocean service, it's important to realize that these are land planes of a very special sort and are quite capable of making an emergency landing at sea with at least as much safety as a flying boat. The sealed cabin, built to withstand tremendous pressures from within at 30,000 feet, is equally able to withstand tremendous pressures from outside. In case of heavy seas a plane whose low wing is at water level or awash would suffer less from the buffeting of the waves than a flying boat whose wing is necessarily well above the water.

But the decisive advantage of the land plane in comparison with the flying boat lies in its efficiency, the cleanness of design that makes it faster and the fact that only in a land plane is a sealed cabin practicable, as well as in that wide range of altitude that makes it possible to outwit the weather. A flying boat's hull is a hopeless shape to make airtight and pressure-resistant.

And the new plane points unmistakably toward the future. It points specifically toward the future of this country as a great world power in the air. In itself it represents the possibility of our recovering a position of leadership in the *means* of world commerce.

The Constellation with its tremendous range and its independence of ground facilities except at its points of departure and landing will be the first true "ship of the sky." Hitherto even the largest transport planes have been to some extent tied in their trolleys. Across the continent they fly on radio beams and they keep a weather eye on intermediate fields where they may be forced to refuel if head winds prove too strong.

With the new ship virtually the last tie will be cut. For long trips she will not fly on radio beams. They mark straight-line courses and she will not follow a straight line; she'll take the shortest course—usually the great circle —checking her position by radio as a liner does by lighthouses. But sometimes the great circle course will not be the shortest route for the ship of the sky. Tides in the ocean of air may make it quicker to fly hundreds of miles off course as judged by the earth. The Constellation will be equipped to do it. She will also be equipped to look for favorable winds through a perpendicular range of almost six miles, and it will be a common experience to find flights proceeding east and west simultaneously, both boosted along by tail winds.

When you go aboard her sometime this year, you'll be seeing more than sleek perfection of engineering, you'll be seeing firsthand evidence that your country intends to remain first in the skies.

## I Don't Like to Travel

Continued from page 19

Russia. Whatever is his name? Oh, yes, Kalinin.

Waiters passed around with sherry, and vodka and long sweet pastry sticks, and it was all very pleasant. Harriman and Beaverbrook looked a bit tired. They deserved to look tired. I knew they'd been working until 4 A. M. and had been at it again at eight that morning. What keeps those two men alive is one of the mysteries of London, Moscow, Cairo and, I suppose, Washington too. Then talk died slowly as we saw Stalin approaching.

In his pictures Stalin seems huge and forbidding; rather surly-looking. But this wasn't the Stalin of the pictures. This was a smiling, affable little man with a withered arm. He was dressed in the semimilitary gray suit he always wears, simple yet fitting so beautifully that afterward Beaverbrook said, "Stalin is the best-dressed man in Russia." Oumansky introduced him around. He murmured a few words in Russian to each of us and he shook hands warmly; when he came to Harriman and the Beaver his eyes lit up and he slapped each affectionately on the back. It was no secret in Moscow that Stalin admired them both. They were perhaps the only two men he had ever met who worked as hard as he himself did.

Dinner was one of those fantastic state dinners of twenty-three courses. Throughout, vodka and wine and finally champagne were served, and throughout, too, there were toasts—thirty-six toasts in all, Stalin making four himself. Even if you took a very small drink each time, you were making par for the course. Stalin drank every toast. However, he drank a mild red Georgian wine. Oumansky translated each toast, doing it so smoothly and quickly that after a while one forgot that any Russian was being talked at all. And then Stalin arose for a final toast. He wasn't smiling now. He looked very solemn and, as his resonant voice went on, the room hushed. Then Oumansky translated:

"Mr. Stalin says, 'Let us drink a toast to President Roosevelt, who has such a difficult task. He leads a nonbelligerent country and yet he wants to give all help possible to Britain and the Soviet Union. Let us ask God to help him in his most difficult task!' "

There was a momentary stunned silence and then a roar of applause. Stalin sat wooden-faced as Harriman leaned over, pressed his arm and thanked him.

It was an amazing moment. Stalin? We had always been taught to believe that he was the Antichrist. Stalin? Hadn't he said that religion was an opium to drug the people? Hadn't he divorced the Church from the State? And yet here he was solemnly and sincerely going on record before the world as one who humbly asks the help of the Creator! It made one wonder. It made one wonder if some of the Washington committees which in recent years have spent so much time and money in investigating Soviet propaganda in America would not have done better to look into the sources of anti-Soviet propaganda in America.

When Harriman and the Beaver returned to England, I was no longer a diplomat. I could go to work again. The censorship in Russia is very difficult. In London there is one reason for cutting a story—home security. It is different in Russia.

"It is like this," Lozovsky, who is in charge of censorship, told me when I was making a particularly loud scream over something which had been cut out of a story. "The world knows that we have censorship here. Therefore the world knows that we approve any story that goes out of here. By implication that means the views expressed in the story are the government's views."

Lozovsky had four assistants: Anurov; Kozhemiako, a good-looking young blond lad; Skvortzov, a former professor of Chinese; and Petrov, who was learning English by reading and censoring our dispatches. The wall of polite evasion they built up around themselves completely blocked all of our

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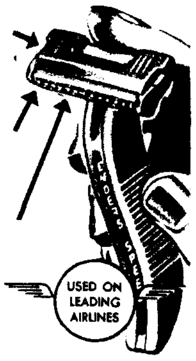

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protests. Not one of us was able to write a decent, complete story from Russia. We could take the daily communiqué and comment on it along the lines laid down by the morning Pravda (organ of the Communist party) or Izvestia (mouthpiece of the government) or the Red Star (representing the Red Army). Pravda means Truth, and Izvestia means News. The correspondents jest, "In Pravda there is no Izvestia, and in Izvestia there is no Pravda."

Mind you, we were never asked to lie, never so far as we knew given false information. Our trouble was that "news" as defined by the Soviet was one thing, and our definition of "news" quite another. Incidentally, the editorials in Pravda are among the best in the world. They are written by a pretty good man. His name is Joe Stalin.

In late October, news from the front was bad, and then we were finally all evacuated to Kuibyshev. We were given five hours' notice to leave Moscow and it was a final notice. We found out afterward that the Germans had broken through at Mozhaisk that morning. They had a clear forty-five-mile path to Moscow with nothing to stop them. Stalin, acting on this, told Molotov to send the diplomatic corps, the journalistic group—there were only fourteen of us—and most of the government departments, out of the city immediately. We left to the east—for Kuibyshev. Voroshilov gathered a reserve army together and left for the west—Mozhaisk. The Germans, suspecting a trap, had waited. They waited long enough for Voroshilov to organize a defense. But for their almost unaccountable hesitancy that day, the Germans would have been in Moscow on the evening of October 15th.

Kuibyshev was a city that might have been invented by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It had everything but bathrooms. It was neither comfortable nor healthy and yet, in the determination of the peasants who came in for food, and in the grim confidence of the factory workers, there was something so magnificent that it transcended the muddy drabness of the city.

### Headlines But No Heroics

Sir Walter Monckton, General Director of the Ministry of Information, came to Kuibyshev to see Vishinsky and Lozovsky. He told me that the big push was to start in the Libyan desert within a few days, and if I wanted to be in on it I'd better return with him; he was heading for Cairo. I hated to leave Russia but, forbidden to go near the front and completely stymied by the censorship, I decided to go along. Russia had developed into a news-agency story, and besides I wanted to see the Pyramids.

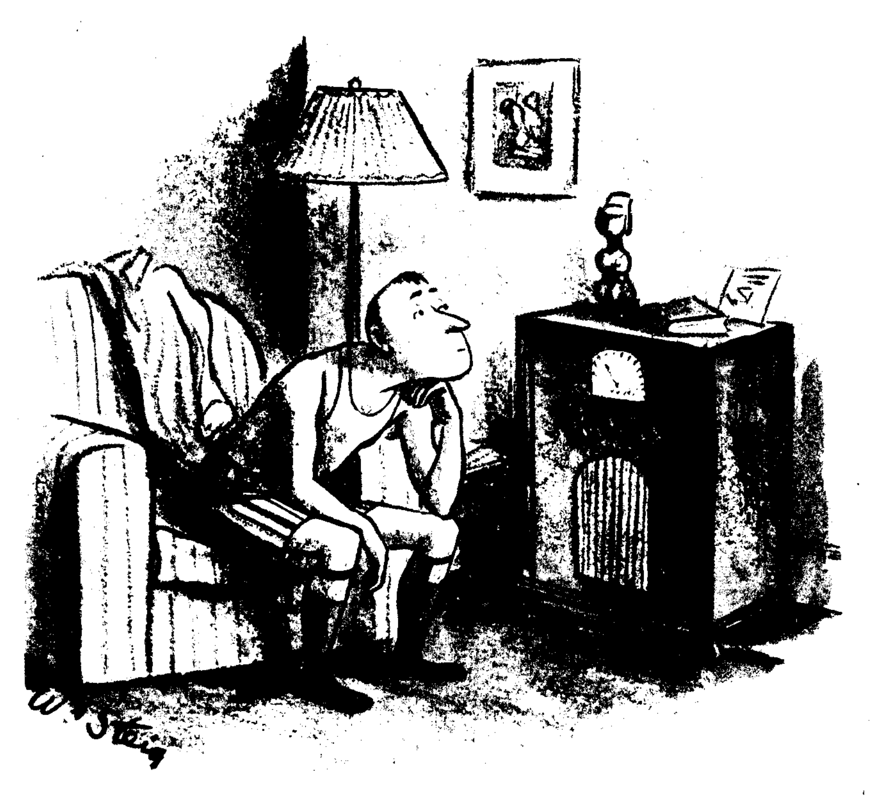
Maxim Litvinoff, en route to Washington, came with us and so did genial Mohammed Saed, Iran ambassador to Russia. Laurence Steinhardt, American ambassador to the Soviet, was another passenger. We headed, in a big Douglas DC-3, made in Russia, for Teheran in Persia—I can never remember that it has changed its name to Iran. At Baku on the Caspian Sea we came down to refuel and, because the weather ahead didn't look too good, the pilots suggested that we spend the night there. A snowstorm visited Baku that night, and we spent four days in perhaps the best hotel in Russia, playing a game called poker, which is a very pleasant way to pass the time. There was no telephone communication to Teheran, and a cable would have had to go via Moscow and London, taking five days. So communication to Teheran was virtually out of the question. Besides, no one was waiting for us there. At least, that's what we thought. We flew to Teheran without incident and were surprised to see quite a delegation on hand to welcome us.

The British ambassador to Iran was there, and when Sir Walter Monckton alighted, he shook hands fervently and said, "Thank God, you're safe!" Similar sentiments were directed toward Steinhardt by the American minister and by everyone toward Litvinoff. It developed that, all unknown to us, we had been reported as missing for four days, and stories had circulated to the effect that we had made a forced landing in a snowstorm somewhere in the mountains.

"You're a fine reporter!" Monckton said to me. "Here we were making forced landings, fighting terrible blizzards; missing four days, and you didn't even let us know!"

"No one ever tells us anything," I protested to Monckton. "Now let's get out of here to Cairo!"

A British airplane was waiting for Monckton. And now occurred what we afterward heard referred to in Cairo and in London as "the Litvinoff incident." It was another case of the correspondent who travels so fast he doesn't see anything. Monckton discovered that the airplane could not land at Cairo at night; the airports were not using flare paths. However, the pilot said that he could make Cairo in daylight if we'd leave Teheran at 6 A. M. Monckton was in a great hurry. Steinhardt had a cable which the President had sent him, urging him to reach Cairo as quickly as possible and adding that a Liberator would be waiting to hurry him to Washington. Litvinoff, too, was in a hurry to reach Washington. Monckton suggested that we all get to the airfield at 6 A. M. the next morning.



**"In this movement we hear again, through the sorrowing violins, the insistent note of the oboe. It is the composer throwing down the gauntlet to fate"** WILLIAM STEIG

Litvinoff demurred. He wasn't as young as he had been. This was his first flight and he was tired. His wife, who was with us, was not at all well. He felt she needed a rest and, he added, there was a regular passenger plane going in the afternoon. He could take that and break the journey at perhaps Bagdad or Jerusalem. Monckton tried to urge him to come along with us but Litvinoff smilingly refused. So we went on.

A week later we heard that Litvinoff had been treated discourteously by the British officials in charge of the plane and that he had been refused accommodations on it. Monckton was the only official in charge of the plane—Monckton who admired and liked Litvinoff greatly and who couldn't be discourteous if he tried. How the absurd story began, I don't know. Perhaps by now Litvinoff has straightened it out. There is nothing small about Litvinoff. He is one of the finest ambassadors any country ever sent anywhere.

We took off at 6 A. M. and landed somewhere in the desert to refuel. In landing we damaged something or other and couldn't go on. But we were only thirty-five miles from Jerusalem. This was fine, I thought. I'd never been to Jerusalem but I'd heard of it. Now I could see the Holy Land, the Mount of Olives, the Tomb. It would be fun to be a tourist for a change, and not a correspondent. Monckton and Steinhardt felt as I did. We finally got cars out to the airport. Then we headed for Jerusalem.

The Holy Land is blacked out these days and when we reached the city it was as dark as the inside of your hat. Well, we'd get to bed early and see the Holy Land tomorrow. We got to bed early but a telephone rang at 5 A. M. to tell us that the airplane was repaired and cars were waiting for us. It was still opaque dark. So we left Jerusalem and all I know about it is that Room 542 at the King David Hotel is a very nice room costing five dollars a day. Some day I'm going to see all these places I've visited.

I had never been to Cairo and I wanted to see the Pyramids. But the big push had actually started and I had time only to secure my credentials, get a uniform and hurry to the front. I wasn't sorry that I had left Kuibyshev with Monckton and the trio of ambassadors. I was at the front when Auchinleck came up to relieve Sir Alan Cunningham of his command and substitute Ritchie. That was one of the most difficult things a commander in chief of any army ever had to do. Alan Cunningham was The Auk's friend, and so was his brother Sir Andrew Cunningham, admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet. But the attack in the desert had bogged down. A desperate situation demanded a desperate remedy. Cunningham was a strategist. A "thrusting" general was needed, a man who would smash right through, regardless of inevitable losses. Cunningham had made one mistake. He had looked over his shoulder. A jockey who does that doesn't win derbies. A general who does that doesn't win wars. The Auk placed Ritchie in charge. Ritchie is a "thrusting" general.

### Rommel Takes a Chance

When the final history of the war is written, the desert campaign of the British army will undoubtedly receive the importance which it richly deserves. It was brilliantly planned and, except for a few lapses, its execution was superb. One thing kept it from being an immediate smashing success—the genius of General Erwin Rommel. The initial attack caught Rommel unprepared but he made a quick recovery. Orders from a commanding officer at the front to troops are invariably transmitted in code. The code is then translated and the order passed on. This takes considerable time. Rommel threw the code books out of his tank. He himself sat at a portable wireless set, barking out orders in German for all the world to hear.

"The British with thirty tanks and a supporting battalion are heading toward Sidi Rezegh," he might cry. "Panzer division so-and-so immediately go to reinforce Sidi Rezegh." Then he would give orders to artillery units and the Luftwaffe. It was a desperate expedient but it worked. The British heard his orders all right but by the time their commanding officers had written other orders, had them put into code and transmitted to front-line units where they were decoded, the German reserves would be waiting at Sidi Rezegh or some other threatened place, and the attack would be halted. A great general is Erwin Rommel, and the wits in London who call him Running Rommel never had to face the power of his tanks. I did, and it wasn't fun.

Back from the front, I spent a few days in Cairo, in bed with a little thing called sun poisoning, which should teach me a lesson never to go out of doors again.

When I'd recovered from that I went to dinner with Sir Miles Lampson, the British ambassador to Egypt. He was very much interested in Russia but I couldn't tell him much about it.

"There was a chap through here a month ago," Sir Miles said casually. "He'd just come from Russia. He'd only been there two weeks but he certainly knew a lot about it."

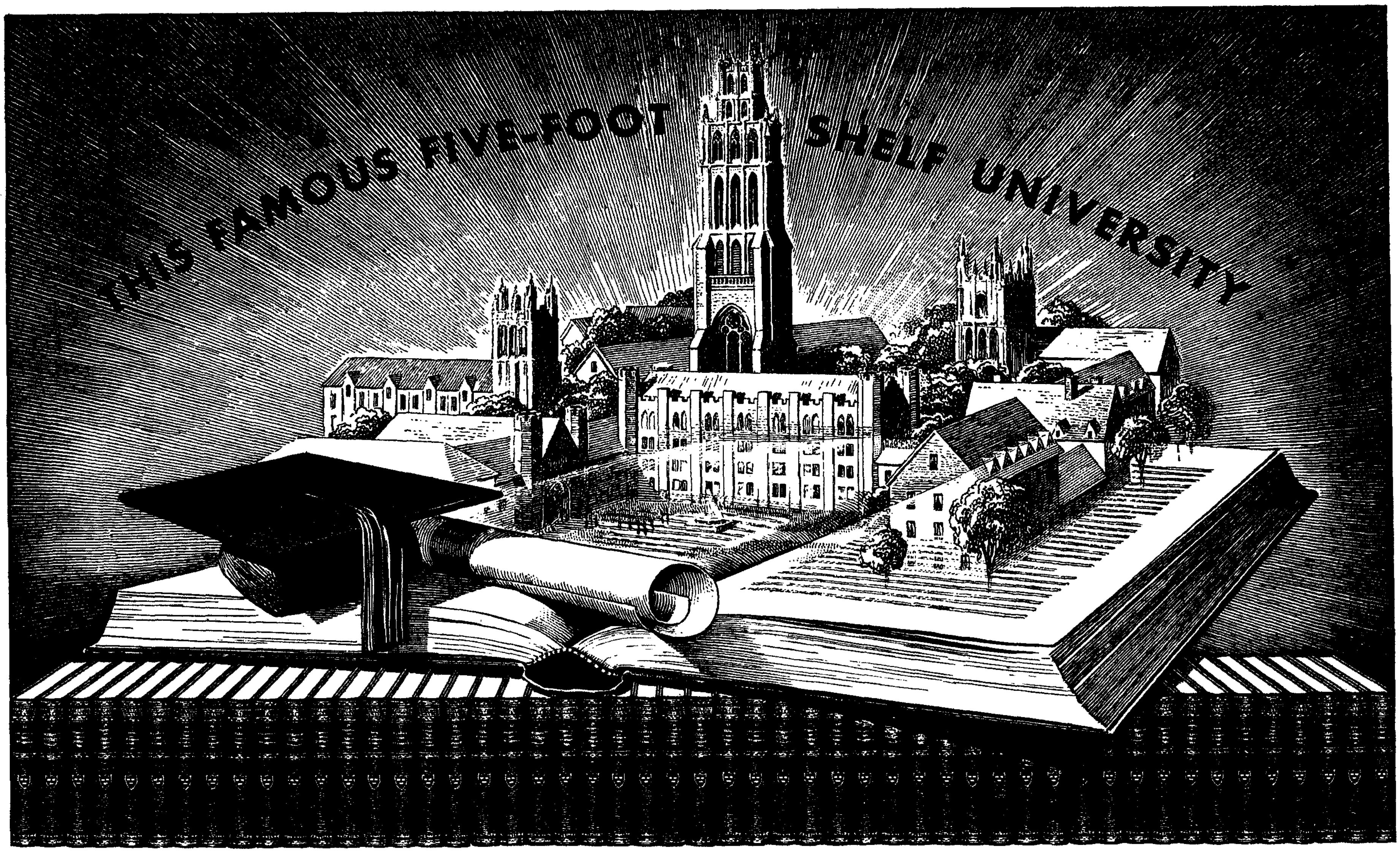
"I knew a lot about Russia when I'd been there two weeks," I told Sir Miles. "But I made the mistake of staying there two months. After two weeks I could have written a book about Russia. After two months I realized I didn't know a thing about the place."

I'd got some stories off and now I looked forward with great anticipation to being a sightseer. I wanted to ride on a camel and see the Pyramids and climb the Sphinx—or is it vice versa? That night at dinner in Shepheard's Hotel one of the British censors stopped at my table. You always ask a censor to have a drink. In fact, if you have a wife and a couple of daughters you will (if you are a correspondent) gladly relinquish all claims to them if a censor shows interest. The censor had a drink (champagne, mind you) and I asked him if there was any news.

"Nothing except that Japanese thing," he said casually.

"I'm *tired* of *hearing* about those Japs," I said. "All they do is talk. If you ask me . . ."

"They did more than talk tonight, chum," he said complacently. "They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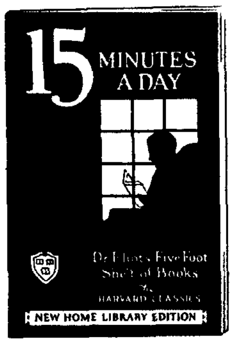

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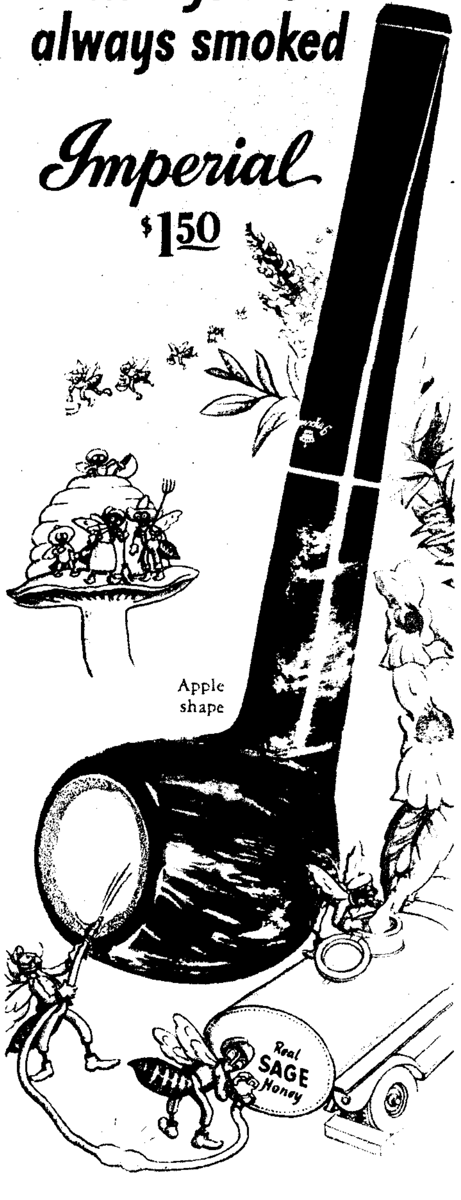

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blew the hell out of Pearl Harbor and, whether you know it or not, your country is at war."

It was true. But how was I to know? Nobody ever tells a correspondent anything. About all we know is what we read in the papers. Anyhow, we were at war. In short, the time had come for us to put up or shut up, and Cairo was no place to be. Walter Monckton got me on the first plane out by shoving a general off, which I thought was nice. We flew only at night, taking the short cut—Malta, Lisbon, Foynes and England. It was a nice flight if you like traveling but I don't like traveling. At Lisbon I found it was impossible to get an immediate accommodation on a clipper, no matter what your priority was.

We flew toward London but stopped at Foynes in Ireland to refuel. As we took off, one of the motors of our big flying boat failed and our ship careened crazily toward shore. We hit with a dull thud, tearing holes in both pontoons and clipping a foot off our port wing. The airplane was done for for the time being. So we had to take a four-hour bus trip across country to Dublin, which might have been pleasant except that it was night and there was no moon. We took off at dawn for England. They tell me that Ireland is very lovely but I wouldn't know. I didn't see it.

### A Real American Christmas

I had cabled ahead to Beaverbrook and Brendan Bracken, asking them to get me on the first ferry plane leaving for Canada. With any luck I'd get home for Christmas. But Beaverbrook was in Washington, and Bracken was in bed with the flu. However, John Winant, the greatest American ambassador we ever sent to London, was on the job. John Winant always is on the job. But he discovered that the weather was so bad that no ferry planes were ferrying. Even the pilots were returning by boat. I'd have to go by convoy. There was one leaving Christmas night.

Ambassador Anthony Biddle and his wife have adopted the American correspondents in London. Several of us had Christmas dinner with them. Bill Stoneman and Helen Kirkpatrick of the Chicago News, Bob Low of Liberty, Kathleen Harriman of INS, Joe Evans of the Herald Tribune, John Winant and I were the waifs their hospitality embraced on Christmas Day. We probably had the best Christmas dinner served in England that day. We had a Christmas tree, and the Biddles gave presents to all of us. We had turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding and every other ingredient of an American Christmas dinner and it was the next best thing to being home. The Biddles are like that.

On Christmas night I went north and climbed on a small freighter called the Loch Katrine. We started off very bravely—fifty small ships. But in mid-Atlantic a sudden storm sent us staggering all over the ocean and now it was every ship for herself. Day and night were the same; snow fell constantly but it rushed past, parallel to the ocean, so strong was the wind. Then the bottom fell out of the glass; and the full gale changed to a hurricane with the wind at 110 miles an hour.

Our ship was absolutely helpless. Water pipes burst, one engine faltered, but we didn't lose our rudder, which is the real danger at sea. An S O S came from the Cyclops ahead of us. Four other S O S signals followed. Enemy submarines were finding the hurricane to their liking.

One pathetic S O S came from a Yugoslav ship. The master wirelessed brokenly but pathetically: "Lost rudder. Lifeboats gone. If weather good tomorrow we be afloat. Have wounded men aboard. If still bad we will be gone. . . . S O S . . . S O S . . . S O S."

We fought our way foot by foot through mountainous seas and wind that cut like a million razors toward the position given by the Yugoslav. We found the spot and circled for twenty-four hours but saw nothing—only lashing waves that jeered at us.

The radio told us of other ships being sunk close to us and of others sunk off Long Island, directly on our course. There were twelve of us who were passengers on our freighter. One was a charming British matron making her fifth crossing in convoy.

"You know," she said one night, "if we get hit by a torpedo I'm not going to get into one of those silly little lifeboats. I'll bet they leak. I'm going to stay right here and be warm and play Patience."

"A good idea," I told her, being of the same mind. "I'll stay with you if you play my game of Patience."

"All right," she said dubiously; we had been arguing for many days about the merits of our respective games of Patience. "But I still think my game is better. I suppose if we get hit we shall be dreadfully afraid. I hope I'll get these socks finished first."

She had been knitting socks. She had finished one pair and was working on another. A year ago she used to knit sets of four pairs but she had four sons in the British armed services then. Two had been killed fighting in the R.A.F. But she took comfort in the two who remained alive. She had faith and she shed no tears and I knew that she would not be afraid if we got hit; she would live through it. Today only those are fit to live who are not afraid to die. And she was not afraid to die!

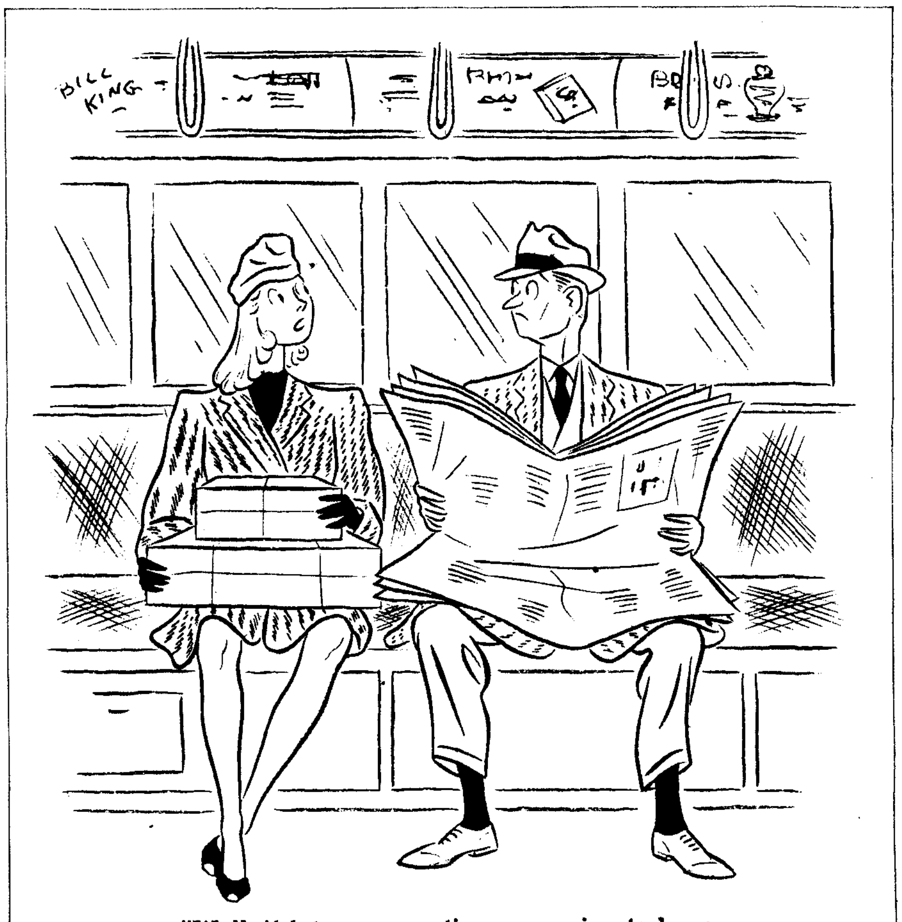
But we weren't hit and we limped into Halifax Harbor, battered a bit but intact. Halifax was filled with survivors of the ships sunk during the past week. Those who survived the Cyclops disaster were loud in praise of their sixty-year-old captain, Leslie Kersley. He was the last to leave his ship and he swam to a raft where eight of his crew pulled him aboard. They spent eighteen hours on the little raft, riding through a full gale before they were picked up. Two of the crew died of exposure and were dropped overboard.

"It is not pleasant," the captain said to me, telling of the long eighteen hours, "to watch your men die and know they are dying. But you don't suffer much. In fact, gradually the cold leaves you and you feel warm all over and a bit drowsy but you aren't really getting warm—you are dying."

### Just a Wasted Year

Halifax is not a very cheerful place these days. It is depressing to talk to seamen with frozen limbs who are being so magnificently taken care of by the Navy League. They sit there, numbly listening to the radio, and you sit there with them but usually leave in embarrassment when you hear such revolting vulgarities as a torch singer shouting the sickening words "Remember Pearl Harbor . . ." We Americans abroad felt saddened about Pearl Harbor; we felt as the British did about Dunkirk. We never thought our own country would cheapen that tragic but none the less glorious epic of heroism by tossing it to the unfeeling illiterates of Tin Pan Alley. Waiting for transportation out of Halifax, we heard American Army colonels joke with radio gag men and crooners and again wondered if this was a phony war we had come to witness. In Britain, in Russia, in the desert we correspondents address American, British and Russian colonels as "Sir." But then they were fighting officers; and now it can be told that for months American officers have been manning tanks in the desert front line. These great American majors and colonels were not part-time radio entertainers.

A year is a long time—too long—to be away from home, especially if you don't like traveling. And a year during which you travel so fast that you don't see anything seems a wasted year. This train will reach New York in a few hours. If anyone asks me what I've seen in the past year I can only say, sadly, "I didn't even see the Pyramids!"



"Well, if future generations are going to have to pay for it, why do they have to tax us?"

# The Prophet Ezequiel

Continued from page 22

the area in front of the podium was jammed with cameramen who exploded flash bulbs in Padilla's face, climbing on the railing of the rostrum, on chairs, desks and ladders for new angles. Padilla was too far behind and too far to the right of the public-address system's microphone, and the assembly couldn't hear what he said for the first few minutes.

No speaker ever started under greater difficulties. The audience had already heard too many speeches, including one by the tiresome opportunist from Chile, Juan Bautista Rossetti, and another by our Sumner Welles which, while packed with meaty promises of wartime military and financial subsidy, was too long and in a language few understood—English.

It was hot, and white-coated flunkies wearing white cotton gloves circulated with fruit juices and sweating glasses of ice water. Other flunkies turned enormous floodlights on and off for the ubiquitous newsreel men. Suddenly Padilla got the range of a microphone or somebody moved it nearer to him. Even the Argentine's studiedly aloof Enrique Ruiz-Guiñazú stopped swiveling in his chair and strained interestedly toward Padilla, whose voice was saying each word as clearly as the crack of a pistol: "Those who have fallen in Wake and the Philippines have not fallen merely to defend the honor and sovereignty of the United States. They have also fallen to defend human liberties and the common destiny of America."

### Words That Made History

What happened at that moment is something none who saw and heard it will ever forget. The conference, with the impact of a wave crashing against a sea wall, surmounted the barricades of bauxite and molybdenum, tin and beef, fifth columnism and intramural strife over violated boundaries, that had been building from the moment the delegates arrived.

Forgotten were the vague phrases about Simon Bolivar and *solidaridad* and the back-door bargaining for trade favors. The conference exploded into a shouting, cheering, yelling mass of men and women diplomats and politicos, correspondents and fancy dolls who had come to hear their heroes do their puny political stunts. They rose from their chairs as though simultaneously charged with an electric current. They applauded with hands stiff with excitement.

For the next twenty minutes Padilla held before them the glowing coals of his dreams. He told them they must not be interested only in the construction of guns, planes and tanks, but in the creation of the free man of America on whose forehead must shine the dignity of being free. In his Castilian, swung to the Indian rhythm of Mexico, he talked of opening the Dantesque doors of the prisons of Guiana— "For only men in search of liberty should come to this continent." He demanded that an end be put forever to economic slavery in America and he came as close as a foreign minister dared in asking for a unanimous declaration of outright war against the Axis with the words: "It is not noble to pretend that the liberties which are the patrimony of justice of the Americas be defended by someone else while we retire into egoism and false security. It is no longer time to defend material riches; it is the hour of sacrifice."

He came down from that podium with a composed face and stooped shoulders, and walked quietly to his desk. He sat down slowly. But he was brought to his feet as the applause and shouts grew and then he stood by his desk, unsmiling, nodding almost imperceptibly to the ovation that seethed about him. For five minutes he stood there, and then Brazil's crafty Oswaldo Aranha, the Jim Farley of the convention to which Padilla played Roosevelt, closed the meeting. He had purposely called on Padilla last for he and Welles, alone of scores of diplomats present, knew Padilla's power.

I have seen demonstrations both staged and spontaneous in Rome, Berlin, Paris and London. I can compare what I saw in that obsolete Chamber of Deputies in Rio only to that certain day in the spring of 1935 in London when England's late King George rode through the city's streets in the Silver Jubilee procession, and usually self-contained Englishmen shouted their love of their king. From the moment Padilla sat down until the day he emplaned for Mexico City the conference was emotionally and spiritually his. If Aranha was the convention's brain, Padilla was its heart, although his contribution was not altogether merely that of the diplomatic rabble rouser. When Welles was faced with a choice between accepting pledges of a total break with the Axis from all of the Americas except Chile and Argentina or a unanimous but milder recommendation of rupture, Padilla induced the American to work for the compromise, and at the end of the conference Padilla's wisdom became clear.

Had Welles and Aranha pressed for adoption of a strongly worded resolution demanding an immediate break with the Axis nations, Chile and Argentina would not have agreed, and Germany, Italy and Japan would have been given the satisfaction of seeing a disunited New World. The formula Welles and Aranha and Padilla finally worked out obtained commitments from both Chile and Argentina for a diplomatic break with the Axis and clean-cut agreements to sever economic, financial and cultural relations with the enemy powers. A semblance of complete unanimity, despite Chile's and Argentina's mental reservations, was obtained and the final score was twenty-one to zero, instead of nineteen to two.

### There's Still the Fifth Column

That Argentina and Chile have agreed to cut off financial relations with the enemy capitals means that the fifth column in South America will receive no further funds from abroad. The clause calling for the strict censorship of all communications between Santiago and Buenos Aires and the Axis, or the Axis-controlled countries—which was slipped into one of the resolutions signed by Chile and Argentina—further helped to seal the Western Hemisphere against the Axis.

Mexico and Brazil—in fact all the Americas except Chile and Argentina—have every intention of translating those resolutions into laws. The ink wasn't dry on the acts signed in Rio before Brazil was cracking down on fifth columnists. Police in Montevideo and Bogota were rounding up Fascists and Nazis, and most Latin-American countries had already suppressed enemy-subsidized newspapers and news agencies and outlawed "cultural societies," through which the Axis sabotaged hemisphere unity.

But the fifth column remains in South

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America. With the departure of ambassadors, ministers and consuls of the Axis it will lack leadership, it is true, but 150,000 ablebodied Japs who remain in Brazil, for instance, don't need leadership from outside to do what their brothers did in Honolulu and Manila.

Unhappily, the fifth column in South America isn't the chimera some people thought it. Padilla for one doesn't underestimate it. He told me he felt that it is now the greatest single danger remaining in this hemisphere. He said he believed its principal areas of influence and potential danger to be Argentina, the United States of Brazil, Mexico and Chile, in that order. But he said the fifth column isn't the menace it was a few months ago.

"The fifth column's destructive power lay in its quality of surprise. That I believe was the secret weapon Adolf Hitler talked so much about. Well, for every fifth column now, there's a sixth column watching it. They can't surprise us any more—unless we go to sleep—which I trust and pray we won't. There's still so much complacency in the world, though, isn't there?"

While Argentina and Chile remain out of the hemisphere's break with the Axis, those two countries will be the bases for Axis operations on this continent. In his closing speech Padilla pleaded with the Argentine and Chilean delegates to urge their governments to translate the resolution they signed at Rio into laws which would send the Axis diplomats home from Santiago and Buenos Aires; but it was unlikely that either country would do so immediately. In both countries delicate political situations have arisen. Both are charged with the dynamite of revolution that threatens to splatter Chile with blood and bullets, and Argentina with some milder form of upheaval.

### New Ideas Mean New Leaders

If within the ensuing months, hell cuts loose in Argentina, Padilla will have had a hand in it—indirectly. For it was he above any other single diplomat at the conference who morally and spiritually isolated the former proud leader nation of the Pan-American group. He never failed to single out Argentina for comment and cleverly veiled criticism. He is a master of indirection. He called the near-breakdown of the conference over Argentina's objections to the wording of the resolution which was finally adopted a "grammar drammer" and he razzed Ruiz-Guiñazú as a comma hunter.

What Padilla and Aranha accomplished between them was to wrest away Argentina's traditional leadership of Latin America. It was clear throughout the conference that the new leaders of the nations south of the Rio Grande were Mexico and Brazil.

Those who know their South America say that all this is bound to have repercussions in Argentina where Acting-President Castillo rules only because of the support of a pro-Fascist army clique. They insist that the people of Argentina won't long endure the moral humiliation of Argentina's isolation, which will come unless Castillo takes Padilla's advice and falls into step with the other Americas.

It was open recognition of Mexico's new status in Latin-American affairs that helped to build Padilla into the stature of a big-league statesman, but his is the kind of politics that will cause arch-conservatives everywhere some violent headaches. He is a liberal. Some will call him a Communist and a Red and lots of others undeserved names. He is merely a man who was hungry once and doesn't want to be hungry again and doesn't want his fellow men to be hungry.

He has a gift for making friends that reminds you of Heywood Broun. He says he'd rather have a friend than all the riches in the world. He likes Beethoven and Bach and Mexican folk music, and he smokes long fragrant cheroots. He says he has no major vices. "But I'm afraid I have a great many small ones," he adds. Among these is his fondness for dancing. While in Rio he learned to do the hippy-hoppy dance Carmen Miranda immortalized, known as the samba.

"That," he says, "I consider one of my major conquests in Brazil."

He likes orchards. He likes to walk under fruit trees with the sun shining through the blossoms and he likes flowers on woody stems. He is Mexico's best pistol shot; he rode with Pancho Villa, whom he called the Attila of the Mexican revolution, and he swims like Johnny Weissmuller.

Padilla plays golf in the low eighties. He worries about his low scores. He says it means he pays too much attention to his golf. He's a good poker player too. He played with newsmen on the special plane which took the American delegation and correspondents to Rio. He won small sums from the correspondents, going from one to the other of several tables set up in compartments aboard the strato-clipper. He even won some from Welles' valet. Welles remained in his own compartment brooding beside a huge basket of fresh fruit given him by Pan American's Juan Trippe.

Padilla believes the United States is the country that embodies all the hopes of the world. He says the United States of America contributes to civilization a profound concept and awareness of individual liberty, as Mexico contributes a highly developed sense of social justice, and Brazil contributes complete racial tolerance. Argentina, he says, has little to offer the world except "bold and unnecessary arrogance—there's already too much arrogance in this world."

He is one of those people who do not believe the world is going to pot. There isn't a cynical fiber in his whole make-up. He believes instead that society is developing slowly, painfully toward the millennium nobody believes can be attained. He said, "The United States is the most socially conscious nation in the world. It has developed a great legal system for the dispensation of individual justice and the defense of personal liberties. We are gradually emerging into a new phase. We are learning that we must have tribunals which will dispense justice collectively as we are learning that political democracy is not enough, that we must have with it economic democracy as well."

Although revolutionary from way back, Padilla is new to Mexican top-drawer politics. He became Avila Camacho's Minister for Foreign Affairs after being Deputy Senator and Attorney General and briefly, from 1930 to 1933, Minister to Italy. Mussolini? "An able man until Hitler pressed out his bones."

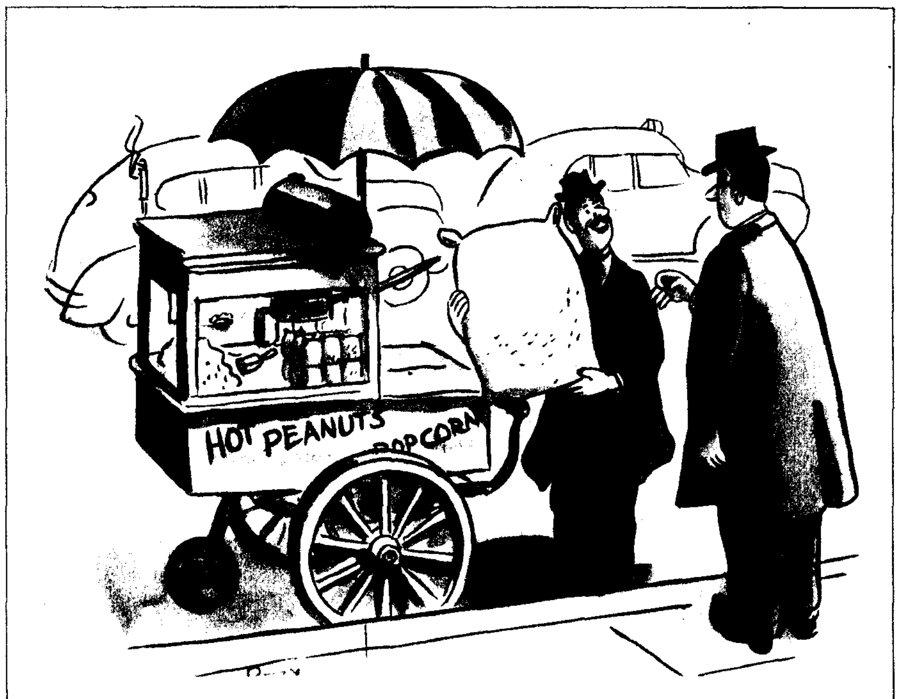
Padilla's hair is straight, dry, loosely combed and dark brown. It crowns a head that has the nobility of the Aztec and something of the Castilian. He tells you frankly that his father was an Indian but somehow, since he doesn't mention it, you don't come right out and ask him if his mother also was an Indian. He has a large face with a high forehead, a large nose and a well-formed mouth which breaks readily into a smile. His skin is the color of bronze and he speaks in the cultured accents of the cultured man that he is.

### "Padilla for President!"

His education began at home. His mother taught him to read and write. He worked his way through elementary schools and won a scholarship to the Sorbonne. His French is faultless, although his English is halting. He studied international law at Columbia University, and it was while he was in New York as a student that for a month he knew hunger. He couldn't find a job. But he learned to love America and he is one of those who would like to see an out-and-out military alliance between Mexico and the United States.

Although he likes night spots, he is a family man. He speaks feelingly of his wife and five children. Two are grown and married. Two children are tots. The fifth is dead, but he says quietly, with his Indian sincerity, "He is dead but he's with us still. He's still part of the family."

He wants to see the creation in this hemisphere of a United States of all the Americas. One hard-boiled member of the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference said of this idea and of Padilla, "Yeah, and give me Padilla for president." Which may seem a bit overenthusiastic unless you realize, as about thirty American correspondents realized, that the tall well-tailored and immaculate Padilla is one of those men about whom you say and think things that are usually said and thought after a man's dead.



**"Why not buy the large economy package and save?"** ROBERT DAY

## How Strong is Japan's Navy?

Continued from page 15

tion she is believed to have at least forty subs with a range permitting short-time operation against American coastal ports before returning to Jap bases for refueling. Use of existing bases in the Caroline or Marshall islands would increase still further the length of time each sub could operate in American shipping lanes.

Japanese undersea vessels mainly are copies of German U-boats. Their larger craft carry a crew of as many as ninety and are capable of sowing sixty mines each around our harbor entrances or in much-used coastal shipping lanes. These monsters are armed with at least six 21-inch torpedoes and one or more 5.5-inch deck guns. At least one of the minelaying type was equipped to carry in its hull a seaplane with folding wings.

### Big Subs and Little Ones

These larger subs with heavy guns could easily slip into range off San Francisco or San Diego during the night, bombard dock or storage facilities while recharging their batteries, and submerge before daylight, making it very difficult to track them down. Admittedly this would give Japan no military advantage but such an assault might be undertaken on the mere possibility of lowering American morale.

The midget two-man threats used in the attack on Pearl Harbor were developed in collaboration with German engineers in Nipponese shipyards. Proof of this was the fact that parts of the three destroyed in Hawaii were found to have been forged in a Czech plant. No one in America has any idea how many of these so-called living torpedoes Japan has in use or ready for use today. These 41-foot craft, with ranges at low speed not exceeding 200 miles, are put overside by mother ships. They are easy to see and attack.

"When we fight *our* war in the Pacific," a high-ranking Jap naval officer boasted to me several years ago, "our principal weapon will be the submarine." Nippon's tactics so far have indicated that this may be one of their chief strategies of this war. A large amount of coastwise shipping necessarily must be carried on among our West Coast harbors, with large shipments reaching California and Hawaii through the Panama Canal. The Canal itself is too far from Japanese bases for submarines to operate there on any large scale, but the ports of arrival of supply ships are extremely vulnerable to submarine blockade.

Japan's known aircraft carriers—she had six for landplanes and at least four for seaplanes but has already lost two—carried a total of only 420 planes. American authorities consider this at least partial confirmation of Navy Vice-Minister Yamamoto's contention that his navy has been built for use only in home waters. Naval aviation bases on the Pacific's western rim eliminate the necessity for more carriers. Today Jap planes are operating from around bases in Japan proper, Taiwan, China coast areas under Japanese control, the Mandated Islands, and new bases in Thailand and Indo-China.

The necessity for both submarine and airplane bases long had been in the minds of Jap naval leaders. As far back as 1934 one of their admirals remarked to me in Tokyo—as a friendly speculation, of course—that "while my country has no desire to meddle with shipping in foreign waters, we must have absolute command of Asiatic seas in order to safeguard our own commerce. This we will do sometime through a combination of our warships, submarines and planes."

The general character of Jap naval building over the past ten years, the consolidation of air and naval bases along the China coast, and her speed in gaining access to airfields within bombing range of Hong Kong, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, all pointed to the deluge-of-fire idea. American naval authorities knew this years ago and all along have been expecting Japan to use hit-and-run-home tactics—expectations which were proved correct beginning with Pearl Harbor. Our Navy's regret now is that Congress could not be led to see the strategic value of island bases in the Pacific until it was too late to fortify them against prolonged attack.

Beginning three years ago and on an intensive scale since Japan joined the Axis, the fantastic successes of the German cruiser Emden during the first World War were rehashed in Nipponese newspapers and magazines. When this trend first became noticeable, American experts became convinced that Japan was planning such raiding activities on a wide scale. But when the probability was expounded to one Midwestern senator on the Naval Affairs Committee, his retort was, "We can stop that instantly by cutting off Japan's oil supplies," and no advantage was gained by Naval Intelligence warnings.

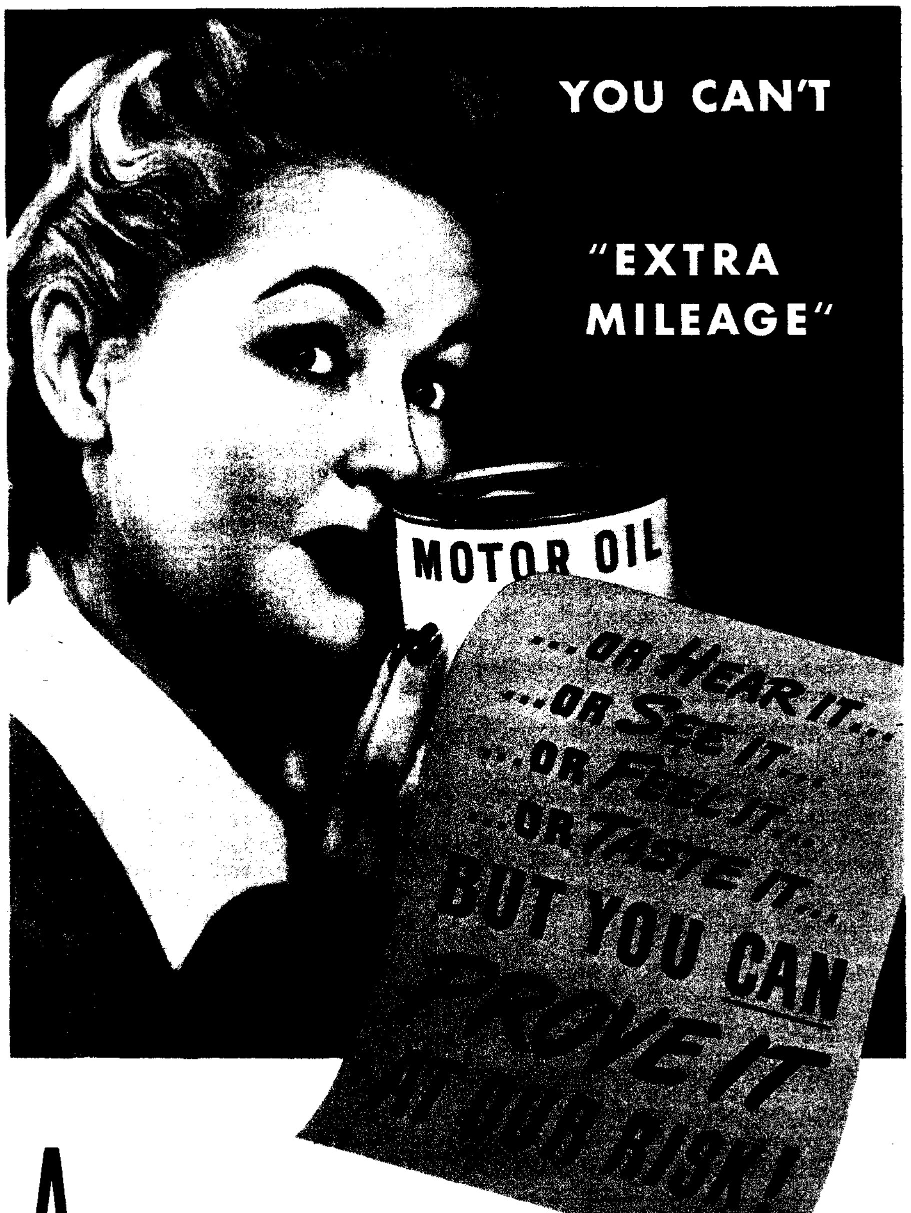
The U. S. Navy for several years has been convinced that Japan's ocean-going fishing fleet was being designed for other purposes than the pursuit of whales, salmon and sardines. As late as last July the Japan Times & Advertiser published a public admission that this was true:

"The advisability of utilizing our fishing fleet of 9,000 vessels and 120,000 men in times of national emergency has been pointed out by the Minister of the Navy," the newspaper editorialized. "Undoubtedly it can be considered an auxiliary arm of our navy, and as such, is ready for action at any time." The astonishing fact, in the face of developments which have seemed inevitable for several years, is that no definite legislation existed in American statutes authorizing our Navy or Coast Guard to chase suspicious Japanese fishermen away from our shores and harbors.

### A String of Island Fortresses

Just as Japan's naval secrecy led to renewed interest in strengthening our own Navy, so her admiralty's violation of mandate regulations made Americans South Sea island-conscious. Former German islands, including the Carolines, Marshalls, and all the Marianas except Guam, were turned over to Japan by the League of Nations—although their final distribution already had been decided by secret treaty between England and Japan before World War I ended. Under a "Class C" mandate, Japan was required to submit annual reports to the League on the state of the islands and their backward populations. Japan's resignation from the League in 1935 resulted in the stopping of all such reports at that time.

Since 1936 is was almost impossible for non-Japanese to visit the islands, and wild conjectures have been made as to what was happening on or around these 632 atolls, reefs, and larger islands, constituting a total land area of 830 square miles scattered throughout the Pacific for 2,700 miles east and west, 1,300 miles north and south. American naval experts were well aware of the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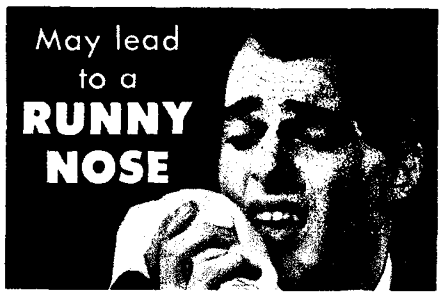

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fact that fortifying the islands practically doubled the strength of the Japanese Navy. They stand athwart the Pacific's important trade routes. Regular airlines for years have connected them with Tokyo, but all non-Japanese who have applied for passage there for any reason have received the same answer: No seats available.

A few years ago Admiral Nomura described the atolls as "ordained by God not as hostile bases but as steppingstones between two friendly continents." Beautiful words, of course, for his nation's bombing planes were winging their way toward Pearl Harbor from these same friendly steppingstones while he was still talking peace in Washington.

Preliminary reconnaissance expeditions around several of Japan's island bases by American naval and aviation units revealed late in January that only small craft such as supply ships and submarines were based there, along with a fairly strong concentration of fighting and bomber planes. It was from Watje and Jaluit in the Marshall Islands that some of the larger bombers attacking Pearl Harbor were supposed to have flown. Undoubtedly America's first knockout blows against Japan will be loosed upon such island bases, since they now are in a position to harry our lines of communications to Australia and the Indies.

For ten years the Jap Navy had been building bombproof storerooms, ammunition dumps and reserve oil tanks on at least ten atolls in the Mandated groups. A French yachtsman driven onto one of the islands in 1938 reported that gasoline tanks, painted to resemble coral, were being sunk in the clear waters of some of the lagoons and that obsolete warships with at least eight-inch guns were anchored permanently in some of the inlets.

### To the Victor the Oil

American oilmen estimate now that the Mikado's fleet has enough fuel oil and aviation gasoline cached to carry the fleet and its air force through at least one and perhaps two years of raiding and offensive warfare.

Nazi Germany in her lightning advance across the Low Countries and northern France captured more oil and gasoline supplies than her blitz operation had required. The British were loud in condemning the Dutch, Belgians and French for allowing this to happen.

On the Far East front the British have been guilty of similar negligence. American and British oil companies owning tank farms in Kowloon across a narrow strait from Hong Kong Island and Victoria were told to await military instructions before dynamiting storage tanks. Word did not come in time, and the Japanese—probably with some exaggeration—claimed capture of complete stocks of gasoline and oil owned by American and British companies. American oilmen admit this is at least partial truth. They were similarly taken by surprise at Shanghai and at least ten other ports along the China coast. Large stores of gasoline were even reportedly taken at Manila. Like the Germans, the Japs captured enough oil on their southward drives to cover a large proportion of operating needs.

Since oil is the source of Japan's naval energy and her most vulnerable requirement, her additional claims to have captured wells capable of instant production in British North Borneo and Sarawak take on serious significance. If true, they constitute a strong indictment of both British and American foresight.

I can reveal here for the first time and from firsthand knowledge that plans were advanced a year ago to both the American and British governments by American oil producers to force the Dutch to destroy vulnerable oil fields so that new wells would be necessary before more production from these fields would be possible. From personal surveys in Japan's few oil fields, these experts claimed that insufficient pipe of necessary types existed in Japan to bring the wells back to anything like former production, even if they had the drilling equipment.

Heads of at least six Army and Navy bureaus agreed with the plan as proposed by Colonel John H. Leavell, U. S. Army Engineers, retired, a producer who had surveyed the oil situation in relation to the present war from Latin America to Mesopotamia to the Dutch East Indies. This plan included the cementing at that time of Borneo and Sarawak wells—"squeeze jobs," in oilmen's language—and the constant maintenance of trained American oil crews with proper squeezing equipment in Java and Sumatra. Thus, in the event the Indies were attacked, the Americans could guarantee destruction of the wells while the Dutch held oil-hungry Japs back long enough for the job to be done efficiently.

Administration officials, retaining ideals of democratic sportsmanship, pointed out that neither the Netherlands nor the British would welcome such a proposal. The Dutch claimed they would be able to hold off invaders until wells could be destroyed. American oilmen countered by pointing out that extensive oil fields could not be destroyed with the speed casual observers might suspect and that, at the time, the Dutch had not the equipment necessary for such destructive operations. But the wells were not destroyed and what has already happened in North Borneo and Sarawak was exactly what American oilmen predicted. As this is written, the immediate objectives of Japan's Navy still are the natural subterranean Indies reservoirs which represent to it the difference between victory and defeat.

Even before the start of this war, American opinion on Japan's reserve stocks of scrap iron, brass, tin, aluminum and other essentials for continued shipbuilding was divided. Unofficially U. S. Navy officials believed her supplies of these materials low enough to cripple her shipbuilding program seriously. Exporters and some industrialists with whom I have talked believe that huge purchases of raw materials during the past several years had built up still untouched stocks. They should know, for their pockets are well lined with profits from such sales!

Despite the fact that the American government realized Japan might become our enemy at any moment during the past twelve months, American companies still were allowed to continue sending her urgently needed war supplies, despite embargoes and America's own needs for defense materials. On the authority of the Department of Commerce, here are a few of Japan's purchases for a month as recent as January, 1941:

Raw cotton, $564,000; petroleum products, $3,584,000; iron, steel, scrap iron $110,000; metal-working machinery (for armament making) $268,000; refined copper, $2,360,000; aircraft parts, $5,000; and barbed wire (to impede U. S. Marines!) $20,000. And the total amount of exports to Japan of such materials was forty per cent higher in December, 1940.

German economic experts were known to be exerting great influence in Japan as long as five years ago, but American observers on the scene wondered, during the month preceding Germany's attack on Russia, at the number of Nazi "businessmen" taking last-minute advantage of the Trans-Siberian Railway to reach Tokyo. Actually these so-called businessmen were Nazi *Wehrwirtschaft* (military economy) experts sent by the Reich to advise Japan on all phases of economic mobilization and exploitation and instruct them in founding ersatz industries.

Americans who slipped out of Japan just before the outbreak of hostilities reported that civilian morale was at a low ebb but that the government was doing all possible to whip it up to support the attack on a strong nation which its people traditionally have greatly respected. To most Nipponese, the idea of a naval war with America was appalling.

When historians of the future examine the reasons behind what most Americans consider a suicide move on the part of Japan's militarist government, they probably will find that, in addition to Axis pressure, the Imperial Navy's jealousy of the army's prestige at home was also an important motive. For years the navy has resented the army's almost complete control of government policy. Led by those on the navy's high command who considered possible gains in prestige first and practical possibilities for victory second, the navy's propaganda bureau worked overtime for six months prior to Pearl Harbor preparing the Jap mind for the treacherous act their government committed.

Admittedly, too, the oil, rubber and tin in Malaya and the Indies were a powerful enticement toward a bold victory—an enticement which the Axis constantly dangled before the Imperial Naval Ministry since Japan's pact with Berlin and Rome. But coveted raw materials would never have done the trick alone.

### The Test That Must Come

Today numbers and tonnage give the Japs the third largest fleet in the world, and the destruction of the Repulse and the Prince of Wales upped their strength immeasurably. But granting that she is fighting American and British fleets that are dangerously divided between two oceans, is this the most significant factor in weighing her chances for victory in the Pacific? Her navy is less than 100 years old. Seafaring is not an inherited tradition with the Nipponese; and there is still doubt that Japanese designers, builders and seamen have mastered the construction and operation of modern warships, even with the aid of suicide-minded air pilots—of whom there are fewer than Japan generally is credited with having—and a fair fleet of bombing planes and fighters.

Until the Mikado's fleet can be hemmed in and brought into action against Uncle Sam's, the fighting potentialities of the Japanese built and manned navy remain unknown quantities. But the mere fact that Japan's is not a long-range fleet—if that theory is true—does not prevent it from being an opponent worthy of respect. Most authorities concede that it was designed for efficiency in home waters, which is where it plans to meet any challenge and where potential booty lies.

A few weeks before the shooting started, a Washington radio commentator asked a rear admiral on active service what time he thought would be required to "discipline" Nippon's Navy. "I'll do it any Wednesday morning and have lunch with you later," the officer answered. Fortunately, this flippant attitude did not prevail among naval officials in general.

There is a great possibility that Nippon's destiny may be decided, not in the air and not by land forces, but by her own navy's strength and strategies. What Uncle Sam wants is for her to come out and fight!

# I Knew Her Like a Book

Continued from page 20

to be none of the things her family connections would suggest. Plain; no airs. She shared with me from the first a rapt interest in fertilizer. Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash—in those three ingredients lay the secret of growth and the key to wonders in the earth unexplored. Cecilly and I began pretty soon working on experiments together.

She was wonderful. She had ideas that were new and Professor Platt said she had the genuine scientific spirit. In sophomore year I borrowed two hundred dollars from the bank on my personal note and opened the Scott Fertilizer Company.

You see the kind of pair we were.

MR. MADDIGAN took a train home after we were married. Cecilly and I drove twenty-seven miles to Nagelstown to see Silas Kettle. We mixed business with the honeymoon, you see. It was an idyllic trip. Kettle talked to us next day for a long time and then put his hand on my shoulder.

"Listen, young fellow. I've a proposition for you. You two are going to get married next month, you say. What about this? I've got a nine-room brick house that's a hundred years old. No conveniences, but you move in after I've fixed it up and I'll finance a year's experiments for you. Build you a plant and all the vats and tanks for hydroponics you want. I'll even put tile under ten acres. I think it'll pay me in the long run. What about it?"

We started back home for Monday classes in a glow. The world was rosy and we talked chemistry all the way. Driving through the outskirts of our town, Cecilly sighed and glanced sideways at me. "Johnny, you wouldn't mind if I took a small part in the senior play, would you?"

I frowned at the road. Then I laughed out loud. "Go ahead. But you're no actress and you know it. Why should you punish the audience?"

"Well, I looked in at a couple of rehearsals and Jean Dragmire may go to Bermuda this week with her family. I read her lines and they said I'd do. I'd like to try it as an experiment."

"Gal, listen! I know you. You're no actress. You lack the looks, actress looks, for one thing. But it's okay by me—go ahead and try it."

THE final curtain fell. The lights went up. I stayed in my seat. Cecilly had asked me to. People finished high-jumping over my knees and I sat alone.

Then the lights along the stage bloomed on once more. Was the play about to recommence, like a movie? But then I remembered. "We're having a little party on the stage afterward. Mother will be there and some friends of hers. You know how it is; I'll have to stay a bit. But not long—you just wait out front."

But theater seats are built for midgets. My six-foot-two was folded twice. I decided to wait outside in the corridor; she'd have to come that way, anyhow. So I resumed my vigil between the drinking fountain and the statue of Lacoön and the Serpents.

At last the doors into the auditorium swung out and there emerged a little knot of people, all laughing and talking at once in that goofy oh-you-don't-say-dear-me tone of voice. In the center of it was a pink-cheeked, middle-aged lady in a sort of Grecian gown, her hair the color of starting mash. I recognized her from her pictures and the resemblance: Cecilly's mother.

"How nice!" she cried, bearing down on me. "Is this the young man you've been telling me about?"

"Yes, Madge, this is Johnny Scott."

We shook hands. The rest of the party milled about and I shook hands also with a Mr. Magma who, it turned out, produced plays in which Madge Maddigan starred. He was a stout, dark-complexioned fellow who mostly carried a derby hat in one hand and a dead cigar in the other. He turned back to Madge Maddigan at once.

"I'll fix accommodations for the daughter. You bring her up. The tickets I will mail you and now I must, if you will pardon me"—he glanced around cautiously—"scram." He bowed shortly and walked rapidly away. A couple of kids fell into step with him, their autograph books outstretched.

"Isn't it wonderful, Mr.—"

"Johnny Scott," said Cecilly.

My name was, it seemed, too complicated for Mamma. She went on fast: "Isn't it perfect-ly marve-lous? Mr. Magma was so impressed with my darling girl's performance he's putting her right into rehearsals for his new play, Debutante. Isn't it simply too heavenly, Mr.—"

"Scott. No, it isn't so good, Mrs. Maddigan."

We took Cecilly's mother back to her hotel.

I WAS sore as a mule breaking new ground. Cecilly couldn't do this to me! Of course, I knew how she actually felt, how eager she was to get on with our important work; but she was letting herself be imposed upon. She was trying to be kind and polite to her mother.

Driving Cecilly home, just the two of us, at last, I was quiet for a couple of blocks.

"Well, Johnny, what did you think of the play?"

"It was lousy. You were awful," I said, tight-lipped.

She sat rigid for a while. Then she relaxed. She snuggled over. "Johnny, I believe you're jealous. Did you take seriously that talk about me going to New York for one of Magma's shows?"

"I know you too well to be jealous, ever. If we had time, I'd say go ahead and humor your mother. You know, you're simply silly on a stage. You'd soon be forced off because you're so unfitted for that kind of stuff. You and I are serious. It's time to get going."

She said nothing. I took a deep breath, drove with one arm.

"By the way—I sold eighty boxes of that new tobacco poison to old man Hewitt today."

It was fine, that night, all the way to Cecilly's door. Cecilly was quiet. Knowing her so well, I knew she was serious again. We drove out through the grounds of the law school and came back by Tom's Rest for a soda. I discussed when we could announce the marriage—it had to be broken diplomatically to Madge—and set up housekeeping on the Kettle place. At last Cecilly talked some, too. But she was abstracted; she kept slipping off away from me.

There was a light in George Maddigan's study. He was up later than usual, but I knew seeing Madge at the auditorium had upset him.

Cecilly stood on the top step and put a hand on each of my shoulders. "Darling, I know you like a book. You're worried, aren't you? You're scared to death that I *might* be a success on the stage so that you'd lose me. You're precious."

I drew back, astonished.

"Cut it out, Cecilly. I never heard

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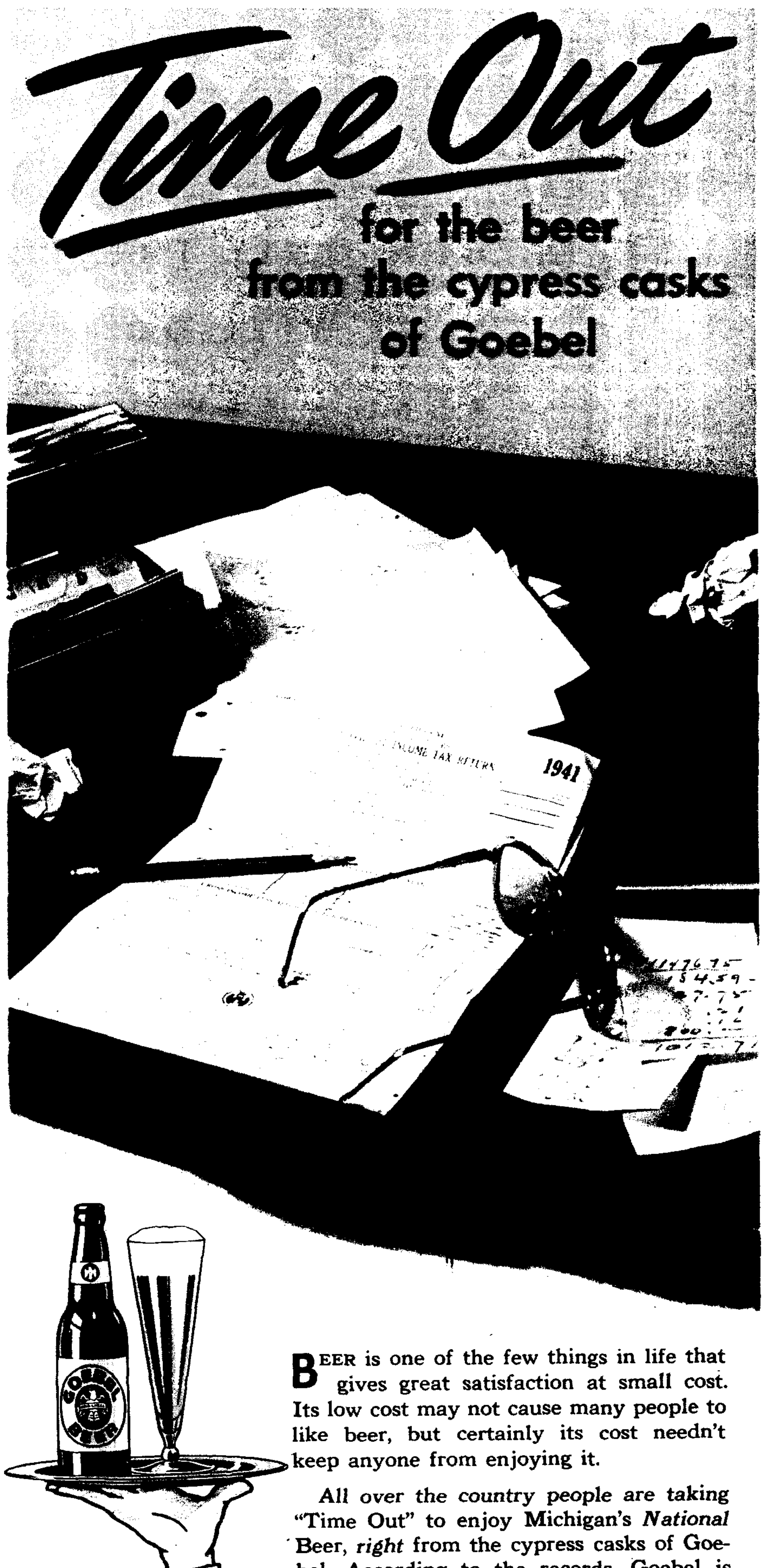

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you talk nonsense before. Of course I'm not afraid of your being a success on the stage. Haven't I got eyes? You're not the stage type. You know that."

She moved back a little into the flicker of honeysuckle shadows. "So I'm homely, am I, Johnny?" she asked, without anger but in a voice so low it was almost a whisper.

I was getting tired of this foolishness.

"Stop it, Cecilly. I like your looks. I'm crazy about your looks. But—"

The front door opened and George Maddigan came out on the porch, a book in his hand. "Come in, you two. You can have the spare room."

I had intended to go to my place that night, but I stayed, feeling unhappy. We understood each other perfectly about everything; and yet, somehow, a kind of partition had gone up.

THE night after Cecilly went to New York with her mother, I wrote her. "You will, of course, be a laugh on the stage. I was looking over some old snapshots of you and if there ever was a girl meant to be anything *but* an actress, it's you. You know that as well as I do. I am sure you must be suffering to be exposed to this trivial exhibitionism, but we all have family obligations." And so on.

When I got Cecilly's first letter, on July 3d, I was cheered. "You were perfectly right, as usual," she wrote. "Debutante was a flop. It lasted three days. With me out of the cast it might have lasted a week, because, honey, I'm the world's lousiest actress. Still, I'm glad I'm getting this out of my system. Alec Strange, who is Madge's husband and the author of Debutante, blames it all on the critics. I know better. He is teaching me to fly model airplanes from our penthouse roof and is altogether one of the wackiest individuals you ever met. Just right for Madge . . ."

I skipped on through, looking for the date of her return. I could not find it.

Cecilly's second letter came on July 7th.

"You're lucky, darling, not to have been born into an acting family. Magma is opening a new musical in a week and he's slipping me into it here at the last minute. Madge thinks I ought to get a taste of musicals, too, and round this ordeal out. Alec spends hours teaching me badminton on his roof court; everybody's playing it, and Madge can't play on account of her heart. . . ."

July 10th was a Friday. I read through Cecilly's new letter, trembling a little. Mr. Kettle had just driven over and paid me a call. He was kindly; but he delivered an ultimatum; either we moved to his place and went to work for him by Tuesday or he was going to bring over two boys from Kansas with fine recommendations who were just out of a school of agricultural engineering.

I put on my hat and went by the showroom where Mr. Maddigan worked. He was home for dinner. I kept on to his house.

He looked up from his paper. He had finished dinner and the plump Negress had brought him his coffee.

"What's the trouble, boy? You look upset."

"You knew Cecilly would do this to me all the time!" I cried.

"I hoped she wouldn't," he said.

"But I can't let—"

"Sit down, Johnny." He touched the chair next to him.

I sat down, but I wasn't going to be sweet-talked out of the way I felt.

"Enough's enough!" I growled. "This 'actors' blood' business. My father was a drunkard. I've got two uncles who are worse. Suppose I started telling people I had cut-up blood in me and began to act accordingly, to get it out of my system? What would Cecilly say to that?"

"Why don't you try telling Cecilly that? Maybe she'd come home. After all, she didn't want to go. You forced her to go, son."

"*I* forced her to go? Why—"

"Sure, you did, boy. Did you ever ask her to stay? Did you ever give her the opportunity to make a sacrifice for you and stay? That's all she wanted. She was entitled to that."

"Mr. Maddigan, you don't understand Cecilly the way I do. It wouldn't do for us to start out with any hypocrisy about sacrifice." I hesitated. Somehow a sort of unsureness was melting my bones. It was a terrible sensation. "Mr. Maddigan, how long do you think she's going to stay?"

He shook his head once, slowly. Then he rose and came and put his hand on my shoulder. He talked quite a while then in a slow voice.

"I couldn't do that," I said. "It wouldn't work and I'm no good at—well, acting. I'm just a plain country boy, Mr. Maddigan." And then something else occurred to me. It was a blue thought, but I faced it. "Mr. Maddigan, maybe Cecilly *is* cut out to be an actress after all. Maybe she's got talent. If she has, and if that's her line, then I ought to—well, check out. Get a divorce and let her go. It's not my style, that's all."

He hesitated. "Listen, here, boy. Go up to New York for the week end and get your girl. You can do it."

WHEN I heard Cecilly's voice on the phone I gained confidence again.

"Who? Oh, Johnny! Are you calling long distance?"

"I'm in New York. I had to come up on some business for Mr. Kettle and I thought I'd phone."

Mr. Maddigan had told me not to let her get the idea right off that I had come to drag her away—women were funny, he said—and although I preferred the direct approach I was determined to try his advice. My own frank dealings with Cecilly had not seemed to work.

But now there appeared to be something wrong with the connection. Her voice went away off, came back when I shouted and jiggled the receiver hook.

"Why don't you call back around noon, when I wake up? This is the middle of the night in this crazy town, darling."

I called her again at twelve, from the little hotel near the station where I had put up to save taxi fare.

"Darling!"

She yawned across the town.

"I feel better now. Let's meet soon. I've a date at the photographer's at two and then I promised Alec I'd sit in with him and Madge for a lesson of rummy-gin or gin-rummy, whatever it is. He's teaching us. Maybe we could meet at four."

"Fine. Where?"

"Well, there are only a couple of places where we *could* meet. How about Twenty-One?"

"That the ritzy hangout?"

"It's where everybody meets, dear."

"But couldn't we just sneak off to some simple, quiet place to talk?"

"I'd much rather. But that's the trouble with this acting business. You can't be seen except at a few places. Of course, there's The Stork and Monte Carlo, but they're late spots."

We met at Twenty-One.

Cecilly ordered a Martini, explaining that although she didn't drink you had to make a pretense in her business. I said I'd have one, too.

"I thought you didn't drink either, Johnny."

"A few won't do me any harm. Get it out of my system before I settle down." Cecilly's eyebrows went way up. Then something rose in me, a sort of tide of love for her, and I pulled her hand over.

But an extraordinary-looking little man had come up to our table and was standing over us grinning. He reminded me somewhat of Dr. Goebbels after a ten days' fast.

"I want you to meet Kandy Kerr, the ugliest columnist in the world," Cecilly said.

I stood up and shook hands.

"Looks like a new conflagration, Miss Maddigan."

"Oh, yes. Johnny Scott is the boy from back home. Alec and I have curdled, you know."

Presently Kandy Kerr went away.

She squeezed my hand. "It's dat Ole Debbil Footlights again, Johnny. The columnists were running little squibs about me and Alec Strange. It burns me up the way you have to get your private life pried into, but that's the stage for you."

"But—good Lord, Cecilly! He's your mother's husband. You and him! Why—"

"Sh-h! Don't you think I feel the same way? Don't you *know* I'll be glad to get away from a profession that makes things like that necessary for publicity?"

I froze up then.

On the way to Alec Strange's cocktail party, I asked pleasantly, "How is the musical show coming along?"

She moved close, slipped her arm through mine. "Johnny," she breathed, "we're both acting. Let's cut it out and be normal again. Let's be like we were, Johnny. I want to, so terribly badly."

I saw that this was a crisis. If she saw through me now, before I had had a chance to try what Mr. Maddigan had advised, the whole thing might collapse. I steeled myself.

"Why, Cecilly! I was never more sincere in my life. I'm interested in your musical, really I am."

She removed her arm from mine. "Oh, the musical. Magma has decided not to open until late fall."

A little spark glowed up in me then. She might be coming back of her own accord now.

"But Alec's new play, Bread for the Masses, is opening at the Rock Barn Theater on the Maine coast week after next. He wants me for it. Naturally I told him no, but summer stock is different from anything else in show business. I was tempted, just to make the experiment complete."

ALEC STRANGE'S apartment was a duplex overlooking the East River. It was scantily furnished with pieces which seemed to have been made from leftover plumbing stock. There were many people, girls with dark eyes and funny hats and men who raised their little fingers when they picked up a cocktail glass.

Madge, said Cecilly, was in bed with a sick headache. Which was one break for me.

I lost Cecilly almost at once. I moved back and forth with the eddies of the crowd. It was all over now. I simply was not cut out for this and the time had come to back out for good. Cecilly had changed; maybe she had never been the kind of girl I thought she was, maybe the old Cecilly, who had stayed up with me until four in the morning working over a soil sample in a retort, was only illusion.

Here and there I got into conversation with people. I drank three cocktails. I met the redheaded girl in the black net dress.

"Isn't Alec too, too absurd—but absurd?" she demanded as we found ourselves in a corner off the serving pantry.

"I haven't met him yet."

"As a rule I, too, oppose meeting the host. But this one is actually worth a nod. But actually."

ALEC STRANGE himself appeared, elbowing his way through the crush followed by Cecilly. He was a spare, middle-aged man with a large curly head flowering from one of those elephant-ear shirt collars. He wore white slacks and what seemed to be a bullfighter's red sash at his waist.

"Sorry, can't shake hands," he mumbled when Cecilly introduced him.

It was plain why he couldn't. He carried what appeared to be a single tricycle wheel in either hand.

"Alec's taking me out in the corridor to teach me to ride a one-wheeler. He has just learned himself," Cecilly explained.

"It's the newest thing," said the redheaded girl.

Off they went. I turned to the redheaded girl. "Johnny Scott's my name. I'm hungry. Let's go eat."

"Shall we?" she brightened, moving closer. "The Stork? Jack and Charlie's? Monte Carlo?"

"No, none of those."

I had her by the arm now.

"But there *aren't* any other places. Oh, if you want to slum, there's always the Ritz, but—"

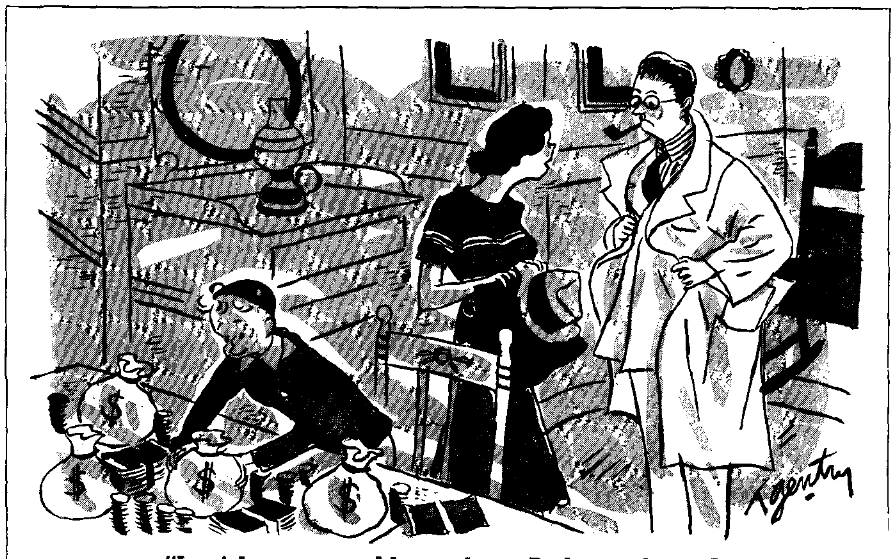
We passed Cecilly and Alec in the hallway outside. Alec had his arm around her shoulder, helping her up on the one-wheeled cycle.

I waved.

"We're going to dinner. Want to come?"

"Much too early," Cecilly called. Suddenly I got the impression her eyes were red from crying, but I knew that couldn't be. "But you go on. Meet us at The Stork later, huh?"

We ate in a one-armed cafeteria



"I wish you would speak to Rodney, dear—I think he's sending out threatening letters again"

THURSTON GEARY

PERFECT! HUNDREDS OF WIENERS AND NOT ONE SPLIT OPEN!

YES SIR! Because They Have NO SKINS!

For tonight! SKINLESS wieners and Boston baked beans

Reliable manufacturers are proud of the quality of their products and glad to identify them! *Look for and buy* Skinless Wieners and Frankfurters that are BANDED • BOXED • BRANDED

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Children and adults need plenty of them. SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners are an excellent source of Vitamin $B_1$, $B_2$ and the anti-Pelagra vitamin. Good reason why SKINLESS are served regularly to men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

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"First, I'm given a sparkling 'VISKING' casing for a coat." "After I'm smoked my 'VISKING' coat is removed, like this." "Here I am, with a tender, digestible surface I made myself."

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UP LATE MONDAY NIGHT

**Pretty as a picture next day!**

ANNABELLA, *star of the Chicago company of Noel Coward's* BLITHE SPIRIT, *uses White Rock to help keep fit.*

THIS IS WHAT ANNABELLA DID:

Monday night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with tangy White Rock.

Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain sparkling White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

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ALWAYS MIX WITH

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

*Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)*

FALSE TEETH *And True Love*

(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN

*Although Miss Gertrude Gaines*
*had planned*
*To wed within the year,*
*Her gay romance was*
*nearly wrecked.*
*The reason? Lend an ear:*

**1.** Her false teeth, scrub them
as she might,
Got dingy, dull and dirty.
Twixt "Denture Breath" and
ruined smile,
They made her "old" at thirty.

**2.** "Get POLIDENT!"
her dentist said,
"Its *no-brush, no scrub* action
Make plates and bridges 'look like new,'
Gives *instant* satisfaction."

**3.** So straightway Gert got POLIDENT
Her wedding? *Very* nice!

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*All who wear false teeth*
Should take the same advice!

**Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing**

Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.

CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH

POLIDENT

ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30¢

around the corner on Third Avenue.

At ten, with several more drinks inside both of us, I took Sheila home, promising to come for her as soon as I dressed. I went to a place whose neon sign I had spotted earlier and rented a tuxedo. Then I went for the redhead. By that time I had decided I liked her, as long as I didn't have to listen to what she said. She was a very good-looking girl.

When we overtook Cecilly and Alec at The Stork Club, I was sober but dazed. The unhappiness had retreated; it tried to come forward but a couple of sips would put it to flight again.

We left The Stork Club and went to La Conga. Then we went back to The Stork Club. Then we went to Twenty-One. Then we went to another place, a new one that was just being put on the list of possible places to go. A newsboy had a late paper at the door. "London Bombed Again," the headlines roared.

AT a quarter of two I was dancing with Cecilly.

"You're going up to that summer theater, aren't you?" I asked casually.

"I'm afraid I'll have to, Johnny, because—"

"I know. I'm going to Sheila's summer place for the same reason. She's a wonderful drinking companion. You know, my father drank, two of my uncles drank and I have a cousin in Hydestown who drinks all the time and raises Cain. I've got to get it out of my system."

"Of course," said Cecilly. "Naturally you have."

"I might have a nervous breakdown if I didn't."

"You sure might. I guess I'll have to go to Hollywood after Alec's play closes. He can get me a movie contract, he thinks."

"Sure. And Sheila has a friend."

I took her back to the table. The dazed feeling had gone away. I knew Cecilly was looking at me hard and—angrily. What a fool I was! I tried not to, but I couldn't help blaming old man Maddigan for everything, for getting us married, for suggesting this trip. . . .

"Alec, let's go home," Cecilly said when we got back to our table. "I'm tired. I'm a country girl, you know."

Alec was talking intimately to Sheila. They were, in fact, more or less twined together and he was whispering in her ear.

He didn't move anything except his eyes.

"Oh, sit down. Play with your pitchfork wielder. We're simpatico, can't you see that? Go away. Take her home, Man with the Hoe, will you?"

All of a sudden things got all hard and bright. I moved around the table toward this Alec Strange.

"Get up, you," I said, so softly I wondered if he heard.

He got up, slowly, looking surprised.

"You're going to take this girl home," I said.

"Why, my dear fellow—"

I let him have a short, hard one to the chin.

He was a very satisfactory target. He went over backward in a slow, surprised arc, better than they do it in the movies. He disappeared under the adjoining table as the waiters rushed up mewling and tch-ing.

Sheila jounced to my side.

"Cay-ute!" she cried, feeling my muscle. "Oh, cay-ute! I always wanted a man to do *that* for me, just *that* for me!" Then she stiffened. "Oh, look! Don't let her—"

"Did it for you! Why, you wig-topped honky-tonker, he did it for me! He's my husband and I'm going to settle all this right now!"

Cecilly—a marvelously and instantaneously transformed Cecilly, chin down, eyes aimed at Sheila like antitank ordnance—was stalking us. To be more exact, she was stalking Sheila; and she was smoking mad.

The headwaiter, summoned from the kitchen, confronted me now, panting. "So you're the one—"

Sheila dodged behind him just as Cecilly made a swinging clutch for that flaming pompadour. The clutch ricocheted off the headwaiter's shoulder. He was a fat man and he lost his balance, stumbled over a chair and sat down. In the great confusion which followed I saw Sheila making tracks away from there.

Cecilly abandoned the chase. She grabbed my arm and her fingernails bit through cloth. "You sap. You poor sap! I've stood all of this I'm going to stand. We're getting out of here."

We got. We did not wait for the two heavy-set men who suddenly entered from a side door and were approaching fast.

In the taxi Cecilly was still breathing fire and brimstone. Her little chin was perked up and her lips were a grim line.

"You suppose Sheila will get home all right?" I asked.

She turned on me.

"You make me sick and tired, Johnny Scott. You're just fit to be tied, aren't you? You're just ready to plunge in and fall for all this New York bunkum and be a great big playboy, aren't you? Well, you're not going to do any such thing. I gave you credit for more sense—and you've swallowed every spoonful of Broadway poison that was fed to you—like the rube that you are."

"Yep," I said, beginning to glow all warm and fine up from the soles of my feet. "Yep, I guess you're right."

"I never saw a man act the credulous hayseed the way you have."

"I was terrible," I said.

"A rube. A pop-eyed rube, that's what you were. You got just what you deserved, brawling in that night club. That's a rube trick, too."

"Was I terrible!" I agreed. "Brawling."

"Why, Johnny, I honestly believe that if you'd had the rein you'd have ended up a drunken bum in—Say, where is this taxi going?"

"To my hotel, I guess. But you want to go by yours, don't you?"

"I do not. That just goes to show how you've swallowed all this café society hocus-pocus. I'm not going to put up with any of your airs, Johnny Scott, from this moment onward. I'm your wife and I'm going to *your* hotel. Besides, I'm going to take you away from here tomorrow morning, even at the sacrifice of my career. You're not mentally *old* enough to cope with this town."

"The sooner the better. I'm in danger every minute."

SHE cut her eyes at me in the half dark. Her lip was trembling. All the pugnacity had gone out of her face. I thought that was the moment to kiss her. It was.

"But you don't want me, Johnny. You don't!"

"I don't want—?"

"Of course you don't. You proved it. You let me go without a word of objection. Just a mention of the trip and you fell right in with it. Why, with all we had planned—"

"But you *wanted* to go. You said—"

"Wanted to go? Didn't I tell you I hated acting? In every letter didn't *I tell you that?* And you—" Pushing away from me she sat up rigid. "All you could do was as good as tell me how homely I was. Oh, what's the use?"

She was crying now, but she came over presently and cried on my shoulder.

"Women," I thought.

On the train we talked fertilizer all the way home.

# The Rotten Apple

Continued from page 12

with Ivan before she was transferred to the health department, so there was nothing strange in us three being together. 'But what do you want with Boris Sergeyich,' he said, 'who thinks of nothing but girls? I hear he keeps a regular harem in that bank of his.' "

"The man's a fool!" cried Boris. "You might have told him . . ."

David chuckled. "My dear boy, it's quite all right. I said it was only natural, as you were so young and handsome. I told him I'd first met Irene quite by accident, there on the boulevard, not knowing she had a sweetheart until you came along to join her. Galkin swallowed that whole. 'Pretty girl, too,' he said. 'Are they going to be married?' I laughed it off. Was I right, Ivan?"

"Mighty clever," said the leader. "Always take them down a blind alley when you can."

"Maybe you're right," admitted Boris, not noticing Irene's angry face. "What happened then?"

"That's all. He saw there was nothing he could get out of me, and he half apologized for the way we've been treated. I'm sure I made him feel that he hasn't got the shadow of a case against us."

"And meanwhile," said Ivan, "our friends are working."

With a brusque rattle of keys the door was opened. "Boris Sergeyich," said the sentry, "the Citizeness Vera Metrophanovna has asked to see you. The examining magistrate permits the interview in his presence." He followed Boris out of the room and closed the door.

David snickered. "Some more sympathy," he said, looking at Irene.

"I won't have it!" she cried, running to the door. "Boris, come back!" She pulled at the doorknob. The door was locked.

"Don't be silly, Irene," said Ivan curtly. "As you know, Vera Metrophanovna is one of our executive committee, and she may be able to explain the discrepancy in the messages we've received, or even give Boris some important news. At this stage it's absurd to take things personally."

BORIS came back presently, his face clouded with bewilderment. "I don't understand," he said. "There's something . . . but I will make a full report, Ivan.

"When I came into the office, this funny little Galkin was perched on the desk nibbling a biscuit, and Vera Metrophanovna was sitting in his chair. They were chatting away as if they'd known each other for years. He waved me to a seat and said, 'I was telling this young lady how they hunt bears in Siberia.' And he finished his story as if I didn't exist.

"Then Vera said, 'I've brought some salve for your hands,' and Galkin broke in, 'I take this opportunity of expressing my profound regret for the barbarous treatment inflicted on you. I may tell you, the man who did it will be severely punished.' He spoke quite sincerely, I thought; but I could see he was watching us both like a hawk.

" 'How did you know about it?' I asked Vera.

" 'The magistrate here was kind enough to give me your message from David Kasparovich,' she said. Naturally I looked blank. 'What message?' I asked; and Galkin answered, 'I asked your comrade if you wanted a doctor for your fingers. He said no, but you'd be glad to see this young lady, and perhaps she could bring some ointment and bandages. I concluded you'd asked him to speak to me about it. I'm not surprised—it isn't often I have such a charming visitor.' "

"But I said nothing of the kind!" cried David. "I gave you a full report. Galkin did say something about the girls in the bank being sweet on you—he may even have said a girl—but no names were mentioned and I said nothing about your wanting to see Vera."

Boris looked quickly at Irene. A dull flush had mounted to her forehead.

"Are you sure, David," he demanded, "that you said nothing that might give him an idea I wanted to see Vera?"

"I gave you an exact report," replied the hunchback angrily. "It's none of my business if your whole harem comes to visit you."

"That will do!" said Ivan sternly. "Of course we accept your word, David; but I wish I knew what this Galkin is driving at. Maybe—"

The door opened. "The examining magistrate has summoned the prisoner Irene Lvovna," said the sentry.

IN HALF an hour Irene returned, flushed and tearful. "What a horrible man!" she burst out. "His mind's as queer as his body. Oh, I hate people . . ." She checked herself with a quick look at David.

"Make your report, comrade," said Ivan hurriedly. He too had seen the quiver of pain on the hunchback's face.

"He told me to sit down," Irene began in a toneless voice, "and then he stared at me a long time, like a snake trying to hypnotize a bird. He seemed to read my thoughts, for his first words were, 'You'd sooner have Boris making love to you than me, wouldn't you? Well, I like pretty girls too'—and he leered in a way that gave me cold shudders. He said I was a fool to bother about Boris, who was like a dog sniffing at every skirt he saw."

"The filthy ape!" cried Boris furiously. "I'd like to wring his neck."

"He said he knew none of us had anything to do with the plot against Lenin," resumed Irene, ignoring the outburst, "but Ivan and David had been so active in the S.R. movement before that their arrest was inevitable. Martha was arrested with Ivan, but as far as Boris and I were concerned, he wondered whether there hadn't been some denunciation to account for our arrest."

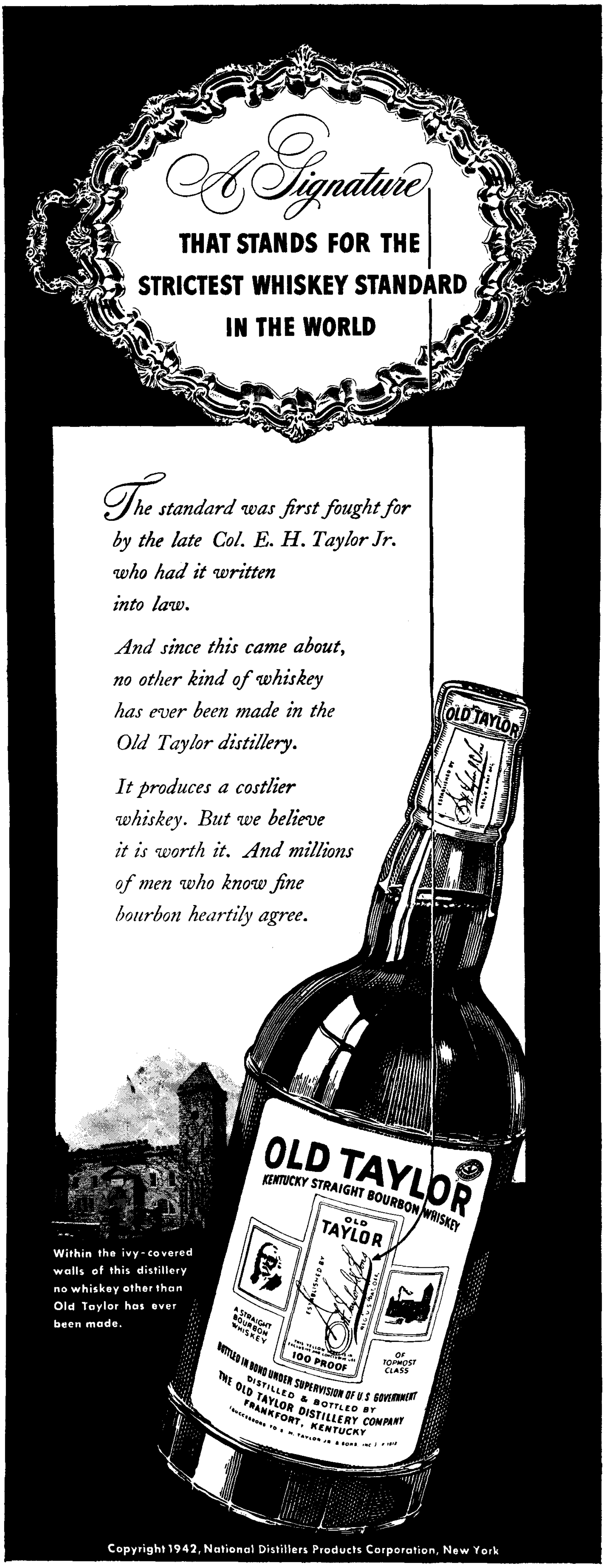
"What?" said Ivan. "Say that again!"

"His exact words were, 'Supposing the Cheka received a letter during the excitement over Lenin's shooting, a letter in a woman's handwriting saying that you and Boris had talked one day about the Bolsheviks being a one-man show, and that if that man was removed their whole movement would collapse.' "

For the first time Irene looked Boris in the face. "You did say that once, do you remember? But we were alone at the time. Surely you couldn't have told anyone else."

Boris sprang to his feet. "How can you suggest such a thing, Irene? You know I don't care a rap for anyone but you. Surely . . ."

"So I said to him," the girl continued, " 'That sounds like Cheka methods—anonymous letters and backstairs gossip.' I was furious; but strangely enough, the more I abused the Cheka the politer he became; and when I mentioned that gendarme who tortured Boris . . ." She sobbed convulsively, but checked herself and went on, " . . . he insisted that I take some wine. He put his hand on my shoulder as I took the glass, and said the man would be pun-



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ished, and that Boris was a fine boy and—"

"Yes," said Ivan, "and then?"

She hesitated. "Well . . . the rest was nothing."

"That's for me to judge," said Ivan. "You know you must report everything."

Irene bowed her head. "Well, then, he said what a pity it was that David was deformed. He said, 'That man has a head like a Roman senator; he might have been a great leader if his body wasn't crooked. I know. They call me a funny little freak too. Women despise men like us. But I tell you, if David's back was straight, you'd never look twice at Boris.' Oh, David, you know I didn't want to say it."

"That's all right, Irene," said the Georgian. "You have to make your report." His voice was gentle but his face was cold as marble.

BORIS was in high spirits the next morning. His fingers were less painful, and he felt confident that the term of imprisonment was nearly ended. The fact that Irene seemed despondent and complained of a bad headache, and David's surliness, failed to check the young man's optimism.

Ivan, however, looked anxious. "There's something I don't like somewhere," he said. "I hope we have a message today."

His fingers trembled as he examined the rolls at breakfast. "Here it is!" he cried. "Only one, and quite short." He stared at the characters as if unable to believe his eyes. "Yes, there's no doubt . . . it says, 'Prospects worse. Rumor Cheka getting secret information.'"

There was a sudden rattle of the doorlock. "Ivan Vasilyich, the examining magistrate wants you in his office," said the guard.

Boris was the first to break the silence of their dismay. "It's impossible!" he cried. "There's not a soul outside who has any information to give."

David eyed him narrowly. "Yet Galkin repeated your words," he said, "about removing Lenin. Are you sure you only spoke of it with Irene?"

"What are you implying?" flared Boris.

"I imply nothing. I'm asking if you are positive you did not make the same remark to someone else . . . to Vera, for instance?"

"That's enough from you!" Boris said hoarsely. "If you want to know, I think you *did* convey the impression I wanted to see Vera. You've always tried to make trouble between me and Irene. I know what you think about me, and about her too. You . . ."

David's eyes blazed. "You can say what you like, but I know, KNOW, mind you, beyond the least doubt, that I had nothing to do with the interview. I never trusted that Vera—and that's why I'm not satisfied. I . . ."

"Stop, David!" Martha intervened. "And you too, Boris. Irene, make Boris keep quiet!"

"Then you shut David up!" cried Irene with an angry look at the Georgian. "He says he's implying nothing, yet he's as good as suggested that Boris and Vera . . ."

The door opened and Ivan came back. His face was grave. "I'm afraid our friends were right," he said. "The Cheka does know something, or thinks it does. The fact is, we've been too confident, all of us. Henceforth, each of us during examination must memorize every phrase and make an exact verbatim report on return, with no interruptions or surmises; just the bare questions and answers and the examiner's remarks, without comment. I myself will set the example—and let's have no more bickering."

His voice rang with authority, and Boris sat down meekly beside Irene. But the hunchback's eyes, as he watched them, were black with hatred.

"I shall report verbatim," Ivan repeated, "questions, answers and remarks.

"Question: 'What is your name?' Answer: 'Ivan Vasilyich Shukof.' Remark: 'I mean your real name.' Answer: 'Ivan Petrovich Shukof.'

"Question: 'Why are there always five members of your Terrorist Center?' Answer: 'I don't know what you're talking about.'

"Question: 'I'm puzzled about your leadership. At first I thought it was David Kasparovich; now I have reason to believe you're the leader. Is this correct?' Answer: 'I don't know what you're talking about.'

"'Very good, you may return to your cell.'"

Ivan drew a deep breath. "Well, what do you think of that?"

"Pure surmise from start to finish," said Boris. "A Cheka trick of taking a pot shot on the chance of hitting something."

"Well, I hope you're right!" said Ivan. "But it's queer that he began about the names. I've been in this group eleven years and there's never been a doubt yet about the name Ivan. I'm afraid that last message is justified; they've found out something."

David said nothing, but his eyes never left Boris.

WHILE Martha was away being examined in her turn, Ivan tried vainly to dispel the hostility between David and Boris. Martha was gone only a few minutes. Her eyes were anxious. "I make my report," she said.

"Question: 'Why was your friend Ivan upset when I asked his real name?' Answer: 'I didn't know he was upset.' Remark: 'Oh, yes, you do know. But never mind.'

"Question: 'What do you think of Boris Sergeyich?' Answer: 'I've heard he is a good bank manager. I don't know him well.'

"Question: 'How long has Ivan Vasilyich known him?' Answer: 'I don't know.'

"Question: 'Would you be surprised if I said you had both known him well for a year or more?' Answer: 'Yes, much surprised, because it isn't true.' Remark, uttered with a great deal of assurance: 'How silly you are! I know it's true.'

"Question: 'Do you realize the danger of your present situation, all four . . . I mean, all five . . . of you?' Answer: 'We fear nothing, because we are innocent.'

"That was all. He told the guard then to take me back."

"What are your impressions?" Ivan asked.

"Bad," she said stolidly. "They do know something. Someone must have blun . . ."

Panting, the young commandant burst into the room. "Follow me!" he said to Ivan. "And you too," he pointed to Martha. "The examiner wants you both together, immediately."

David glared at Boris. "Are you sure blundered is the right word?" he asked.

Irene sprang forward and stood above him as he sat at the table. "How dare you say such a thing! Is your mind distorted like . . . like his in there?"

"Why not say, like my body? I don't care. But I want an answer from you, Boris Sergeyich . . . or . . . a confession."

Without replying Boris moved toward David jerkily, step by step, his face convulsed with rage.

"Oh, Boris, this is horrible!" shrieked the girl, throwing herself at him to thrust him backward.

As they struggled the commandant entered. "Stop!" he cried, drawing a pistol from his hip. "Prisoner Boris Sergeyich, you will accompany me to the examining magistrate's office."

Boris walked out stiffly, hands at his sides, and Irene threw herself on the divan. David gazed at her gloomily. Her face was hidden but her body shook with sobs.

The commandant returned. "Are there any belongings here of the prisoner Boris Sergeyich?" he asked.

Irene raised a haggard face. "What do you mean?" she gasped.

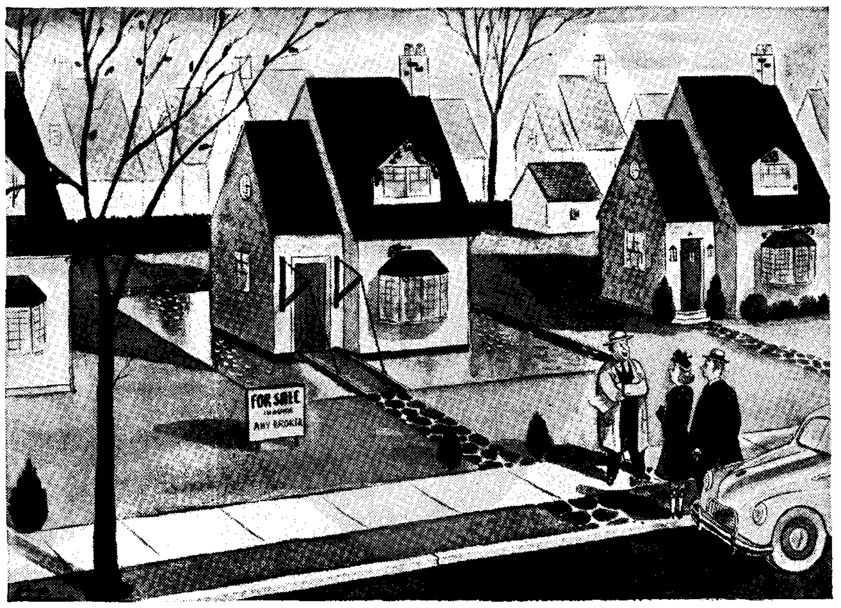
"The prisoner has been released."

"Released!" cried David. "What . . ."

"Released unconditionally," said the commandant. "And no questions from either of you!" he added sharply. He collected Boris' hat and coat and his little packet of bandages, and left the room.

THE tiny examining magistrate sat alone in his office humming one of the tuneful arias from Rigoletto. He wore a fawn-gray English suit, with spats to match, black pointed shoes, white linen collar and elegant cravat—this in Moscow of 1918, when bourgeois habiliments were a badge of shame. His patent-leather hair was smoothed down over his forehead. His cheeks were rosy, his full lips crimson, but the eyes under the penciled brows were cold as steel.

The young commandant entered and saluted. "The prisoner has been removed, comrade," he said. "I put him in the cellar with the other two."



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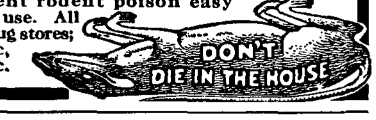
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"Good!" said Galkin, rubbing his dainty hands. Then suddenly his manner changed, and he bellowed at his young subordinate: "Do you still think I'm a funny little freak?"

"I do NOT," said the young man emphatically. "But I must say I don't under . . ."

"Of course you don't, but you soon will. Because now Galkin is about to land his fish. As you know, Peter Alexeivich, when they fired your old boss and put me in his place, just five days ago, there wasn't a shred of real evidence against these people. We had to assume they were guilty, or the whole case would have dropped. Remember this, young man: hammering flattens wax but hardens iron. If these five were guilty, as I did assume, then it followed that they must be old and resolute Revolutionaries, tried and tempered in the fire. Pressure would only have strengthened their resistance. Therefore, I ordered you to convey the impression to everyone, and to these five prisoners in particular, that discipline had been relaxed. I told you to see that they were well fed, and allowed to receive food packets from their friends outside. That prepared the ground nicely."

He pulled open a desk drawer, brought out an oblong slab of wax and pored over its neat dot-and-dash impressions. "Very pretty!" he purred. "The simple touch that shows the trained hand. 'Doing everything for you. Prospects good.' Nothing incriminating there. Ah, but they didn't know the little Galkin! This innocent message on the rolls—the first and last from outside, my boy—left a deadly weapon in Galkin's hands. And he loses no time in using it. He sends them a message, ostensibly written by their friends in their own code, saying caution is necessary. That keeps them guessing. Meanwhile, he pursues a second line directed against the weak link in the enemy's armor."

He put the tips of his fingers together and looked appreciatively at the polished nails. "I may say, Peter Alexeivich," he went on, "that a series of apparently insignificant facts and phrases has combined to form a deductive conclusion from which hypothesis is excluded. It's just as I'd suspected—the flaw in the enemy's defense lies in the relation of the smart young Boris to his mistress Irene and the other girl at the bank, or more exactly, in the relation of David Kasparovich to that relation. It was ridiculously easy to play on the hunchback's jealousy; nor was it hard to create something still sharper and more deadly—suspicion.

"They say, Peter, that the continued playing of a certain note can break a crystal vase. That may not be true, but a judicious combination of certain notes can break a man, as this David Kasparovich is being broken. Note by note, I have played upon his tenderest nerves and feelings until his mind and will are drowned in fury and despair. If I gave him time to collect himself . . . but I shall not give him time. Now is the psychological moment. Can you hear all right there in the cupboard, Marie Fedorovna?"

"Yes."

"Well, make careful notes of the whole conversation. Your stenogram will be an interesting souvenir. Comrade commandant, summon David Kasparovich!"

GALKIN sat bolt upright in his chair as the hunchback came slowly in the room. "Sit there, David Kasparovich," he said softly. "Can I offer you some wine?"

"No," said the other harshly, wiping the sweat from his forehead, "unless your wine is poisoned."

"Ah, you have guessed! It's the old story, my friend. Men who play with women shouldn't play conspiracy as well. Women soften a man sometimes, even a strong young man, clean and sound as a fresh apple. Little by little the apple grows soft, and then . . . rotten. They told me the story between them, he and this Vera. That was his real mistake, letting her know about your group, because, of course, she couldn't resist our pressure like the rest of you. Didn't you sometimes suspect that she knew too much?"

The Georgian nodded mechanically.

"The young man held out longer, but when I tackled him about the code messages—she told us that, of course—the soft spot of decay began to show. After all, life is sweet when you're young and . . ."

At that David found his voice. "The mangy cur!" he cried. "Coward and traitor! When our comrade Martha said you had spoken of the four of us being in danger, and then corrected it to five, I knew he had betrayed us."

"But he'd been a member of your Center for two years, Vera told me. Was that the truth?"

"Yes, that's true. The last Boris was killed when we blew up the troop train near Kharkov. That was in March, '16."

SO THIS was the secret—a conventional name for each member of the group. The last Boris—how simple and how clever!

The examiner's voice purred on silkily: "The David before you was killed too, wasn't he? Or was that the former Ivan?"

"The David. He shot the military governor of Reval in 1910."

"Ah, yes, I remember. David Timofeich Nogin his name was. A dangerous trade yours! But I understand you no longer take part in direct action yourselves, you five of the Center. Not a question of risk—of course you'd face that—but to hold the organization together, and avert suspicion."

"That's right; we made the plans and preparations, then others dealt the blow."

"And they never knew under whose orders they were acting. A wonderful system! If the Kaplan girl had succeeded in killing Lenin, you had planned risings in the villages?"

"That would have followed automatically. We played for a big stake, comrade examiner—our lives against Lenin's. And we have lost, thanks to that traitor. My only regret is that I cannot spit upon him just once before I die."

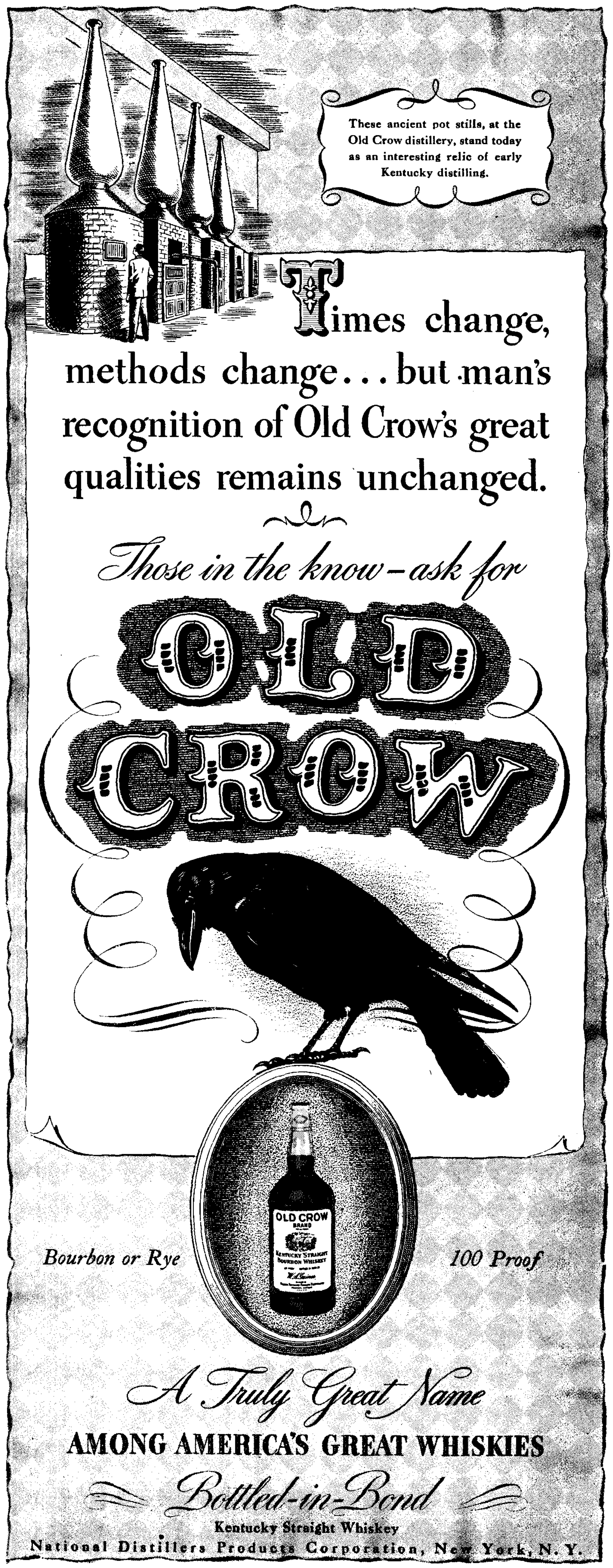
"You shall have your chance," Galkin said politely. "Comrade commandant!" he raised his voice: "Bring in the other prisoners, the three downstairs and the girl from the inner room. Marie Fedorovna, you may come out! Have you got the whole conversation?"

"Yes, comrade examiner," said the girl, stepping out of the cupboard.

Two guards with drawn pistols ushered Ivan and Martha into the office. Behind them two others supported Boris, whose feet were chained to-together and whose hands were manacled behind his back. The commandant carried Irene, who had fainted.

Galkin's eyes were hard. "You five prisoners have been found guilty of organizing the attempted assassination of Vladimir Ilich Lenin. For that, you will be sentenced and punished without delay. Is the patrol wagon here, comrade commandant? Good. Then take them at once to Lubianka. I will make arrangements."

He paused and looked at David. "Envy also softens apples and rots men's hearts. But that lesson you have learned, I fear, too late. Commandant, remove the prisoners."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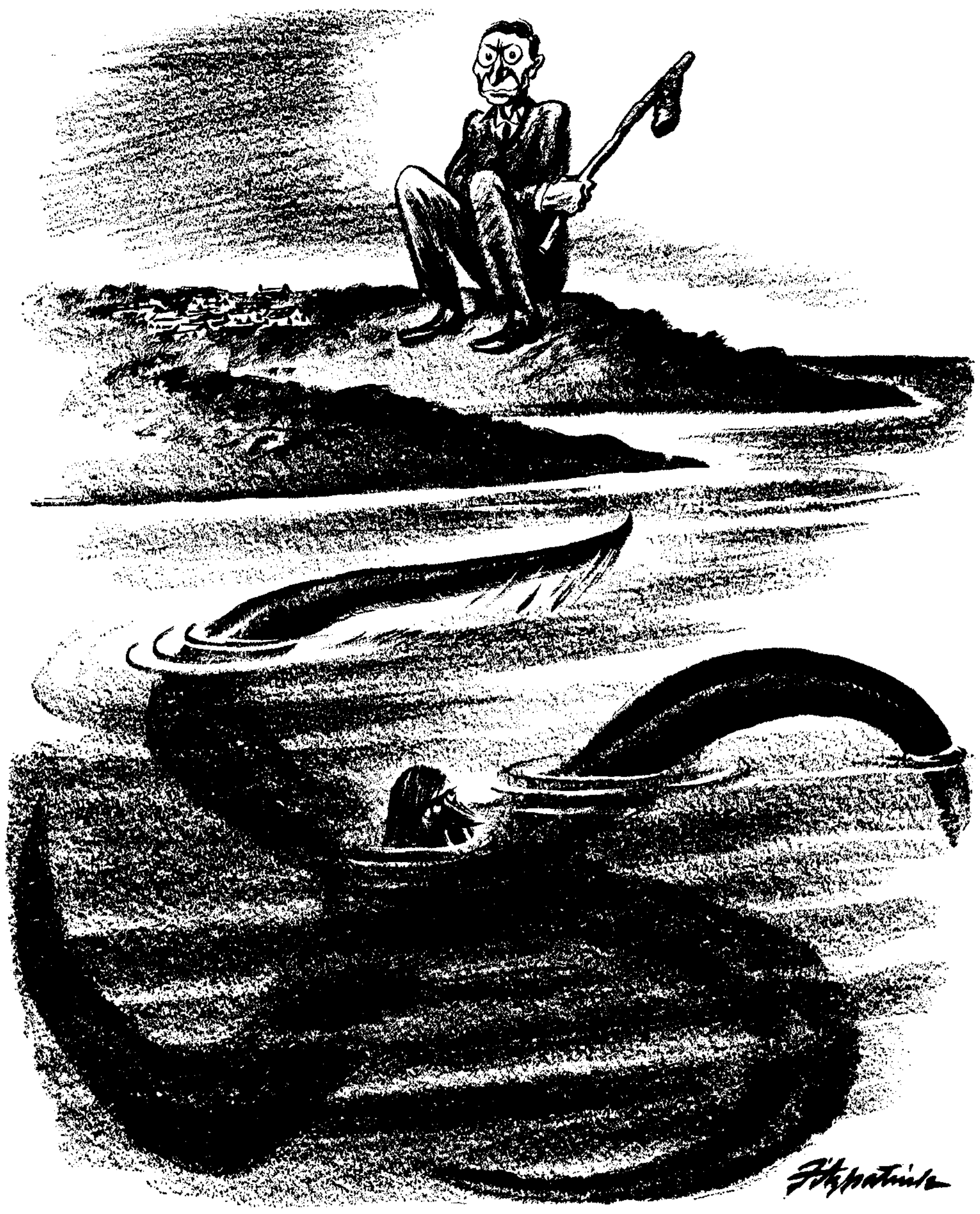


# GIVE, DEV

M. GRATTAN O'LEARY concluded his recent Collier's article on the Irish bases of Bere Haven, Cobh and Lough Swilly with these words:

> As I stepped into the Dublin plane that was to take me back to England I carried with me four convictions: Eamon De Valera will not give up Eire's bases. He will fight Hitler if Hitler attempts to invade Ireland. He will never fight the English. He will give up his bases least of all at the behest of Washington.

Mr. De Valera is a strong-minded man, and if that is the way he feels that is the way he feels. We would like to point out, though, a few facts and probabilities concerning Ireland in this era when small nations have great difficulty in walking alone through the world.

Ireland would be one promising place for Hitler to go for the easy victory he needs to take his people's mind off the Russian campaign. Nobody doubts that the Irish would fight with extreme courage if Ireland were invaded. But it is doubtful that they could hold out as long as did the Norwegians, who had a wildly mountainous and bitterly cold terrain to help them.

The British would do their best to help the Irish defend themselves. But British planes and ships would have to come from Britain, and British soldiers from Ulster—and the British could not be sure that Hitler was not feinting at Ireland to draw British strength out of Britain and then cut loose in earnest on Britain.

Lease the Irish bases to the Allies, and the defenses of Ireland can be integrated with those of the United Kingdom; and the United States Navy will, of course, be in there helping the British Navy defend the whole layout.

If Mr. De Valera hesitates too long, Ireland may be subjugated and bled white by an enemy whose oppressions will make historical-minded Irishmen homesick for the good old days of Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford.

We think Dev had better give, and soon. And we can't see why he should be resentful of advice from the United States, for generations one of the best friends Ireland has had in the world.

# ALL-AMERICA UPSET

THE Owen J. Roberts commission that investigated the Pearl Harbor tragedy piled up a massive case against Admiral Husband E. Kimmel and General Walter C. Short on grounds of negligence and complacency.

For all that, we see no reason for making scapegoats-extraordinary of these two officers while absolving everybody else concerned.

The fact is that it was an all-America upset, that surprising and successful Japanese smash at the keystone of our power in the Pacific.

Most of us had kidded ourselves for years about Japan—and had been encouraged in that self-kidding by a lot of our leaders who should have known better. There was a widespread conviction that one American could lick ten Japs in a fair fight. There was a lot of inside-dope talk about how the Japanese couldn't fly well—some glandular defect born in almost all Japanese, if we remember the story correctly. The Japanese Navy was thought to be a push-over for our Navy; and there was a general belief that little Japan would be afraid to start anything with giant Us, anyway. We forgot that little Japan started something with even more giant Russia in 1904, and by exactly the same sneak-punch method, and carried it through to a technical knockout.

This general American complacency and overconfidence was merely reflected in the state of mind and the lackadaisical half-precautions of the Army and Navy chiefs in Hawaii while the peace talks with Kurusu and Nomura were staggering to the last gasp at Washington.

Kimmel and Short were instantly removed from their Hawaii commands. That was necessary and proper. But have any of the rest of us the right to demand special disciplinary measures against Kimmel and Short? Those of us who have never taken anything for granted, never assumed that some duty of our own would get itself performed somehow, have such a right. The balance of us haven't.

The balance of us—meaning, we'd estimate, 99.9% of us, in high places and low—would be wise to treat Kimmel's and Short's derelictions as water over the dam, to quit underrating our enemies in this war and overrating ourselves, and to settle down to the tough job of winning this war eventually. We all took it on the chin at Pearl Harbor. Our own acts had made it a glass chin. It will take the combined efforts of all of us to make good the damage.

# SEA POWER VS. AIR POWER

WE'RE getting fed up with the extremists on both sides of the sea power vs. air power dispute—the boys who claim that the battleship is still the key to naval victory, and the boys who say the airplane has made the battleship obsolete.

It is too easy for each side to make its case, by citing special episodes in this war and conveniently ignoring others.

The air-power contingent can point to the British Norway defeat; to the Dunkirk retreat, largely made possible by British seizure of temporary air mastery of the English Channel; to the sinkings by air power of the Japanese battleship Haruna and of H.M.S. Prince of Wales and H.M.S. Repulse.

But on the other hand, it was British cruisers that nailed the Graf Spee without air aid, and that covered the British withdrawal of a large force from Crete in face of overwhelming German air superiority. Tobruk in British hands held out for months—because the British Mediterranean fleet could keep its garrison supplied. Halfaya in Axis hands caved in when the British Libyan offensive really got going—because the British prevented Axis ships in the Mediterranean from keeping the Halfaya garrison supplied.

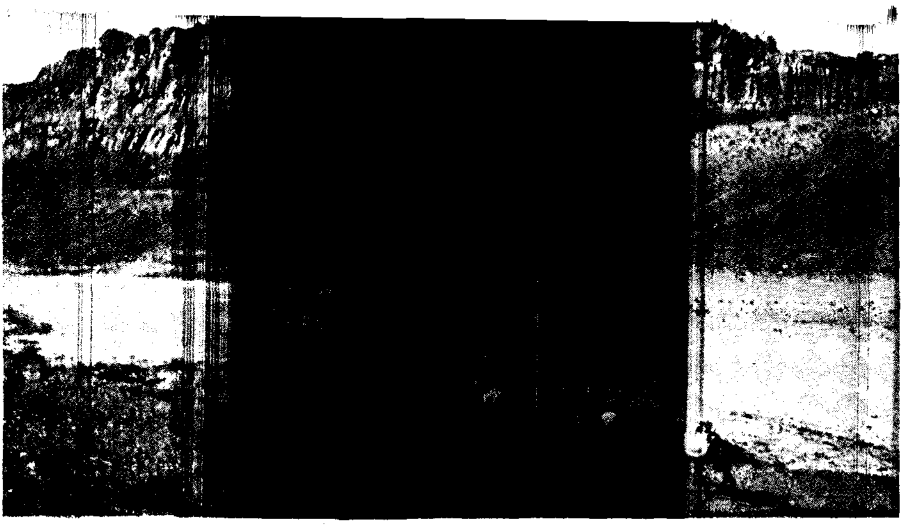
As we see it, the whole argument boils down to this: That the sea and air arms are complements each of the other; that each is strong, but that both working together are far stronger than either working alone. Neither has made the other obsolete, or is likely to, at least in this war. A nation which puts its trust in one to the exclusion of the other is asking for disaster.

Isn't it about time, then, for these two schools of thought to quit quarreling and take to devoting all that energy to improving sea-air co-ordination in every possible way?

# Ambush in Khyber

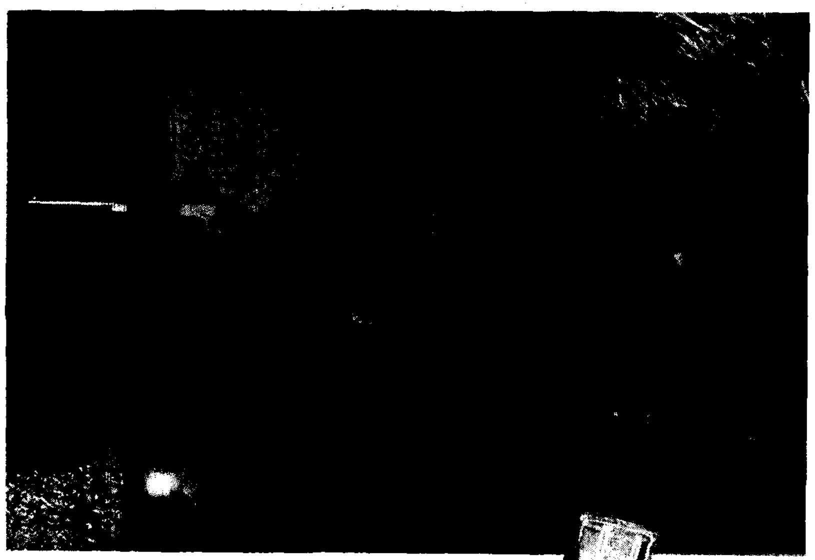
*Look again,* **it's a pack trip at Spider Rock, Arizona!**

**1.** "*Even a seasoned* British campaigner might mistake this country for the mountain regions of India," a Canadian Club fan writes. "Actually, this happened during a hunting and photographic expedition into Arizona. Talk about sensations—



**2.** "*You feel like* some scientist exploring an unknown planet as you ride through the towering rock formations of Canyon de Chelley. You know, I don't think I've ever felt so unimportant and lonely in my life as I did in the shadow of those cliffs!

**3.** "*Day by day,* as we made our way southward, that feeling of insignificance increased. One night, a coyote began to howl near camp. It made me so uneasy I decided I'd have to do something about it. I was all set to go gunning for him—

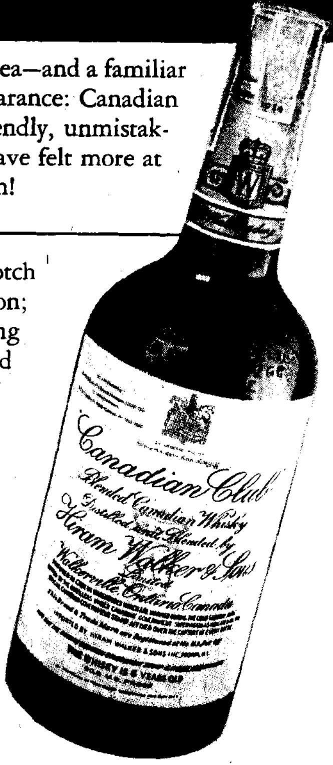


**4.** "*But Phil* had a better idea—and a familiar brown bottle made its appearance: Canadian Club. One taste of that friendly, unmistakable flavor, and I couldn't have felt more at home in my own living room!

**5.** "*Just before* we turned in, we had one last night-cap standing on what might easily have been taken for the edge of the world itself. Only America has thrills like these!"

**Why have so many Americans** switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



**IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE**

## "Canadian Club"

**Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois**
**Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof.**

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# WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder in every way."

Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . and learn . . . just like these students above.

**FLYING INSTRUCTOR**
**PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:**

"THIS IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME.
**EXTRA MILD—**
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
CAMEL'S
**GRAND**
**FLAVOR"**

She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," it's "Instructor Lennox" to you, and you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.

Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too—the flier's favorite cigarette. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

- "Extra mild," says Instructor Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

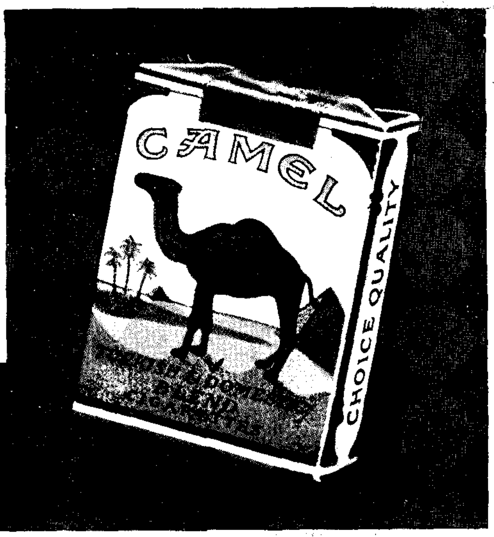
Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness . . . but that alone doesn't tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else . . . something *more.* Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

**28% LESS NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



**CAMEL** THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

- BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them — Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.